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"BEATRICE."

Latest and Best Story.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

When Geoffrey woke on the next morning, after a little reflection, he came to the decision that he had experienced a very curious and moving dream, consequent on the existing events of the previous day, or on the pain of his impending departure. He rose, packed his bag—everything else was ready—and went into breakfast. Beatrice did not appear till it was half over. She looked very pale, and said that she had been packing Effie's things. Geoffrey noticed that she barely touched his fingers when he rose to shake hands with her, and that she studiously avoided his glance. Then he began to wonder if she also had strangely dreamed.

Next came the bustle of departure. Effie was despatched in the fly with the luggage and Betty, the fat Welsh servant, to look after her. Beatrice and Geoffrey were to walk to the station.

"Time for you to be going, Mr. Bingham," said Mr. Granger. "There, goodby, goodby! God bless you! Never had such charming lodgers before. Hope you will come back again, I'm sure. By the way, they are certain to summon you as a witness at the trial of that villain, Jones."

"Goodby, Mr. Granger," Geoffrey answered: "You must come and see me in town. A change will do you good."

"Well, perhaps I may. I have not had a change for 25 years. Never could afford it. Aren't you going to say goodby to Elizabeth?"

"Goodby, Miss Granger," said Geoffrey, politely. "Many thanks for all your kindness. I hope we shall meet again."

"Do you," answered Elizabeth; "so do I. I am sure that we shall meet again, and I am sure that I shall be glad to see you when we do, Mr. Bingham," she added, darkly.

In another minute he had left the vicarage and, with Beatrice at his side, was walking smartly towards the station.

"This is very melancholy," he said, after a few moments' silence.

"Going away generally is," she answered, "either for those who go or those who stay behind," she added.

"Or for both," he said.

Then came another pause. He broke it: "Miss Beatrice, may I write to you?"

"Certainly, if you like."

"And will you answer my letters?"

"Yes, I will answer them."

"If I had my way, then, you should spend a good deal of your time in writing," he said. "You don't know," he added earnestly, "what a delight it has been to me to learn to know you. I have had no greater pleasure in my life."

"I am glad," Beatrice answered shortly.

"By the way," Geoffrey said presently, "there is something I want to ask you. You are as good as a reference book for quotations, you know. Some lines have been haunting me for the last 12 hours, and I cannot remember where they come from."

"What are they?" she asked, looking up, and Geoffrey saw, or thought he saw, a strange fear shining in her eyes.

"Here are four of them," he answered unconcernedly, "we have no time for long quotations:

'That shall be tomorrow,
Not tonight;
I must bury sorrow
Out of sight.'"

Beatrice heard—heard the very lines which had been upon her lips in the wild midnight that had gone. Her heart seemed to stop; she became white as the dead, stumbled, and nearly fell. With a supreme effort she recovered herself.

"I think that you must know the lines, Mr. Bingham," she said in a low voice. "They come from a poem of Browning's, called 'A Woman's Last Word.'"

Geoffrey made no answer; what was he to say? For a while they walked on in silence. They were getting close to the station now. Separation, perhaps forever, was very near. An overmastering desire to know the truth took hold of him.

"Miss Beatrice," he said again, "you look pale. Did you sleep well last night?"

"No, Mr. Bingham."

"Did you have curious dreams?"

"Yes, I did," she answered, looking straight before her.

He turned a shade paler. Then it was true!

"Beatrice," he said in a half whisper, "what do they mean—what can they mean?"

"As much as anything else, or as little," she answered.

"What are people to do who dream such dreams?" he said again, in the same constrained voice.

"Forget them," she whispered.

"And if they come back?"

"Forget them again."

"And if they will not be forgotten?"

She turned and looked him full in the eyes.

"Die of them," she said; "then they will be forgotten, or—"

"Or what, Beatrice?"

"Here is the station," said Beatrice, "and Betty is quarrelling with the flyman."

Five minutes more and Geoffrey was gone

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FLAT NEAR THE EDGWARE ROAD.

Geoffrey's journey in town was not altogether a cheerful one. To begin with, Effie wept copiously at parting with her beloved "auntie," as she called Beatrice, and would not be comforted. The prospect of rejoining her mother and the voluble Anne had no charms for Effie. They all three got on best apart. Geoffrey himself had also much to think about and found little satisfaction in the thinking. He threw his mind back over the events of the past few weeks. He remembered how he had first seen Beatrice's face through the thick mist on the Red Rocks, and how her beauty had struck him as no beauty ever had before. Then he thought of the adventure of their shipwreck and of the desperate courage with which she had saved his life, almost at the cost of her own.

He thought, too, of the scene when on the following day he had entered the room where she was asleep, when the wandering ray of light had wavered from her breast to his own, when that strange presentiment of the ultimate intermingling of their lives had flashed upon him, and when she had awakened with an unearthly greeting on her lips. One by one, while Effie slowly sobbed herself to silence in the corner opposite to him, he recalled every phase and scene of their ever-growing intimacy, till the review culminated in his mysterious experience of the past night and the memory of Beatrice's parting words.

They reached London at last, and as had been arranged, Anne, the French bonne, met them at the station to take Effie home. Geoffrey noticed that she looked smarter and less to his taste than ever. However, she embraced Effie with an enthusiasm which the child scarcely responded to, and at the same time carried on an ocular flirtation with a ticket collector. Although it was so early in the year for fogs, London was plunged in a dense gloom. It had been misty that morning at Bryngelly, and become more and more so as the day advanced; but, though it was not yet 4 o'clock, London was dark as night. Luckily, however, it is not far from Paddington to the flat near the Edgware road, where Geoffrey lived, so having personally instructed the cabman, he left Anne to convey Effie and the luggage, and went on to the Temple by underground railway with an easy mind.

Shortly after Geoffrey reached his chambers in Pump Court, the solicitor arrived as had been arranged, not his uncle—who was, he learned, very unwell—but a partner. To his delight he then found that Beatrice's ghost theory was perfectly accurate; the boy with the missing toe-joint had been discovered, who saw the whole horrible tragedy through a crack in the blind; moreover, the truth had been wrung from him, and he would be produced at the trial—indeed, a proof of his evidence was already forthcoming. Also some specimens of the ex-lawyer's clerk's handwriting had been obtained and were declared by two experts to be identical with the writing on the will. One thing, however, disturbed him; neither the attorney general nor Mr. Candleton was yet in town, so no conference was possible that evening. However, both were expected that night—the attorney general from Devonshire and Mr Candleton from the continent; so the case being first on the list—it was arranged that the conference should take place at 10 o'clock on the following morning.

On arriving home Geoffrey was informed that Lady Honoria was dressing, and had left a message saying he must be quick and do likewise, as a gentleman was coming to dinner. Accordingly he went to his own room which was at the other end of the flat, and put on his dress clothes. Before going to the dining-room, however, he said good night to Effie—who was in bed, but not asleep—and asked her what time she had reached home.

"At 20 minutes past 5, daddy," Effie said, promptly.

"Twenty minutes past 5! Why, you don't mean to say that you were an hour coming that little way! Did you get blocked in the fog?"

"No, daddy, but—"

"But what, dear?"

"Anne told me not to say!"

"But I tell you to say, dear; never mind Anne!"

"Anne stopped and talked to the ticket-man for a long, long time."

"Oh, did she?" he said.

At that moment the parlormaid came to say that Lady Honoria and the "gentleman" were waiting for dinner. Geoffrey asked her causally what time Miss Effie had reached home.

"About half-past five, sir. Anne said the cab was blocked in the fog."

"Very well. Tell her ladyship that I shall be down in a minute."

"Daddy," said the child, "I haven't said my prayers. Mother did not come, and Anne said it was all nonsense about prayers. Auntie did always hear me my prayers."

"Yes, dear, and so will I. There, kneel upon my lap and say them."

In the middle of the prayers—which Effie did not remember as well as she might have done—the parlormaid arrived again.

"Please, sir, her ladyship"——

"Tell her ladyship I am coming, and that if she is in a hurry she can go to dinner! Go on, love."

Then he kissed her and put her to bed again.

"Daddy," Effie said, as he was going, "shall I see Auntie Beatrice any more?"

"I hope so, dear."

"And shall you see her any more? You want to see her, don't you, daddy? She did love you very much!"

Geoffrey could bear it no longer. The truth is always sharper when it comes from the mouth of babes and sucklings. With a hurried good-night he fled.

In the little drawing-room he found Lady Honoria, very well dressed, and also her friend whose name was Mr. Dunstan. Geoffrey knew him at once for an exceedingly wealthy man of small birth, and less breeding, but a burning and a shining light in the Garsington set. Mr. Dunstan was anxious to raise himself in society, and he thought that notwithstanding her poverty, Lady Honoria might be useful to him in this respect. Hence his presence there tonight.

"How do you do, Geoffrey," said his wife, advancing to greet him with a kiss of peace. "You look very well. But what an immense time you have been dressing. Poor Mr. Dunstan is starving. Let me see. You know Mr. Dunstan, I think. Dinner, Mary."

Geoffrey apologized for being late, and shook hands politely with Mr. Dunstan—Saint Dunstan, he was generally called, on account of his rather clerical appearance, and in sarcastic allusion to his somewhat shady reputation. Then they went in to dinner.

"Sorry there is no lady for you, Geoffrey; but you must have had plenty of ladies' society lately. By the way, how is Miss—Miss Granger? Would you believe it, Mr. Dunstan? that shocking husband of mine has been passing the last month in the company of one of the loveliest girls I ever saw, who knows Latin and law, and everything else under the sun. She began by saving his life—they were upset together out of a canoe, you know. Isn't it romantic?"

Saint Dunstan made some appropriate—or, rather inappropriate—remark to the effect that he hoped Mr. Bingham had made the most of such unrivalled opportunities, adding, with a deep sigh, that no lovely young lady had ever saved his life, that he might live for her, etc.

Here Geoffrey broke in without much ceremony. To him it seemed a desecration to listen while this person was making his feeble jokes about Beatrice.

"Well, dear," he said, addressing his wife; "and what have you been doing with yourself all this time?"

"Mourning for you, Geoffrey, and enjoying myself exceedingly in the intervals. We have had a delightful time, have we not, Mr. Dunstan? Mr. Dunstan has also been staying at the hall, you know."

"How could it be otherwise when you were there, Lady Honoria?" answered the Saint in that strain of compliment affected by such men, and which, to tell the truth, jarred on its object, who was, after all, a lady.

"You know, Geoffrey," she went on, "the Garsingtons have refurnished the large hall and their drawing-room. It cost £1800, but the result is lovely. The drawing-room is done in hand-painted white satin, walls and all, and the hall in old oak."

"Indeed!" he answered, reflecting the while that Lord Garsington might as well have paid some of his debts before he spent £1800 on his drawing room furniture.

Then the Saint and Lady Honoria drifted into a long and animated conversation about their fellow guests, which Geoffrey scarcely tried to follow. Indeed, the dinner was a dull one for him, and he added little or nothing to the stock of talk.

When his wife left the room, however, he had to say something, so they spoke of shooting. The Saint had a redeeming feature—he was somewhat of a sportsman, though a poor one, and he described to Geoffrey a new pair of hammerless guns, which he had bought for a trifling sum of 140 guineas, recommending the pattern to his notice.

"Yes," answered Geoffrey. "I daresay they are very nice; but, you see, they are beyond me. A poor man cannot afford so much for a pair of guns."

"Oh, if that is all," answered his guest, "I will sell you these; they are a little long in the stock for me, and you can pay me when you like. Or hang it all, I have plenty of guns. I'll be generous and give them to you. If I cannot afford to be generous I don't know who can."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Dunstan," answered Geoffrey coldly "but I am not in the habit of accepting such presents from my—acquaintances. Will you have a glass of sherry? No? Then shall we join Lady Honoria?"

This speech quite crushed the vulgar but not ill-meaning Saint, and Geoffrey was sorry for it a moment after he had made it. But he was weary and out of temper. Why did his wife bring such people to the house? Very shortly afterwards their guest took his leave, reflecting that Bingham was a conceited ass, and altogether too much for him.

"And I don't believe that he has got a thousand a year," he reflected to himself, "and that the title is his wife's. I suppose that is what he married her for. She's a much better sort than he is, any way, though I don't quite make her out either—one can't go very far with her. But she is the daughter of a peer and worth cultivating, but not when Bingham is at home—not if I know it."

"What have you said to Mr. Dunstan to make him go away so soon, Geoffrey?" asked his wife.

"Said to him? Oh, I don't know. He offered to give me a pair of guns, and I told him that I did not accept presents from my acquaintances. Really, Honoria, I do not want to interfere with your way of life, but I do not understand how you can associate with such people as this Mr. Dunstan."

"Associate with him!" answered Lady Honoria. "Do you suppose I want to associate with him? Do you suppose that I don't know what the man is? But beggars cannot be choosers: he may be a cad, but he has thirty thousand a year, and we simply cannot afford to throw away an acquaintance with thirty thousand a year. It is too bad of you, Geoffrey," she went on with rising temper, "when you know all that I must put up with in our miserable poverty-stricken life, to take every opportunity of making yourself disagreeable to the people I think it wise to ask to come and see us. Here I return from comfort to this wretched place, and the first thing that you do is to make a fuss. Mr. Dunstan has got boxes at several of the best theatres, and he offered to let me have one of them whenever I liked, and now of course there is an end of it. It is too bad, I say."

"It is really curious, Honoria," said her husband, "to see what obligations you are ready to put yourself under in search of pleasure. It is not dignified of you to accept boxes at theatres from this gentleman."

"Nonsense. There is no obligation about it. If he gave us a box, of course he would make it a point of looking in during the evening, and then telling his friends that it was Lady Honoria Bingham he was speaking to—that is the exchange. I want to go to the theatre; he wants to get into good society—there you have the thing in a nutshell. It is done every day. The fact of the matter is, Geoffrey," she went on, looking very much as though she were about to burst into a flood of angry tears, "as I said just now—beggars cannot be choosers—I cannot live like the wife of a banker's clerk. I must have some amusement, and some comfort, before I become an old woman. If you don't like it, why did you entrap me into this wretched marriage, before I was old enough to know better, or why do you not make enough money to keep me in a way suitable to my position?"

"We have argued that question before, Honoria," said Geoffrey, keeping his temper with difficulty, "and now there is another thing I wish to say to you. Do you know that detestable woman, Anne, stopped for more than half an hour at Paddington station this evening flirting with a ticket collector, instead of bringing Effie home at once, as I told her to do. I am very angry about it. She is not to be relied on; we shall have some accident with the child before we have done. Cannot you discharge her and get another nurse?"

"No, I cannot. She is the one comfort I have. Where am I going to find another woman who can make dresses like Anne—she saves me a hundred a year—I don't care if she flirted with 50 ticket collectors. I suppose you got this story from Effie; the child ought to be whipped for tale-bearing, and I daresay that it is not true."

"Effie will certainly not be whipped," answered Geoffrey, sternly. "I warn you that it will go very badly with anybody who lays a finger on her."

"Oh, very well, ruin the child. Go your own way, Geoffrey. At any rate, I am not going to stop here to listen to any more abuse. Good night," and she went.

Geoffrey sat down and lit a cigarette. "A pleasant home coming," he thought to himself. "Honoria shall have money as much as she can spend—if I kill myself to get it, she shall have it. What a life, what a life! I wonder if Beatrice would treat her husband like this—if she had one."

He laughed aloud at the absurdity of the idea and then, with a gesture of impatience, threw his cigarette into the fire and went to his room to try and get some sleep, for he was thoroughly wearied.

CHAPTER XVII.

GEOFFREY WINS HIS CASE.

Before 10 o'clock on the following morning, having already spent two hours over his brief, that he had now thoroughly mastered, Geoffrey was at his chambers, which he had some difficulty in reaching owing to the thick fog that still hung over London, and indeed all England.

To his surprise nothing had been heard either of the attorney-general or of Mr. Candleton. The solicitors were in despair; but he consoled them by saying that one or the other was sure to turn up in time, and that a few words would suffice to explain the additional light which had been thrown on the case. He occupied his half-hour, however, in making a few rough notes to guide him in the altogether improbable event of his being called on to open, and then went into court.

The case was first on the list, and there were a good many counsel engaged on the other side. Just as the judge took his seat the solicitor, with an expression of dismay, handed Geoffrey a telegram which had that moment arrived from Mr. Candleton. It was dated from Calais on the previous night, and ran: "Am unable to cross on account of thick fog. You had better get somebody else in Parsons and Douse."

"And we haven't got another brief prepared," said the agonized solicitor. "What is more, I can hear nothing of the attorney-general, and his clerk does not seem to know where he is. You must ask for an adjournment, Mr. Bingham; you can't manage the case alone."

"Very well," said Geoffrey, and on the case being called he rose and stated the circumstances to the court.

But the court was crusty. It had got the fog down its learned throat, and altogether it didn't seem to see it. Moreover the other side, marking its advantage, objected strongly. The witnesses, brought at great expense, were there; his lordship was there, the jury was there; if this case was not taken there was no other with which they could go on, etc., etc.

The court took the same view, and lectured Geoffrey severely. Every counsel in a case, the court remembered, when it was at the bar, used to be able to open that case at a moment's notice, and though things had, it implied, no doubt deteriorated to a considerable extent since those palmy days, every counsel ought still be prepared to do so on emergency.

Of course, however, if he, Geoffrey, told the court that he was absolutely unprepared to go on with the case, it would have no option but to grant an adjournment.

"I am perfectly prepared to go on with it, my lord," Geoffrey interposed calmly.

"Very well," said the court in a mollified tone, "then go on! I have no doubt that the learned attorney-general will arrive presently."

Then, as is not unusual in a probate suit, followed an argument as to who should open it, the plaintiff or the defendant. Geoffrey claimed that this right clearly lay with him, and the opposing counsel raised no great objection, thinking that they would do well to leave the opening in the hands of a rather inexperienced man, who would very likely work his side more harm than good. So, somewhat to the horror of the solicitors, who thought with longing of the eloquence of the attorney-general, and the unrivalled experience and finesse of Mr. Candleton, Geoffrey was called upon to open the case for the defendants, propounding the first will.

He rose without fear or hesitation, and with but one prayer in his heart, that no untimely attorney-general would put in an appearance. He had got his chance, the chance for which many able men have to wait long years, and he knew it, and meant to make the most of it.

Naturally a brilliant speaker, Geoffrey was not, as so many good speakers are, subject to fits of nervousness, and he was, moreover, thoroughly master of his case. In five minutes judge, jury and counsel were all listening to him with attention; in ten they were absorbed in the lucid and succinct statement of the facts which he was unfolding to them. His ghost theory was at first received with a smile, but presently counsel on the other side ceased to smile and began to look uneasy. If he could prove what he said there was an end of their case. When he had been speaking for about 40 minutes one of the opposing counsel interrupted him with some remark, and at that moment he noticed that the attorney-general's clerk was talking to the solicitor beneath him.

"Bother it, he is coming," thought Geoffrey.

But no, the solicitor bending forward informed him that the attorney-general had been unavoidably detained by some important government matter, and had returned his brief.

"Well, we must get on as we can," Geoffrey said.

"If you continue like that we shall get on very well," whispered the solicitor, and then Geoffrey knew that he was doing well.

"Yes, Mr. Brigham," said his lordship.

Then Geoffrey went on with his statement.

At lunch time it was a question whether another leader should be briefed. Geoffrey said that so far as he was concerned he could get on alone. He knew every point in the case, and he had got a friend to "take a note" for him while he was speaking.

After some hesitation the solicitors decided not to brief fresh counsel at this stage of the cause, but to leave it entirely in his hands.

It would be useless to follow the details of this remarkable will suit, which lasted two days and attracted much attention. Geoffrey won it, and won it triumphantly. His address to the jury on the whole case was long remembered in the courts, rising as it did to a very high level of forensic eloquence. Few who saw it ever forgot the sight of his handsome face and commanding presence as he crushed the case of his opponents like an eggshell, and then with calm and overwhelming force denounced the woman who with her lover had concocted the cruel plot that robbed her uncle of life and her cousins of their property, till at the last, pointing towards her with outstretched hand, he branded her to the jury as a murderess.

Few in that crowded court have forgotten the tragic scene that followed when the trembling woman, worn out by the long anxiety of the trial, and utterly unnerved by her accuser's brilliant invective, rose from her seat and cried:

"We did it—it is true that we did it to get the money, but we did not mean to frighten him to death," and then fell fainting to the ground—or Geoffrey Bingham's quiet words as he sat down:

"My lord and gentlemen of the jury, I do not think it necessary to carry my case any further."

There was no applause, the occasion was too dramatically solemn, but the impression made both upon the court and the outside public, to whom such a scene is peculiarly fitted to appeal, was deep and lasting.

Geoffrey himself was under little delusion about the matter. He had no conceit in his composition, but neither had he any false modesty. He merely accepted the situation as really powerful men do accept such events—with thankfulness, but without surprise. He had got his chance at last, and, like any other able man, whatever his walk of life, he had risen to it. That was all. Most men get such chances in some shape or form, and are unable to avail themselves of them. Geoffrey was one of the exceptions; as Beatrice had said, he was born to succeed. As he sat down he knew that he was a made man.

And yet while he walked home that night, his ears still full of the congratulations which had rained in on him from every quarter, he was conscious of a certain pride. He will have felt as Geoffrey felt that night whose lot it has been to fight long and strenuously against circumstances so adverse as to be almost overwhelming, knowing in his heart that he was born to lead and not to follow; and who at last by one mental effort, with no friendly hand to help, and no friendly voice to guide, has succeeded in bursting a road through the difficulties which hemmed him in, and has suddenly found himself, not above competition indeed, but still in a position to meet it. He will not have been too proud of that endeavor; it will have seemed but a little thing to him—a thing full of faults and imperfections, and falling far short of his ideal. He would not even have attached too great a weight to his success, because if he is a person of this calibre he must remember how small it is when all is said and done; that even in his day there are those who can beat him on his own ground, and also that all worldly success, like the most perfect flower, yet bears in it the elements of decay. But he will have reflected with humble satisfaction on those long years of patient striving which have at length lifted him to an eminence whence he can climb on and on, scarcely encumbered by the jostling crowd, till at length, worn out, the time comes for him to fall.

So Geoffrey thought and felt. The thing was to be done, and he had done it. Honoria should have money now; she should no longer be able to twit him with their poverty. Yes, and a better thought still, Beatrice would be glad to hear of his little triumph.

He reached home rather late. Honoria was going out to dinner with a distinguished cousin, and was already dressing. Geoffrey had declined the invitation, which was a short one, because he did not think that he would be back from chambers in time to avail himself of it. In his enthusiasm, however, he went to his wife's room to tell her of the event.

"Well," she said, "what have you been doing? I think that you might have arranged to come out with me. It does not look well my going out so much by myself. Oh, I forgot; of course you are in that case."

"Yes—that is, I was. I have won the case. Here is a very fair report of it in the St. James' Gazette, if you care to read it."

"Good heavens, Geoffrey! How can you expect me to read all that stuff when I am dressing?"

"I don't expect you to, Honoria; only, as I say, I have won the case, and I shall get plenty of work now."

"Will you? I am glad to hear it; perhaps we shall be able to escape from this horrid flat if you do. There, Anne! Je vous l'ai bien dit, cette robe ne me va pas bien."

"Mais, milady, la robe va parfaitement."

"That is your opinion," grumbled Lady Honoria. "Well, it isn't mine. But it will have to do. Good night, Geoffrey; I dare say that you will have gone to bed when I get back," and she was gone.

Geoffrey picked up his St. James' Gazette with a sigh. He felt hurt, and knew that he was a fool for his pains. Lady Honoria was not a sympathetic person; it was not fair to expect it from her. Still he felt hurt. He went upstairs and heard Effie her prayers.

"Where has you been, daddy?—to the Smoky Town?" The Temple was euphemistically known to Effie as the Smoky Town.

"Yes, dear."

"You go to the Smoky Town to make bread and butter, don't you, daddy?"

"Yes, dear, to make bread and butter."

"And did you make any, daddy?"

"Yes, Effie, a good deal today."

"Then where is it? In your pocket?"

"No love, not exactly. I won a big lawsuit today, and I shall get a great many pennies for it."

"Oh," answered Effie, meditatively, "I am glad that you did win, daddy. You do like to win, doesn't you, daddy dear?"

"Yes, love."

"Then I will give you a kiss, daddy, because you did win," and she suited the action to the word.

Geoffrey went from the little room with a softened heart. He dressed and ate some dinner.

Then he sat down and wrote a long letter to Beatrice, telling her all about the trial, and not sparing her his reasons for adopting each particular tactic and line of argument which conduced to the great result.

And though his letter was four sheets in length, he knew that Beatrice would not be bored at having to read it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RISING STAR.

As might be expected, the memorable case of Parsons and Douse proved the turning point in Geoffrey's career, which was thenceforward one of brilliant and startling success. On the very next morning when he reached his chambers, it was to find three heavy briefs awaiting him, and they proved to be but the heralds of an uninterrupted flow of lucrative business. Of course he was not a queen's counsel, but now that his great natural powers of advocacy had become generally known, solicitors frequently employed him alone, or gave him another junior, so that he might bring those powers to bear upon juries. Now it was, too, that Geoffrey reaped the fruits of the arduous legal studies which he had followed without cessation from the time when he found himself thrown upon his own resources, and which had made a sound lawyer of him as well as a brilliant and effective advocate. Soon, even with his great capacity for work, he had as much business as he could attend to. When fortune gives good gifts she generally does so with a lavish hand.

Thus it came to pass that, about three weeks after the trial of Parsons and Douse, Geoffrey's uncle, the solicitor, died, and to his surprise left him £20,000, "believing," he said in his will, which was dated three days before the testator's death, "that this sum will assist him to rise to the head of his profession."

Now that it had dawned upon that her husband really was a success, Honoria's manner towards him modified very considerably. She even became amiable, and once or twice almost affectionate. When Geoffrey told her of the £20,000 she was radiant.

"Why, we shall be able to go back to Bolton street now," she said, "and as luck will have it, our old house is to let. I saw a bill in the window yesterday."

"Yes," he said, "you can go back as soon as you like."

"And can we keep a carriage?"

"No, not yet; I am doing well, but not well enough for that. Next year, if I live you will be able to have a carriage. Don't begin to grumble, Honoria. I have got £150 to spare, and if you care to come round to a jeweller's you can spend it on what you like."

"Oh, you delightful person!" said his wife.

So they went round to the jeweller's, and Lady Honoria bought ornaments to the value of £150 and carried them home and hung over them, as another class of woman might hang over her first-born child, admiring them with a tender ecstacy. Whenever he had a sum of money that he could afford to part with, Geoffrey would take her thus to a jeweller's or dressmaker's and stand by coldly while she bought things to its value. Lady Honoria was delighted. It never entered into her mind that in a sense he was taking a revenge upon her, and that every fresh exhibition of her rejoicings over the good things thus provided added to his contempt for her.

Those were happy days for Lady Honoria! She rejoiced in this return of wealth like a schoolboy at the coming of the holidays, or a half frozen wanderer at the rising of the sun. She had been miserable, as miserable as her nature admitted of, during all this night of poverty; now she was happy again, as she understood happiness. For Lady Honoria, bred, educated, civilized—what you will—out of the more human passions, had replaced them by this idol-worship of wealth, or rather of what wealth brings. It gave her a positive physical satisfaction; her beauty, which had begun to fade, came back to her; she looked five years younger. And all the while Geoffrey watched her with an ever-growing scorn.

Once it broke out. The Bolton street house had been furnished; he had given her 1500 pounds to do it, and with what things they already owned, she managed very well on that. They moved into it, and Honoria had set herself up with a sufficient supply of grand dresses and jewelry suitable to her recovered position.

One day, however, it occurred to her that Effie was a child of remarkable beauty, who, if properly dressed, would look very nice in the drawing room at tea time. So she ordered a lovely costume for her—this deponent is not able to describe it, but it consisted largely of velvet and lace. Geoffrey heard nothing of this dress, but, coming home rather early one afternoon—it was on Saturday—he found the child being shown off to a room full of visitors and dressed in a strange and wonderful attire, with which, not unnaturally, she was vastly pleased. He said nothing at the time, but when at length the dropping fire of callers had ceased he asked who had put Effie into that dress.

"I did," said Lady Honoria, "and a pretty penny it has cost, I can tell you. But I can't have the child come down so poorly clothed. It does not look well."

"Then she can stay upstairs," said Geoffrey, frowning.

"What do you mean?" asked his wife.

"I mean that I will not have her decked out in those fine clothes. They are quite unsuitable to her age. There is plenty of time for her to take to vanity."

"I really don't understand you, Geoffrey. Why should not the child be handsomely dressed?"

"Why not! Great heaven, Honoria, do you suppose that I want to see Effie grow up like you, to lead a life of empty pleasure, seeking idleness and make a god of luxury? I had rather see her"—he was going to add "dead first," but checked himself and said —" have to work for her living. Dress yourself up as much as you like, but leave the child alone."

Lady Honoria was furious, but she was also a little frightened. She had never heard her husband speak quite like this before, and there was something underneath his words that she did not quite understand.

Still less did she understand when on the Monday Geoffrey suddenly told her that he had £50 for her to spend as she liked; then accompanied her to a mantle shop and stood patiently by, smiling coldly while she invested it in lace and embroideries. Honoria thought that he was making reparation for his sharp words, and so he was, but to himself, and in another sense. Every time he gave her money in this fashion Geoffrey felt like a man who had paid off a debt of honor. She had taunted him again and again with her poverty—the poverty she said that he had brought on her; for every taunt he would heap upon her all those things in which her soul delighted. He would glut her with wealth as, in her hour of victory, Queen Tomyris glutted dead Cyrus with the blood of men.

CHAPTER XIX.

GEOFFREY HAS A VISITOR.

And Beatrice—had she fared better during these long months? Alas, not at all. She had gone away from the Bryngelly Station on that Autumn morning of farewell sick at heart, and sick at heart she had remained. Through all the long winter months sorrow and bitterness had been her portion, and now in the happiness of spring sorrow and bitterness were with her still. She loved him, she longed for his presence, and it was denied to her. She could not console herself as some women can, nor did her deep passion wear away; on the contrary, it seemed to grow and gather with every passing week. Neither did she wish to lose it; she loved too well for that. It was better to be thus tormented by conscience and by hopelessness than to lose her cause of pain.

One consolation Beatrice had, and one only; she knew that Geoffrey did not forget her. His letters told her this. These letters, indeed, were everything to her—a woman can get so much more comfort out of a letter than a man. Next to receiving them she loved to answer them. She was a good and even brilliant letter writer, but often and often she would tear up what she had written and begin again. There was not much news in Bryngelly. It was difficult to make her letters amusing. Also the farcical nature of the whole proceeding seemed to paralyze her. It was ridiculous, having so much to say, to be able to say nothing. Not that Beatrice wished to indite love letters—such an idea never crossed her mind—but rather to write as they had talked. Yet when she tried to do so the results were not satisfactory to her, the words looked strange on paper—she could not send them.

In Geoffrey's meteor-like advance to fame and fortune she took the keenest joy and interest—far more than he did, indeed. Though, like that of most other intelligent creatures, her soul turned with loathing from the dreary fustian of politics, she would religiously search the parliamentary columns from beginning to end on the chance of finding his name or the notice of a speech by him. The law reports also furnished her with a happy hunting ground in which she often found her game.

But they were miserable months. To rise in the morning, to go through the round of daily duty, thinking of Geoffrey; to come home wearied, and finally to seek refuge in sleep and dreams of him—this was the sum of them. Then there were other troubles. To begin with, things had gone from bad to worse at the vicarage. The tithes scarcely came in at all, and every day their poverty pinched them closer. Had it not been for Beatrice's salary it was difficult to see how the family could have continued to exist. She gave it almost all to her father now, only keeping back a very small sum for her clothing and such sundries as stamps and writing paper. Even then Elizabeth grumbled bitterly at her extravagance in continuing to buy a daily paper, asking what business she had to spend sixpence a week on such a needless luxury. But Beatrice could not make up her mind to dock the paper, with its occasional mention of Geoffrey.

Again, Owen Davies was a perpetual anxiety to her. His infatuation for herself was becoming notorious; everybody saw it except her father. Mr. Granger's mind was so occupied with questions connected with tithe that fortunately for Beatrice little else could find an entry. Owen dogged her about; he would wait whole hours outside the school or by the vicarage gate merely to speak a few words to her. Sometimes, when at length she appeared, he seemed to be struck dumb, he could say nothing, but would gaze at her with his dull eyes in a fashion that filled her with vague alarm. He never ventured, indeed, to speak to her of love, but he looked it, which was almost as bad. Another thing was that he had grown jealous. The seed which Elizabeth had planted in his mind had brought forth abundantly, though of course Beatrice did not know that this was her sister's doing.

On the very morning that Geoffrey went away Mr. Davies had met her as she was walking back from the station and asked her if Mr. Bingham had gone. When she replied that this was so, she had distinctly heard him murmur, "Thank God! thank God!" Subsequently she discovered also that he bribed the old postman to keep count of the letters which she sent and received from Geoffrey.

These things filled Beatrice with alarm, but there was worse behind. Mr. Davies began to send her presents—first, such things as prize pigeons and fowls, then jewelry. The pigeons and fowls she could not well return without exciting remark, but the jewelry she sent back by one of the school children. First came a bracelet, then a locket with his photograph inside, and lastly, a case that, when she opened it, which her curiosity led her to do, nearly blinded her with light. It was a diamond necklace, and she had never even seen such diamonds before, but from their size and lustre she knew that each stone must be worth hundreds of pounds. Beatrice put it in her pocket and carried it until she met him, which she did in the course of that afternoon.

"Mr. Davies," she said before he could speak, and handing him the package, "this has been sent to me by mistake. Will you kindly take it back?"

He took it, abashed.

"Mr. Davies," she said, looking him full in the eyes, "I hope that there will be no more such mistakes. Please understand that I cannot accept presents from you."

"If Mr. Bingham had sent it you would have accepted it," he muttered sulkily.

Beatrice turned and flashed such a look on him that he fell back and left her. But it was true, and she knew that it was true. If Geoffrey had given her a sixpence with a hole in it she would have valued it more than all the diamonds on earth. Oh! what a position was hers! And it was wrong, too. She had no right to love the husband of another woman. But, right or wrong, the fact remained, she did love him.

And the worst of it was that, sooner or later, all this about Mr. Davies, as she well knew, must come to the ears of her father, and then what would happen? One thing was certain. In his present poverty-stricken condition he would move heaven and earth to bring about her marriage to this rich man. Her father never had been very scrupulous where money was concerned, and the pinch of want was not likely to make him more so.

Nor, we may be sure, did all this escape the jealous eyes of Elizabeth. Things looked black for her, but she did not intend to throw up the cards on that account. Only it was time to lead trumps. In other words, Beatrice must be fatally compromised in the eyes of Owen Davies, if by any means this could be brought about. So far, things had gone well for her schemes. Beatrice and Geoffrey loved each other, of that Elizabeth was certain. But the existence of this secret, underhand affection would avail her naught unless it could be construed into acts. Everybody is free to indulge in secret predilections, but if once they give them away, if once a woman's character is compromised, then the world avails itself of its opportunities and destroys her. What man, thought Elizabeth, would marry a compromised woman? If Beatrice could be compromised Owen Davies would not take her to wife—therefore this must be brought about.

It sounds wicked and unnatural. "Impossible that sister should so treat sister," the reader of this history may say, thinking of her own, and of her affectionate and respectable surroundings. But it is not impossible. If you, who doubt, will study the law reports, and no worse occupation can be wished to you, you will find that such things are possible. Human nature can rise to strange heights, and it can also fall to depths beyond your fathoming. Because a thing is without parallel in your own small experience it in no way follows that it cannot be.

Elizabeth was a very remorseless person; she was more—she was a woman actuated by passion and by greed; the two strongest motives known to the human heart. But with her remorselessness she united a considerable degree of intelligence or rather of intellect. Had she been a savage she might have removed her sister from her path by a more expeditious way; being what she was, she merely strove to effect the same end by a method not punishable by law, in short, by murdering her reputation. Would she be responsible if her sister went wrong, and was thus utterly discredited in the eyes of this man who wished to marry her and whom Elizabeth wished to marry? Of course not; that was Beatrice's affair. But she could give her every chance of falling into temptation, and this it was her fixed design to do.

Circumstances soon gave her an opportunity. The need of money became very pressing at the vicarage. They had literally no longer the wherewithal to live. The tithe payers absolutely refused to fulfil their obligations. As it happened, Jones, the man who had murdered the auctioneer, was never brought to trial. He died shortly after his arrest in a fit of delirium tremens and nervous prostration, brought on by the sudden cessation of a supply of stimulants, and an example was lost that, had he been duly hung, might have been made of the results of defying the law. Mr. Granger was now too poor to institute any further proceedings, which, in the state of public feeling in Wales, might or might not succeed; he could only submit, and submission meant beggary. Indeed he was already a beggar.

In this state of affairs he took counsel with Elizabeth, pointing out that they must either get money or starve. Now, the only possible way to get money was by borrowing it, and Mr. Granger's suggestion was that he should apply to Owen Davies, who had plenty. Indeed, he would have done so long ago, but that the squire had the reputation of being an exceedingly close-fisted man.

But this proposition did not at all suit Elizabeth's book. Her great object had been to conceal Mr. Davies' desires as regards Beatrice from her father, and her daily dread was that he might become acquainted with them from some outside source. She knew very well that if her father went up to the Castle to borrow money it would be lent, or rather given, freely enough; but she also knew that the lender would almost certainly take the opportunity, the very favorable opportunity, to unfold his wishes as regards the borrower's daughter. The one thing would naturally lead to the other—the promise of her father's support of Owen's suit would be the consideration for the money received. How gladly that support would be given was also obvious to her, and with her father pushing Beatrice on the one side and Owen Davies pushing her on the other, how could Elizabeth be sure that she would not yield?

Beatrice would be the very person to be carried away by an idea of duty. Their father would tell her that he had got the money on this understanding and it was quite possible that her pride might bring her to fulfil a bond thus given, however distasteful the deed might be to her personally. No; her father must at all hazards be prevented from seeking assistance from Owen Davies And yet the money must be had from somewhere or they would be ruined.

Ah, she had it—Geoffrey Bingham should lend the money! He could well afford it now, and she shrewdly guessed that he would not grudge the coat off his back if he thought that by giving it he might directly or indirectly help Beatrice. Her father must go up to town to see him, she would have no letter-writing; one never knows how a letter may be read. He must see Mr. Bingham, and if possible bring him down to Bryngelly. In a moment every detail of the plot became clear to Elizabeth's mind, and then she spoke.

"You must not go to Mr. Davies, father," she said, "he is a hard man and would only refuse and put you in a false position; you must go to Mr. Bingham. Listen; he is rich now, and he is very fond of you and of Beatrice. He will lend you £100 at once. You must go to London by the early train tomorrow and drive straight to his chambers and see him. It will cost £2 to get there and back, but that cannot be helped; it is safer than writing, and I am sure that you will not go for nothing. And see here, father, bring Mr. Bingham back with you for a few days, if you can. It will be a little return for his kindness, and I know that he is not well. Beatrice had a letter from him in which he said that he was so overworked that he thought he must take a little rest soon. Bring him back for Whitsunday."

Mr. Granger hesitated, demurred and finally yielded. The weak, querulous old farmer clergyman, worn out with many daily cares, and quite unsupported by mental resources, was but a tool in Elizabeth's able hands. He did not, indeed, feel any humiliation at the idea of trying to borrow the cash, for his nature was not finely strung, and money troubles had made him callous to the verge of unscrupulousness; but he did not like the idea of a journey to London, where he had not been for more than 20 years, and the expenditure that it entailed. Still he acted as Elizabeth bade him, even to keeping the expedition secret from Beatrice. Beatrice, as her sister explained to him, was proud as Lucifer and might raise objections if she knew that he was going to London to borrow money of Mr. Bingham. This, indeed, she would certainly have done.

On the following afternoon—it was the Friday before Whitsunday, and the last day of the Easter sittings—Geoffrey sat in his chambers, in the worst possible spirits, thoroughly stale and worn out with work. There was a consultation going on, and his client, a pig-headed Norfolk farmer, who was bent upon proceeding to trial with some extraordinary action for trespass against his own landlord, was present with his solicitor. Geoffrey in a few short, clear words had explained the absurdity of the whole thing, and strongly advised him to settle, for the client had insisted on seeing him, refusing to be put off with a written opinion. But the farmer was not satisfied, and the solicitor was now endeavoring to let the pure light of law into the darkness of his injured soul.

Geoffrey threw himself back in his chair, pushed the dark hair from his brow, and pretended to listen. But in a minute his mind was far away. Heavens, how tired he was! Tuesday, when he had a matter that must be attended to, the House had risen and so had the courts. What should he do with himself? Honoria wished to go and stay with her brother, Lord Garsington, and, for a wonder, to take Effie with her. He did not like it, but he supposed he should have to consent. One thing was, he would not go. He could not endure Garsington, Dunstan, and all their set.

Should he run down to Bryngelly? The temptation was very great; that would be happiness indeed, but his common sense prevailed against it. No, it was better that he should not go there. He would leave Bryngelly alone. If Beatrice wished him to come she would have said so, and she had never even hinted at such a thing, and if she had he did not think that he would have gone. But he lacked the heart to go anywhere else. He would stop in town, rest, and read a novel, for Geoffrey, when he found time, was not above this frivolous occupation. Possibly, under certain circumstances, he might even have been capable of writing one. At that moment his clerk entered and handed him a slip of paper with something written on it. He opened it idly and read:

"Rev. Mr. Granger to see you. Told him you were engaged, but he said he would wait."

Geoffrey started violently, so violently that both the solicitor and the obstinate farmer looked up.

"Tell the gentleman I will see him in a minute," he said to the retreating clerk, and then, addressing the farmer, "Well, sir, I have said all that I have to say. I cannot advise you to continue this action. Indeed, if you wish to do so, you must really direct your solicitor to retain some other counsel, as I will not be a party to what can only mean a waste of money. Good afternoon," and he rose.

The farmer was convoyed out grumbling. In another moment Mr. Granger entered, dressed in a somewhat threadbare suit of black, and his thin white hair hanging as usual over his eyes. Geoffrey glanced at him with apprehension, and as he did so noticed that he had aged greatly during the last seven months. Had he come to tell him some ill news of Beatrice—that she was ill, or dead, or going to be married?

"How do you do, Mr. Granger?" he said, as he stretched out his hand, and controlling his voice as well as he could. "How are you? This is a most unexpected pleasure."

"How do you do, Mr. Bingham?" answered the old man, while he seated himself nervously in a chair, placing his hat with a trembling hand upon the floor beside him. "Yes, thank you, I am pretty well, not very grand—worn out with trouble as the sparks fly upward," he added, with a vague automatic recollection of the scriptural quotation.

"I hope that Miss Elizabeth and Beatrice—that your daughters are well also," said Geoffrey, unable to restrain his anxiety.

"Yes, yes, thank you, Mr. Bingham. Elizabeth isn't very grand, either; complains of a pain in her chest, a little bilious perhaps—she always is bilious in the spring."

"And Miss Beatrice?"

"Oh, I think she's well—very quiet, you know, and a little pale, perhaps; but she is always quiet—a strange woman, Beatrice, Mr. Bingham, a very strange woman, quite beyond me! I do not understand her, and don't try to. Not like other women at all; takes no pleasure in things, seemingly; curious, with her good looks—very curious. But nobody understands Beatrice."

Geoffrey breathed a sigh of relief.

"And how are tithes being paid, Mr. Granger? Not very grandly, I fear. I saw that scoundrel Jones died in prison."

Mr. Granger woke up at once. Before he had been talking almost at random; the subject of his daughters did not greatly interest him. What did interest him was this money question. Nor was it very wonderful; the poor, narrow-minded old man had thought about money till he could scarcely find room for anything else; indeed nothing else really touched him closely. He broke into a long story of his wrongs, and, drawing a paper from his breast pocket, with shaking finger pointed out to Geoffrey how that his clerical income for the last six months had been at the rate of only 40 pounds a year, upon which sum even a Welsh clergyman could not consider himself passing rich. Geoffrey listened and sympathized; then came a pause.

"That's how we've been getting on at Bryngelly, Mr. Bingham," Mr. Granger said presently, "starving, pretty well starving. It's only you who have been making money; we've been sitting on the same dock-leaf while you have become a great man. If it had not been for Beatrice's salary—she's behaved very well about the salary, has Beatrice—I am sure I don't understand how the poor girl clothes herself on what she

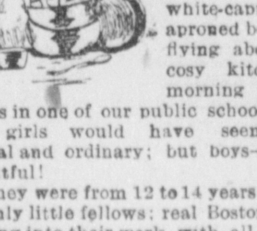
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BOYS IN COOKING SCHOOL.

One of the Prettiest Sights Imaginable.

Learning How to Make Gingerbread and Doughnuts.

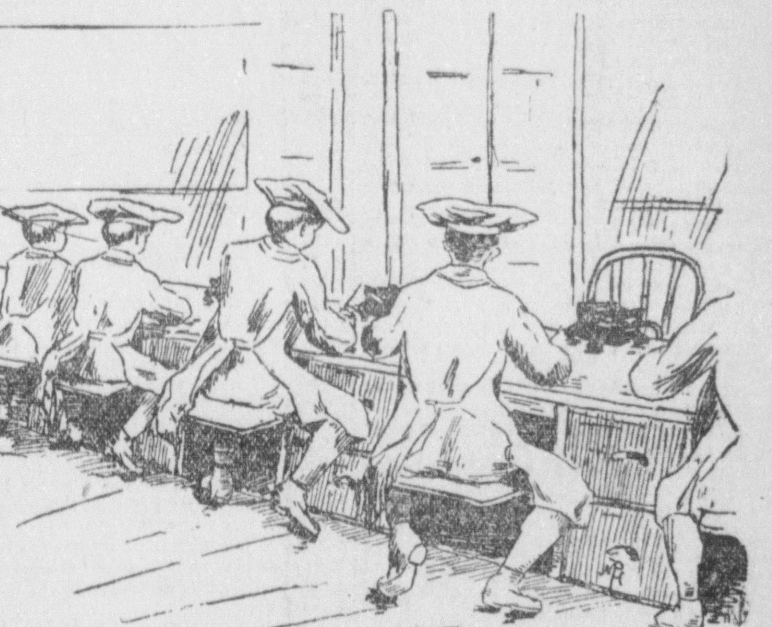
The Child Who Surprised Her Mistress With Her Knowledge.



A MORE unusual, amusing and interesting sight I have seldom witnessed than that of a score of white-capped and aproned boys, briskly flying about in the cosy kitchen of a morning cooking class in one of our public schools. A class of girls would have seemed quite usual and ordinary; but boys—it was delightful!

They were from 12 to 14 years old; bright, manly little fellows; real Boston boys; entering into their work with all the eagerness and energy of their wide-awake natures. I have never visited a class in any branch of education whatever that proved so wholly interesting and entertaining from beginning to end as this.

When I went in the boys were seated at their desks on the little shelf-like seats that pull out from beneath the several drawers in which their cooking utensils are kept. They were copying the recipes which they were to use that morning. There were three of the boys called housekeepers, whose appointed duties were written upon the blackboard.



Copying Receipts

Housekeeper No. 1 was to fold the towels and put them away, light the fire in the big range, blacken the range, fill the boiler and tea-kettle and wash the hearth and floor cloth.

Housekeeper No. 2 was to dust the room, wash and dry his duster, set in order the great dresser in the corner, with its brave array of mysterious, bright-colored tin boxes, and pots and pans and bottles. He was also to collect the soiled dishes after the cooking, and to sweep the room. At the end of his list of duties on the board was written, "Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws makes that and the action fine."

Housekeeper No. 3 was to polish the copper boiler—and a right royal burnish he was giving it, too—wash and wipe the dishes, wash the dish cloth and towels and scrub the sink inside and out with hot suds. His motto was written, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and surely the little fellow made everything as akin to godliness as it was possible for two boyish hands!



A YOUNG COOK.

You see, not only were these boys learning to cook, but were becoming at the same time familiar with all the numerous duties about an ordinary kitchen; and I thought, as I watched them, what capital campers they would make, and, moreover, what a blessing this practical knowledge might be to some of them some day.

After the recipes were all neatly copied, the room put in perfect order, and the fire burning brightly, the bright, pleasant little teacher, who had been all this time briskly running about in a coquettish little muslin cap and a delicious, clean white apron, announced that they would now make the gingerbread, which was the first recipe.

Then followed such careful measuring and sifting and stirring and beating! One little fellow buttered the pans, and it was turned into them and put in the oven, with one boy assigned "keeper of the oven door," to watch the baking and test the cake with a straw.

In the meanwhile the teacher took up the second recipe, which was for doughnuts. She lit one of the little gas stoves, which each boy has to use when necessary, and put on the kettle of lard to heat. Then the measuring and mixing went on again followed by the rolling and cutting out, which proved a difficult feat for some, for the dough would stick in spite of them. Finally, when they were all cut and laid on a well-floured board, the teacher showed the boys how to test the lard to find when it was sufficiently hot. What a sight it was, to be sure, to see all those little fellows eager, interested, boyishly hungry, clustering about the doughnut kettle, and the teacher, who, after frying two or three of the rings of dough herself, talking and explaining all the while, rewarded the quietest boy by letting him fry the rest; and he stood with happy, scorched cheeks, tending and turning the browning rings with all the enjoyment in the world.

When the gingerbread was baked, and the doughnuts were all fried, the boys had a grand feast of them—for they are given the result of each day's lesson—and how they did enjoy it! One bright little chap gave me a sly wink and whispered, "This is the part we like best!" No wonder, for the things were delicious; the hot gingerbread, broken in generous squares, was as light and spicy as one could wish, and the doughnuts were as crisp and brown as perfect cookery could make them.

It seems to me that among the numerous departures in education and practical instruction, there is nothing that is indicative of more real benefit to mankind in general than these public school cooking classes. Good food, properly cooked, is essential to the mental, moral and physical advancement of humanity; indeed, indigestion keeps pace with intemperance, and slays its tens of thousands on the altar of dyspepsia each year, and the blame is laid anywhere but to the rightful criminal. All this might easily be avoided by a more general knowledge of the science of cooking—for indeed it is a science in every sense of the word; for one to cook well, that is, to be able to cater to the digestion as well as to the palate, must possess a knowledge of the chemical properties of the ingredients she may use, and of their effect upon one another and the human system.

Miss Parloa says that there are two things which impress a cultivated foreigner—the great abundance and variety of food in America, and, at the average table, the impossibility of obtaining a satisfactory meal out of all the lavishness. She says, also, that it is not until the American woman learns the simple principles governing healthful cookery and digestion that we shall have food so prepared that health, mental vigor and good character shall be the rule throughout the country. This condition can only come with the introduction of the science of cookery into all the schools, public and private; for no woman is so rich, and none so poor, that this knowledge is not of prime importance to her when she comes to make a home for herself and others, or to assist in the making of a home for some one else.

Far too many girls and women who go into domestic service, it may be said in passing, forget what a power they have to contribute toward the happiness of the household.

For many years the New York Cooking School has taught hundreds of poor children each year the simplest forms of cookery. These children carry the exact methods of doing certain things into their homes, and into the homes of others when they go out to service. A lady who took one of these little girls for a servant, told me she was unexpectedly left alone with the child, and a member of her family being taken ill, she could not attend to the cooking herself, and asked the girl, Lizzie, if she could cook a beefsteak.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I learned in the cooking school."

The lady passed through the kitchen some minutes later, while Lizzie was broiling the meat, and was surprised to hear her counting as if she were pacticing a music lesson. The steak was in a double broiler, which Lizzie held over the coals.

"One, two, three, four," said the child, over and over again; turning the broiler each time she reached four. The steak came to the table perfectly cooked, and when the mistress asked Lizzie how she knew when it was done, the answer was that it was to be cooked ten minutes if an inch thick, and that she was to turn it every time she counted four.

Of course there had been many other things taught the child in regard to the fire, seasoning, care to have the dishes hot, etc., which contributed, as a whole, to make the steak so appetizing; but here was a child taken from one of the poorest tenements in New York, who could cook a steak more scientifically than hundreds of educated housekeepers throughout the country, simply because she was taught exact principles and followed the teaching to the letter.

There is where the French housekeeper excels. She does not attempt as much as her American sister; her bread, pastry and dessert, as a rule, she buys, but her soups, meats, vegetables, etc., she prepares on scientific principles; there is no waste of material or fuel. For generations the French women have been taught how to do the simple things well. To get the most out of everything, to prepare and serve the food in the most nutritious healthful and artistic ways, and to partake of it in the most sensible manner—all these things are second nature to the French woman, be she mistress or maid.

In England, too, cookery has been taught in the public schools for the last 20 years, beginning, I think, in London, and is now taught in all the large towns. Scotland also has her cooking schools.

I wonder that a science so essential to health and life should have been so long neglected by the American people, who are usually so far-seeing and appreciative. However, now that it has been established among the practicable and necessary branches of education, and its great benefits upon the public realized, it will surely be given its proper place among the foremost branches of a child's early education.

MARIE JONREAU.

IF WE KNEW.

[Woman's Work.]

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we loathe the sin.
Could we know the powers working
To o'erthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the effort all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim, external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source.
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
Oh! we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

The Popes.

[St. Louis Republic.]

Leo XIII. is the 253d pope, a fact seldom thought of when the great pontiff's name is mentioned. Of the total 252 successors of St. Peter 15 have been Frenchmen, 13 have been Greeks, eight have been Syrians, six have claimd Germany as their birthplace, five have hailed from Spain, two were from Africa, two from Savoy, which was also the number sent by England, Sweden, Dalmatia, Holland, Portugal and Crete. Italy caps the climax with a total of 194, all since 1523 having been selected from among the Italian cardinals. Eight of the number did not live a month after succession, 40 lived less than a year, and 23 more died when they had been less than two years on the pontifical throne; 54 between four and 5 years; 57 when they had reigned less than 10 years; 51 before they had finished the 15th year, and 18 died after reigning between 15 and 20 years. Only nine lived over 20 years after their elevation to the "Chair of St. Peter." Pius IX., who died during the early part of 1878, reigned longer than any of his predecessors, his pontifical life extending over a period of 31 years.

Is This an Example of Bathos or of Pathos?

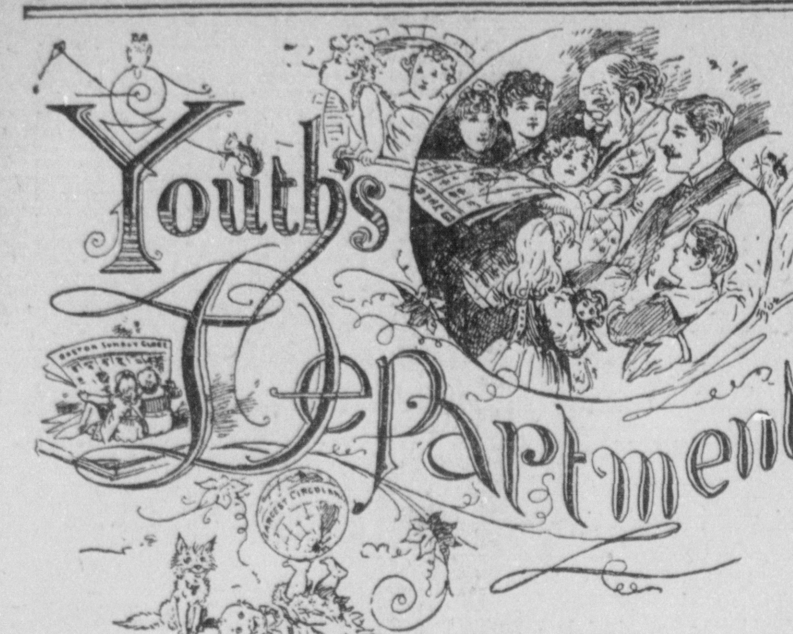
[New York Tribune.]

An epitaph in a Blairville, Penn., cemetery reads as follows: "A. B. was a good son, a loving husband, a fond father, an able lawyer, but an honest man."

Modern Americans Seem to Realize It.

[Atchison Globe.]

You can't have anything else when you have children.



EDITED BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

WE ALL (continued)........By Octave Thanet
OVER SEAS........By J. T. Trowbridge
ON CAMPING OUT........By G. O. Shields
MUSICAL TOYS........By R. T. Carlton

WE ALL.

Octave Thanet's Story of Youthful Life and Adventure in Arkansas.

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CHAPTER VII.

CECIL MAKES AN ENEMY.



DAWSEY ran after him. It may be more correct to say that he started to run after him, for Ally Seyton, perceiving the situation, so deftly interposed a foot that Dawsey lost his balance and sprawled into the camp-fire; whereupon Ally made off one way as fast as Larry was going another.

Old Dawsey, raging, vowing horrors for Larry, of which murder was the kindest, picked himself out of the coals and would have given cha e.

"Stopa! stopa, man!" shouted the gypsy, "you alla fire."

Cobbs scooped a panful of soft mud and flung on the burning clothing, an example energetically followed by the gypsies until the last sign of fire was smothered and Dawsey was an amazing sight.

"Quit ye d— fools!" he yelled. Again he set off after Larry, but this time Cobbs laid a hand on his arm.

"Let the boy lone, will ye?" said Cobbs, "we all up t' the store got suthin' t' ax of you. Whar was ye at night afore las'?"

"Lemme go. I was home, like I always am."

But there had been a tell-tale start which Cecil at least had noticed.

"I believe he is lying," he said, in a low voice, to Sally.

Sally all this time was a quiet but deeply interested observer. She only nodded.

Dawsey twisted his spattered face and turned his one eye (I fear it was malice that had made Cobbs fling that cake of mud to fast close the other) on the girl and boy.

He gave them a murderous glance, although he did not speak a word.

Sally shrank a little; Cecil returned him a look of contempt.

"Come, now," Cobbs went on, "folkses air talkin' a right smart 'baout you, Mist' Dawsey. Say ye ben ridin' raound skeerin' up the colored people. Reward's aout of a hundred dollars; an' cunnel, he done gone t' the rock t' git the governor issue a proclamation, an' offer a reward. Ye better show whar ye went—an' how come ye didn't git back till nigh sun up?"

Dawsey winced, but he repeated doggedly that he hadn't been away from home that week. Who had seen him?—that is, correcting himself, who dared to pretend to have seen him?

"And you didn't go off down the Summen road to the turn, hay?" said Cobbs; "you're plumb sure of that, and you didn't maybe meet up with two or three friends?"

"I didn't get outer my bed," Dawsey growled, "I don't know nothin' of no niggers, an' I don't wanter. A-r-r! Hah!" This to the mule which was fidgeting. He jumped on the beast's back, threw a look of sullen anger round the dark circle and galloped away into the swamp.

"He can't catch Larry now," said Sally, with a sigh of relief.

"But isn't Larry his son?" asked Cecil.

Larry, however, was not so unfortunate; although he was, in the eye of the law, Dawsey's son, because he had been legally adopted by the old man, on the death of his sister, Larry's mother. Why he adopted the boy had long puzzled the Seytons. Mrs. Seyton, who had been to see "the widow Harkness" during her last sickness, and had carried her stealthily many a luxury, said that his demeanor at that time was more human. He had cared for and protected his sister, after a fashion, although there was a horrible rumor that he had killed her husband. There was no doubt that he had hated Rufe Harkness, nor that there had been furious quarrels between the two. And Rufe Harkness was shot on the roadside by an unknown assassin.

Still he was not unkind to his sister. He relaxed his miserliness enough to give her a rude plenty. She was well clothed. In her day meal sacks and salted pork were seen in the gallery. The boy Larry went neatly clothed to school. A present or two was sent for him to the Christmas tree. His lot did not seem so much harder than other lads, if his uncle did scowl on him and sometimes give him a sly cuff, as well as a curse.

But with his mother's death all was changed. Dawsey went out from the dead woman's presence to one of his rare fits of drunkenness.

He had shown hints of feeling during her sickness, and before she died he solemnly promised, in Mrs. Seyton's presence, to care for the child as his own. He did go so far as to take out papers of adoption. Perhaps he thus satisfied his conscience, for here any kindness to Larry ended.

No more school, hard work all the days of the weeks, hard work and poor fare; and, every day, the clothes which his mother used to keep so tidy, getting raggeder.

At first Dawsey was not actively brutal. He kept the boy from school, worked him harder than an ox and fed him barely; he was morose in his manners, scolded at any cause, and made biting speeches without pretext. But he did not beat Larry. Of late, however, his bad temper had grown on him, and passers-by told of shrieks in a child's voice and the sound of blows; and Larry had a black eye often, and once his head was tied up, and when the cloth came off there remained an ugly scar.

Nobody knew of his complaining, not even to Alan Seyton, who was a childish hero of his. He was a quiet, patient lad. If there were gleams of spirit hid about him, nobody suspected them.

Something like this was the story Sally told Cecil.

He was excited. Cobbs, who went home with them, looked grave, saying that he didn't like the looks of things: people talked very "severe" against old man Dawsey.

"They're afraid of him, though," said Alan. He had joined the company halfway home, and was trudging along unconcernedly, as usual.

"Well you ain't," Cobbs rejoined. And Ally grinned.

"I am," said Sally, "I'm 'fraid he'll do us an awful meanness some time. Do you reckon he could set the house afire, Cobbs?"

"No, sure, missy," said Cobbs.

"I'd shoot him if he tried," said Cecil, laughing.

They went home in high good humor, as far as the boys were concerned; but Sally's tender heart fretted over Larry. Where was he? Had his cruel uncle found him? Was he in the dismal recesses of the swamp, cold and hungry?

She cudgelled her brains all that day. I am sure, to invent some plan of succor. And truth to tell the real reason she went out on the coon hunt that evening was from



"STOPA! STOPA MAN!" SHOUTED THE GIPSY; "YOU ALLA FIRE!"

a vague, wild hope that they might find some trace of Larry.

Cobbs proposed the coon hunt. He felt it on his conscience to amuse the guest; and a coon hunt struck the old hunter as a peculiarly innocent, safe sport.

"Moonlight night, Ally," said he, winking, "coons an' 'possums thick as hair."

"And we could take Henri," said Alan.

Cecil was feeling homesick again with the nightfall; he hailed any diversion.

So, after supper, the moon being high in the heavens, they started on the coon hunt.

A coon hunt is a favorite Southwestern sport. Moonlight is required for the hunters to see the coon, although sometimes a fire is built, which gives enough light by which to sight a gun.

A dog is necessary, also, to find the "coon" or "'possum;" a dog that understands his business.

Henri IV., which Sally explained was their valued dog's name (given to him because of the white tuft on his forehead, the "white plume of Navarre"), was not an attractive beast at first sight. He was a lank, sneaking-looking Arkansas hound that had lost one-half of one lop ear in a fight and had half a dozen scars as well. He trotted along in a curious, ungainly fashion, as if he were lame—which he was not, and resented the advances of strangers by showing a ragged row of teeth and growling.

"He really is right sweet tempered," said Sally, "but when we go hunting he is so excited he forgets his manners."

Cecil put Ally between him and the "right sweet tempered" dog sniffing suspiciously at his heels.

Ally was armed with a rifle as big as himself, Cecil carried a beautiful greener, Sally bore an axe and Cobbs had an ancient gun on his shoulders.

To do honor to the occasion, Cecil had donned his hunting suit, which Cobbs eyed with vast but secret scorn. Sally and Alan wore their shabbiest clothes and rubber boots.

They walked very quietly through the forest back of the house.

In 15 minutes they were out of sight of the lights.

About them was only a forest as grim, as dark, as wildly tangled with underbrush, as when the axe of the first settler found it. Above them the full moon rolled in a steel blue, starless sky.

Henri lumbered ahead, his nose to the ground.

Directly he began to bark.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COON HUNT.

"He's found him!" announced Ally.

The dog's clamor filled all the silent wood now; sharp, yelling barks. Away down a moonlit vista they could see him hurrying. His tail was straight in the air, stiff as a stick of wood.

Presently the barks changed. Howls, sharper barks, the outcry of delight instead of anxiety, reached them.

"Treed him?" said Ally.

"Shore," said Cobbs.

It was easy enough getting to the tree under which Henri was frantically barking. Not so easy, Cecil thought, to see the 'possum hiding under the rusty foliage.

He was relieved to hear Ally announce the need of a fire.

They pushed dry leaves and twigs ("trash" Cobbs called them) into a heap, and very soon a ruddy flame leaped up, thin and high, like a huge candle. By that flickering glare they could see, not only the trees, but a circle of woodland.

"Will you shoot?" said Ally to Cecil.

Cecil lifted his gun. High up into the tree he caught a glimpse of a line of gray fur. Bang went the gun.

There was a rustle among the dead leaves. So true was the aim that the gray lump fell almost at their feet, and instantly Ally was beating off the dog.

"Good shot, Bub," said Cobbs.

Cecil regarded Cobbs coldly. What right had he, a mere servant, to be using such familiar terms; nevertheless he was not insensible to the sweetness of praise.

Honest Cobbs went on unconsciously: "Reckon we kin take you aout on a wil' horg hunt ayfter all. Cunnel lowed 'twud be too rough riding, but the way you take hole things I reckon you couldn't be feered er a bit er cane."

"Oh, no, said Cecil, softened in spite of himself.

He received Ally's congratulations affably. Then he looked around for Sally. After all, Sally was the one from whom he expected to receive the help and interest of companionship. But Sally had run a few paces ahead.

When she came back her first words were not for him.

"See what I found!" she cried, displaying what looked like a torn handkerchief.

"Well, it ain't worth finding," said Ally, bluntly.

"What be ye totin' it raoun fur, missy?" said Cobbs in a different tone.

She held it up. "Don't you see?" As they were silent, she fitted it on to her face. At once they exclaimed:

"It's a mask, by gum!" said Ally.

"That's one of them tricks the fellers that frightened the niggers wored on thar faces," was Cobb's conclusion, very solemnly uttered. "Whar ye foun' hit, Missy?"

"By the big gum tree," said Sally. "I saw it shining and picked it up."

They all examined it. But only Cecil noticed that while they were examining it Sally uttered a suppressed exclamation. "Let me look at it," she said, taking it nearer the fire light.

Afterward—but again only Cecil noticed it—she it was who put the handkerchief in her pocket.

"It's a clue," said Sally, with dignity, "and we have to preserve it."

All the word suggested to Ally was a thought of preserves, and so by an easy transition a disagreeable reminder of butter.

"Oh, say," he exclaimed, "we got to send for some butter."

Ally never troubled himself with the inconsequences of his remarks.

"Why, we have got plenty of butter; 'Relia churned today," said Sally.

"Well, it's just the same," said Ally, easily; "you know that calf Pete just won't keep up in the yard, she heard Big Tom was waiting on a girl and she lit out to listen to the talk a minute, leaving little Rufe with the churn and he heard the boat whistle and ran out to see it and that calf, some way, he got at the churn—I heard Aunt 'Cindy just chast'sing 'Relia 'bout it. She said all the butter was plum spoiled."

Sally, the housekeeper, looked disturbed.

"He broke the churn, too," finished Ally, placidly. "I forgot to tell you that; and Aunt 'Cindy says not even Cobbs can mend it. Got to have a new churn, she says. Reckon we got to sop our bread in molasses for a while like the niggers."

"I'll tell you suthin' else, since you begun," said Cobbs.

"The ice is all gone out in the storehouse, and if we have a warm day tomorrow the meat will be gone, tew."

"That whole quarter of beef?"

"Jest that ar," missy. I 'lowed it been tew warm to kill a beef critter, but cunnel says I got a feller from the North a-coming to visit us, and beef we mus' have. Reckon he kin make aout with pork, I says—Wa'al, Henri's off agin!"

Henri led them a long chase this time. As they tramped along in the moonlight Cecil looked curiously at the possum swinging under Cobbs' hand.

He observed that it looked "like an overgrown rat;" but Cobbs, with a short chuckle, added: "Wa'al, looks more like a monstrous big duck, t' my mind, when ye get that 'ar fur offen it."

He went on to tell how the negroes preferred 'possum to all other food. "Ye cayn't find a darky won't take jes' naturally to 'possum. But thar's a heap er ways in treatin' 'possum. The right way—ain't it, br'er 'possum?" addressing the lump, "are to putt ye out on the roofe couple o' nights t' free e."

"That's fustly; secondly, when we got the fishy taste out on ye, we can bile ye very sof' an' gentle goin' on three, four hours and then we putt ye in a pan an' putt in little water, an' salt an' pepper yet right well an' kiver ye with slices er raw sweet pertaters an' bake an' bake ye till you plumb tender. Laws, ain't ye juicy an' rich, then!"

Cobb sighed over a retrospect of past questionable delight. He patted the opossum affectionately.

"Bless ye br'er 'possum ain't nuthin' mean baout you, yo' make them taters taste nearly baout's good's you! My, my, my, my, I seen the time when I got afore a right good cooked 'possum I et so much I nearly made a founder!"



SHE HELD UP THE WHITE MASK.

Ally interrupted: "Say, Cobbs, look over yonder, "there's a fire in the woods!"

Cobbs looked; he pursed his lips and frowned.

"Thar had oughter be a cotton picker's house tharabouts," said he, musingly; "taint a much good haouse, but I hate t' have are property er the cunnel's burn daown while he's gone. I do so. Less git a glimpse er it."

Abandoning the coon or 'possum that Henri had found—poor dog, he was dancing about a tall tree "barking his head off!"—they struck through the wood until they reached an ineffectual sort of clearing, in one corner of which stood a ruined cabin. There was no window, but all the chinks and the doorway, to which no door pertained any longer, leaked a ruddy glow.

Yet in a second Cobbs motioned the others back, whispering, "Hush, 'taint no fire; some one's inside! Come on slow an' quiet like, an' see."

When they were within a few rods of the house Cobbs ran ahead.

He would not let Ally or the others accompany him. But in a moment he motioned for them to come on, at the same time placing his fingers on his lips to caution them to be silent.

Cecil began to be excited. Slowly they crept up to the house.

In obedience to a gesture from Cobbs, Ally placed himself on one side of the door.

The next moment a little ragged shape uncoiled itself out of a heap before the fire, and stood up straight in the glow, staring at them with scared, wild eyes.

"Larry!" cried Sally.

Larry, indeed it was; and his relief (when he discovered their identity) was no less than their surprise.

It appears that he had sprained his ankle in his race through the woods. Nothing better could be done than to hide himself for the night in whatever shelter he could find.

"When it come sun-up I 'lowed t' git over t' the big haouse an' see Ally," he mumbled.

"Ally!" thought Cis, "he calls him Ally, and Ally doesn't care."

But Ally would have been surprised at any other mode of address.

"What was Dawsey mad at you for?" said he.

"'Cause he went off the other night, an' I lit the lamp," said Larry, "I got skeered up bein' left by my lone."

Cobbs chuckled. "Ah, he ben aout, did he? When, yistiddy?"

"Naw sir, day before yistiddy night."

"Whar did he go?"

"I dunno," said Larry, looking scared.

No questioning drew out any further information.

All this time poor Henri had been filling the air with vociferous yelps.

"I'll go back and kill the coon," said Sally in the most matter-of-fact way. "Please lend me your gun, Cousin Cecil?"

"No, let me, Cis," said Ally; indeed, he was running across the wood before they could answer.

Cobbs and Sally and Cis all looked at Larry. What should they do with him? He had subsided into his usual limp dejection, and evidently regarded his fate as entirely shut ed off his own hands into theirs.

Finally, Sally, who had been knitting her brows over her anxiety, spoke.

"Cobbs," said she, "we have got to take him somewhere."

"Toby shore, missy," said Cobbs.

"If we keep him at our house, Dawsey will get him."

"Toby shore, missy," said Cobbs.

"Besides"—Sally's caretaking little frown deepened—"it may make trouble—about papa, you know."

"Toby shore, Missy," Cobbs agreed, with greater emphasis.

He turned on Larry. "Well, Bub, whar was ye 'lowin' t' go you'seff, hay?"

Larry fumbled with his miserable hat and said he ben 'lowin' t' see Ally.

"I mout take him in with me," said Cobbs, eyeing the ragged and squalid shape with a dubious expression—Cobbs was a tidy man.

"But you couldn't hide him," said Sally.

"No, Cobbs. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll take him to Aunt Valley's. She can hide him, and she will, too."

"I ben aimin' to ax Ally if I hadn't bes' go t'Aunt Valley's," said Larry, meekly.

"Cay'nt tote ye thar t'night," said Cobbs, "ye got t'wait an' go before sun up."

There was a little more discussion, in which, to Cecil's amusement, Larry was not considered at all. It was decided that Cobbs should take the boy home with him. Cobbs lived alone. There would be no one to spy on his visitor, and before the plantation was astir in the morning Cobbs could have Larry safely stowed in a wagon bed, out of sight.

When Ally appeared the plan was explained to him.

He readily agreed.

Thereupon the little company took up its homeward march, Henri, very loath, accompanying them, and howling occasionally over his disappointment.

Sally walked behind Larry, who was supported by Cobbs, being, in fact, incapable of walking alone. He winced sometimes over a stumble, but did not utter a sound. Sally asked him if his ankle hurt him. "Oh 'taint a much bad hurt," said he, patiently, "I don't mind it."

"Say, Larry, ain't you hungry?" Ally demanded, in his turn.

"Oh, I ain't much hungry," said Larry. "I don't mind it."

Sally was not satisfied. "Did you have anything to eat today?"

"Well, I did have some corn pone this mornin'."

"And nothing else?" said Cecil.

"Naw, sir. But, onyhow, he never does give me but two meals a day. Says what stunts folkses are overfeedin'. Jest makes 'em fat an' greasy, an' they doesn't grow endwise 'tall."

"Wa'al, dad gum my skin!" said Cobbs. "Ain't that man the beater!"

"Ain't he!" said Ally. "He taken away them cloze my maw leff me," said Larry, "an' my knife you guv me"—turning to Ally—"an' that 'ar handketcher, tew. Sayd them tricks pompered boys an' made 'em sassy."

There was no note of complaint in Larry's voice, telling his tale, it was quite matter of fact.

"Did he treat you bad, Larry?" Ally asked. Ally was getting very furious, but Sally said never a word.

"He didn't useter treat me much bad, but lately he bin lickin' me a heap," said Larry, "an' I reckon he 'lows t' kill me, now, he are so mad at me."

Even now there was no animation in his manner. But all at once he gave a dog-like glance at Ally, and added, "I reckoned if I cud git t' Ally he wudn't let him."

"I'll shoot him fust!" cried Ally.

Still Sally was silent. They left Larry in Cobbs' care. Cobbs promised to give him something "warmin'" before he went to bed.

After they were home the reason for Sally's silence appeared.

She shut the door of the room and drew closer to the two boys, who were warming their backs before the blazing fire.

In her hand was the handkerchief mask. She held it up.

"Don't you know it, Ally?" said she.

"Know it!" Ally repeated. But Cecil pointed to a tiny inscription in the corner, Allan G. Seyton.

"It's the handkerchief you gave Larry," said Sally impressively, "the time he cut his head. Don't you see? Larry said he took his handkerchief. He took it to make a mask of."

"Shucks!" said Ally.

"I don't reckon they had another handkerchief in the house," said Sally, "so he took this."

She folded the handkerchief carefully and put it back in her pocket. "That's what I call evidence," said she.

"Maybe, if we can prove he took it and Larry didn't lose it," was the cautious Ally's conclusion. He would have taken it, then, late as it was, over to Cobbs for advice, but Sally suggested that Larry's presence would interfere, and it was resolved to wait until morning."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OVER SEAS.

J. T. Trowbridge Relates the Experiences of an American Family.

[Copyrighted, 1890, by S. S. McClure.]

CHAPTER I.

EN VOYAGE.



IT seems necessary, to begin with, to give some slight account of the family whose experiences I am asked to relate—a delicate task, which will be made easier (if I am to respect the peace of the said family) by the use of a thin disguise of names.

First, there is the shepherd of the little flock, somewhat grizzled about the chin and earlocks, with a tolerably well-preserved constitution, though never robust, who, having seen Europe once in the fervent years of youthful aspiration, had waited long for an opportunity to pay it a more extended and leisurely visit.

Second, the mother, who needed the absolute change and recreation of the voyage and of a residence abroad.

For them it seemed the right and rational thing to undertake. But how about the children? To leave them at home would be to leave a large part of themselves, and defeat the main purpose of the journey.

The eldest (whom we will call Gabrielle) was just 14, mature for her years, and well grounded in the ordinary branches of an English education, to which she had applied herself almost too conscientiously to the detriment of her health. It certainly looked as if the trip would also be a good thing for her.

There was a little more doubt about Estelle (that name is as good as another) two years younger. She was still in the grammar school, where it seemed desirable that she should remain.

Then there was the little 5-year-old, whom we will for the occasion christen Ariel.

. . . .

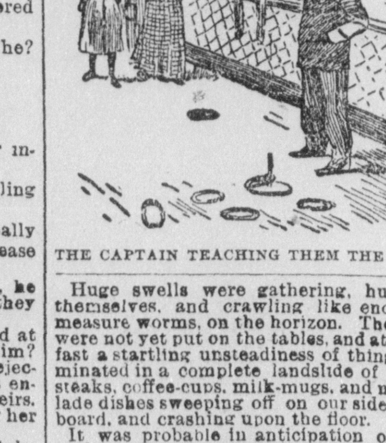
On the great, open sea at last! Farewell, receding shores! With what a solemn, sweet, trustful feeling, after all the agitations and anxieties of getting off, we set about making ourselves comfortable in our floating home!

For two days we had fine weather, and the children enjoyed greatly the novelty of their life on board.

The captain, a jovial Scotchman, short, stocky, plump as a seal, made them walk the deck with him, improvised a game of ringtoes with a bucket and some rings of thick spliced rope, and fitted up for Ariel's especial benefit a swing suspended from the mizzen boom.

In this way he made the girls forget their slight seasickness. As for Ariel, he did not have any to forget. He went regularly to the cabin table with his father, while many of the passengers sat in their steamer chairs on deck, wrapped in shawls and rugs, and had their meals, consisting largely of fruits, brought to them by the stewards.

Quitting our berths on the morning of the third day, we noticed that the ship was rolling uncomfortably. Upon going on deck we found a gale piping. The sea was rising, whitecaps were leaping and flying and the spray was blowing like wild streamers from the top of the waves.



THE CAPTAIN TEACHING THEM THE GAME.

Huge swells were gathering, humping themselves, and crawling like enormous measure worms, on the horizon. The racks were not yet put on the tables, and at breakfast a startling unsteadiness of things culminated in a complete landslide of chops, steaks, coffee-cups, milk-mugs, and marmalade dishes sweeping off on our side of the board, and crashing upon the floor.

It was probable in anticipation of some such possible result of the ship's lurching that the cabin carpets had been taken up within an hour after we left New York. The girls and their mother escaped to their state rooms, but Ariel, whom I had protected by stretching out both arms against the table before us, heroically kept his place, and, after a moment's comical astonishment, burst into uncontrollable laughter. In the wreck of the breakfast he saw nothing but a joke.

Wind and waves were astern, and to keep the ship from rolling, as well as to help her on her course, the smoke-blackened foretopsail had been set. But when the sailors, high in the dizzy yard, were unfurling the immense foresail, it suddenly burst with sharp thunder claps, and flew into black ribbons in the gale.

It was well to have a brief experience of the power of wind and waves, and of the magnificent beauty of the roused ocean. We had during the day alternate sun and showers, squalls and rainbows. The tints of the billows varied from deep blue or indigo to sea green and snow white.

Now a liquid hill, chasing us, towers over the stern, and seems for a moment rushing to overburden us; but the ship rises on it, getting at the most only a splash that sweeps the deck. Sometimes the floors stand at an angle of 45 degrees, to roll suddenly back to the same inclination in the opposite direction; nobody can keep his feet. Even the sailors have to be assisted by ropes stretched along the decks.

The great length of the steamer—370 feet—prevents her from pitching very badly, but she tumbles like a log.

Ariel, who wished to see and understand everything about the vessel, from the steam steering apparatus and the engine to the deep, black, grimy, infernal hole where the stokers, like demons in a pit, fed the furnace fires, wanted to visit the emigrants' quarters also; and one fine day, when they were mostly on deck, I took him along in company with the captain and doctor, who were making their midday rounds of inspection.

Imagine two narrow aisles between tiers of rough wooden bunks—one tier above another—each bunk barely two feet wide, and divided from its neighbors on each side by an inch board; dirty mattresses, on which a few sick emigrants were groaning, and a persistent foul odor, which even the open portholes and a recent cleansing of the floors failed to eliminate; a part of the hulk, as well as the "between decks," packed in this way; then think of our 763 dirty Italians, all under cover there, at night or in foul weather, and you have a faint idea of the steerage passage.



GETTING LETTERS READY FOR THE PILOT.

"I shouldn't like to live here, would you?" says Ariel, with a wry face, as we regain the upper air, and he turns contentedly to the clean quarter-deck, and his swing under the boom.

It was amusing, after we had been a few days out, to see the little fellow with his "sea legs" on. He had learned instinctively to balance himself with the swaying of the ship; and he appeared as much at his ease on deck as in the saloon, among the sailors and passengers, as he ever did at home.

There were not so many passengers but that all became well acquainted with each other after a short time, and formed a congenial family during the remainder of the voyage. "Shuffleboard" was a favorite game on deck for old and young, and often in the evening, when we were not walking the decks by moonlight, or watching the stars and meteors, among the swaying masts, we had lively entertainments, with songs and recitations, in the saloon.

One day a sparrow appeared on board, hopping about on the spars and rigging in a bewildered way, but refusing to pick up the crumbs that Ariel scattered for it on the deck. It remained with us all one afternoon, but the next morning it had disappeared.

Where did it come from, hundreds of miles from any land? Had it been blown out to sea, and found rest for its tiny feet on other ships before it alighted on our own? And whither had it gone? It had come and vanished as mysteriously as a human soul, visiting this wandering craft we call the world.

ON CAMPING OUT.

How to Choose a Camp Site and Make Camps and Fires.

[Copyrighted, 1890, by G. O. Shields.]

To know how to choose the best possible site for a camp is one of the most important parts of a sportsman's education. There are many old-time woodsmen and professional guides who are sadly lacking in this faculty, and I have seen civil engineers, geologists and other learned men act like boys 10 years old when they attempted to choose a camping spot. Other men choose camp sites by what appears to be inspiration. They seem to know at a glance what is the best spot in a given section of country, and never have to think twice to decide where to locate. This faculty cannot be acquired by reading books—it is innate, like poetic genius; and yet there are certain general directions that may be given, and that, if followed, will greatly aid the student of camp lore.

Weather permitting always pitch your camp on high ground. The top of a ridge is usually best, or, if this is too high for convenience, select a level bench on the side of a hill. The inclination to camp near the water is always strong in every man's mind, and if the weather and the shape and nature of the ground are such as to warrant it, it is pleasant to lie awake at night and hear the brook babble, the river roll, or the waves wash on the pebbly beach; but frequently the ground is damp on the creek or river bottom, whence miasmatic vapors will arise, or there is there a rank growth of weeds that gives off noxious odors.

If the time be summer the mosquitoes are likely to be much worse at the water's edge than further away, and in either case it is better to camp well up the hill, carry what water you must use, and do without the aqueous music.

How to Make Camps.

A party going into the woods and expecting to remain for several weeks in one place may find it necessary to build a log cabin. The limits of the present article will not admit of my going into a discussion of this subject.

As to temporary shelters, other than cabins and tents, there are a great many styles known to woodsmen, many of which may be made decidedly comfortable, and with but little labor. If possible, a piece of canvas or drilling should always be carried along, large enough to form at least the roof of a lodge; but where this is impossible, dirt, bark, rushes or flags may be used to good advantage.

A temporary open shanty, capable of sheltering four men, may be made of 36 poles, 8 feet long and about 6 inches in diameter. These are notched and laid up in the form of an open square, the independent ends being held in place by four posts planted in the ground at the proper places, and each pair held together at the top by ropes or withes. Other poles are then laid as close together as possible over the top, and covered with a foot of dirt or with green cedar—or elm bark, or it may be thatched with straw, grass, rushes or flags. If either of these are used the roof should have a steep pitch and the thatch be put on to a depth of six inches or more. It should be lapped on the same plan as shingles, and weighted with heavy green poles, held to the body of the shanty by ropes or withes.

If the weather be cold the cracks between the poles should be stopped with moss, grass or boughs, and by keeping a good log fire burning in front of the open end, and three or four feet away, a party may be comfortable in such a shanty with the mercury at zero.

A brush shelter, usually called a "lean-to," may be made by laying a pole in the forks of two posts, set for the purpose, at a height of five or six feet from the ground, leaning other poles from this to the ground at an angle of about 50 degrees and covering these with cedar or hemlock boughs or bark, or by thatching, as in the case of the shanty already described. If either style o roof is put on properly it will shed a heavy rain. The ends may be inclosed with either boughs or bark.

Another form of temporary shelter is made by leaning a pole, 10 or 12 feet long, against a large green tree (or by placing the upper end in the fork of a small tree), letting the other rest on the ground, and leaning bark or boughs against it, spreading them so as to make the lodge five or six feet wide at the front end, and tapering to a point at the rear. The fire may be built against the tree on which the pole leans, but care must be taken not to allow it to reach and burn away the ridge-pole.

How to Make a Campfire.

It really requires a good deal of mechanical skill to build a good campfire.

The way to make a cooking-fire is to lay down two green poles, five or six inches thick and two feet long, two or three feet apart, with notches in the upper side about 10 or 12 inches apart. These we will call the "dog-irons" or "fire-irons." Now cut two more poles, six or eight inches thick and about four feet long, and lay them in the notches in your dog-irons. Procure a liberal supply of dry wood of some kind, brush, split wood, bark or chips and start your fire on the ground, midway between your dog-irons. Your dry wood should extend the length of your forestick and backlog, and the fire will soon spread to either end of these. The air will circulate under and through you fire; and your forestick and backlog are just the right distance apart to set your camp-kettle, frying-pan and coffee-pot on.

If you are going to cook more than one meal in this place it will pay you to put up a crane. This is built as follows: Cut two green sticks, two inches thick and three feet long; drive them into the ground a foot from either end of your fire and split the top end of each with the axe. Then cut another pole of same size and long enough to reach from one of these posts to the other; flatten the ends and insert them in the splits. The posts should be of such height that when this pole is passed through the bail of the camp kettle its bottom will swing just clear of the fire. Now cut a hooked limb that will hang well on the pole, and in the shank of it cut a notch, in which you can insert the bail of the coffee-pot, and in such a position that it will also hang near the fire.

After supper is over you may want a good big fire in front of your tent, or in front of the place where your tent would be if you had one. If there happens to be a big log in the right place, and it be green or wet, or rotten, so that it will quit burning when you quit firing, and so that there is no danger of its setting the woods on fire after you are gone, put down a couple of dogirons and a forestick, as already described, and build a fire against it; or, if there should be a big bowlder or a big ledge of rock at hand, as will often happen in the mountains, this makes a capital backlog.

If neither of these ready-made articles are where they should be you must rustle your backlog; and I cannot do better than quote here from Nessmuk his description of a campfire that he and a companion built in the woods on a winter night, and which every old woodsman will tell you was properly built.

He says: "We first felled a thrifty butternut tree, 10 inches in diameter, cut off three lengths of five feet each and carried them to camp. These were the backlogs. Two stout stakes were driven at the back of the fire and the logs, on top of each other, were laid firmly against the stakes. The latter were slanted a little back and the largest log placed at the bottom, the smallest on top, to prevent tipping forward. A couple of short, thick sticks were laid with the ends against the bottom log, by way of fire dogs; a forestick, five feet long and five inches in diameter, a well-built pyramid of bark, knots and small logs completed the camp-fire, which sent a pleasant glow of warmth and heat to the farthest corner of the shanty. For 'night wood,' we cut a dozen ash and birch poles, from 4 to 6 inches across, trimmed them to the tips and dragged them to camp. We had a bright, cheery fire from the early evening until morning, and four tired hunters never slept more soundly. . . . We selected butternut for back logs, because when green it burns slowly and lasts a long time."

G. O. SHIELDS.

MUSICAL TOYS.

Descriptions of Some that May Easily be Made.

[Copyrighted, 1890, by S. S. McClure.]



FEW toys are more interesting or afford more genuine pleasure to boys, or girls either, than those with which music or musical sounds can be produced, and there are many simple musical instruments which any boy can make with the use of only such tools and material as are easily in reach of all. All that is needed is a starter in the way of a few instructions.

For the benefit of those who have time to devote to such work and an inclination to do so, hints and instructions for making several musical toys are here given.

Mouth Organ.

To make the instrument represented in the cut above all that is necessary in the line of material is a cigar box, about an inch deep, a few small strips of pine, a little plaster paris, glue and writing paper.

Cut from pine strips one-half inch square, pieces from four inches in length down, making each succeeding one three-sixteenths shorter until you have 16. Cut 16 round strips about 3/8 inch in diameter and 2½ inches long, and after burning or boring holes in centre of each of the square pieces insert one of the round ones, as in figure 1 in the cut.



From the cigar box make a frame by taking out the bottom and off the lid. Place the frame on a smooth level surface and inside it put the square blocks at equal distances one from another, with the pins upright. Cover the frame on each side of the pins with a couple of wooden blocks, or anything else that will answer the purpose, wide enough to cover the frame and thick enough to extend to the top of the pins. Close the ends with cardboard or anything suitable. Leave an opening between the blocks 1½ inches wide, and pour in the plaster, after having mixed one-sixth recently slaked lime to harden it. To make the wood leave the mould easily paper should be wrapped around each of the pins and fastened with a bit of paste, being careful to avoid touching the wood. Let dry thoroughly.

Now, from the pine strips ½x3-16 inches saw pieces corresponding in length to square ones in the mould—two of each length. On the ends of each paste or glue bits of straw board. Cut a sheet of heavy writing paper into narrow strips and paste one between each two of the pine blocks of corresponding lengths, so that the paper will be in centre, drawn taut, and fastened at the ends to the cardboard. When you have finished putting in the paper strips test them with the mouth to see that they are "in tune." Regulate by shortening or lengthening the paper tongues with bits of cardboard. But the notes produced will be nearly correct if the instructions given are carefully followed and the paper strips cut evenly. The blocks may be kept in position by a rubber band or tape.

When the plaster is thoroughly dry tear away the blocks and box frame, and execute all the carving and polishing desired, for the plaster will be found to be almost as hard as stone. Remove the wooden blocks and fit in the tongued ones to their proper places. Shave off plaster on top to smoothness, and carve mouthpiece to suit self. In fact, the entire instrument may be moulded into any shape desired. These directions are taken from one the writer has lately constructed, and with which fairly good music is made. Not first class, but attractive, nevertheless, and comical.

A Home-Made Fiddle.

Going into a second-hand store in San Antonio several years ago I came across quite a curiosity in musical instruments—a violin made from a cigar box. I had never seen anything of the kind before, although since have seen one other. This one, which I bought forthwith, was exceedingly well made, and has a sound equal to many more pretentious instruments. Any boy can make one after seeing this engraving.

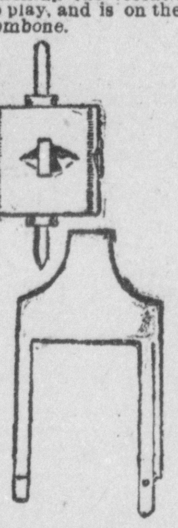


Got a solid cigar box, scrape off all paper and thoroughly glue the joints so that it is airtight. Cut the S holes at about the same position occupied by them in the engraving. The neck is made of one piece of wood, running from head through the box, forming a button at rear end. Where the neck passes into and out of the box glue must be applied thoroughly and good joints made. The finger board is glued to the neck, as in a regular instrument, not touching the box.

A Whistling Toy.

Take a round tin box, of any size, solder, or seal with white lead, the lid on; make three or four holes one-fourth by one-half inch, in the can, on side, dividing the space equally; hammer in the box on the sides of each hole, making grooves. On one side of every hole solder or glue a narrow piece of tin about an inch long, over the groove, leaving an opening underneath large enough for the air to pass through and into the box, producing the loud whistling or ægeolet sound. Make a hole in the top and bottom of the box—exact centre, put the rod in position, and fit small circular blocks on the rod, top and bottom of the box, and glue well. Use upper block for the cord. For spinning the top take a small board, wider than the box is long, saw out a piece in the end wide enough to admit the box; notch the prongs near the end for holding the peg of top, and make a hole in upper one for the string.

While travelling in Mexico in 1881 I stopped at the house of an American gentleman, an old friend, Dr. Van Ness, at the town of Mier, which all old Mexican veterans well remember. The doctor's little son, a boy of wonderful musical talent, after entertaining me with music from three or four instruments, brought out a collection of whistles, fifes, flutes, etc., all his own handiwork, for my inspection. Among the collection was the simplest article with which music could be made that I ever saw. Simply two parallel, narrow, wooden blocks, with a rubber band, made fast at one end running between them, and passing out the open end, to which was attached a cork. To prevent the open ends of the block spreading apart or closing, small bits of stiff cardboard were pasted on each side, near the end, which also served to keep the rubber between the blocks. Blowing through the narrow opening caused the rubber to vibrate, and thus make the necessary sound. The different notes in the scale were formed by drawing the cork outward with the right hand, tightening the band and quickening the vibrations. It is not difficult to play, and is on the principle of the slide trombone.



A Unique Instrument.

While on the same journey, which was during that season of the year when all the rural population of the country gather together in the big towns where are held the annual feasts, I chanced to see another musical instrument that claimed my attention and inspection, and of which I afterward attempted to make a cheap imitation. Here is what I made: A box (the lighter the better) for a sounding board, with two holes cut in the upper side, made very tight by glueing all the joints and cracks. From wire the bells were made, after the fashion of the striking bell in a clock—a coiled wire—the wire being bended into shape with a pair of pincers. When as many of the bells as desired were made they were fastened to two small bars of type metal (any kind of metal will answer), eight bells to each bar. With an awl holes were made in the bars large enough to admit the wire ends, which were then inserted and made fast by light hammer taps on the side of the bars. The metal bars were then screwed securely to the top of the box, holes having been bored in them for the screws.

For strikers, or keys for striking the bells, 16 little wooden pegs were made, with knobs on one end and metal ferules on the other or striking end. A frame was made to extend around the box and higher than the bell. Across this frame from end to end two narrow strips or boards, with holes in them for the keys, were tacked at either end, the holes coming directly over the bells. Into these holes the keys were then placed with the ferule end down near the stem of the bell, a rubber band being attached to each just underneath the keyboard and running from side to side, acting as springs to throw back the key after being pressed or struck. To prevent the keys jumping up too far when relieved from pressure, insert a pin in each peg at the proper place beneath the keyboard. The keys may be worked with the hands or with light wooden hammers.

Plaster Pandean Pipes.

A simple and easily made kind of Pandean pipes—those instruments with which the ancients loved to while away the hours of idleness—can be made from plaster of paris, running the plaster around wooden pegs of the desired size and length, so placing the pegs that when drawn from the plaster the holes will be in line and in the centre. When the plaster becomes dry, drive out the pegs, polish the cast, insert corks in the lower end of holes, and tune by moving them (the corks) up or down. Mix with the plaster a small amount of slaked lime to harden it.

R. T. CARLTON.

KNEW ONLY SIX MEN.

To This Number a New Yorker's Acquaintances Were Limited.

[Chatter.]

The other day a New York boy asked his father if he could not go across the street and sit up with a playmate's dead father's body.

"Why do you do that?" said the parent; "that is not a nice thing for a child to do."

"Ah, well, father," said he, "Mr. Behrens, though he was so wealthy and lived in such comfort, knew only six men."

"Knew only six men!" said the father. "What a foolish boy you are. How could a man live in a city of 1,600,000 people, in which 2,000,000 people assemble every day, and know only six men?"

However, the boy sat up two nights in that house of grief, and on the following day the father went to the funeral and introduced himse f to the widow. He had lived opposite her for 20 years, but he took that opportunity to present himself to her.

"Well," said she, "my dear Mr. Carl, you can scarcely estimate the kindness you do to a poor woman in presenting yourself on this sad occasion. We will only have two carriages at the funeral, because my husband only knew six men."

"Only knew six men?" said Mr. Carl; "how is that?"

"I do not know how it was," she said. "He was born in this city, but he was the last of his race, and he loved his violin and his books, and in the daytime he kept the accounts of a large corporation down town, in whose office he had a little glass box, where he sat at a desk, and so he knew only six men."

A B-A-A-D MAN.

[Fairhaven (Wash.) Herald.]

The worst man I ever know'd is livin' hereabout,
An' the goody folks an' deekins is a tryin' to run him out.
He don't go to meetin', and I tell what I think,
There's times when he don't make no bones in takin' of a drink.

I've heern it said he gambles, an' I know he smokes an' chaws,
An' they tell me his kar-ac-ter is plum chock full er flaws.
I don't know fer certain what the truth about it is,
An'—come to think—I dunno as it's any of my biz.

But there's things I do know on him 'at I ain't afeered to tell
That he does, an' keeps 'em mighty dark an' deep as any well.
I seed him give a cripple a twenty-dollar bill,
An' I heern him tell the cripple to be keepin' of it still.

I know he's got a waggin that leaves groceries an' sich
With a lot of helpless people who is fur from bein' rich.
An' I know his word goes furder with some business men of note
Than the bond of many another man who w'ars a better coat.

I know he's public sperited, an' I know he allers would
Put up his money, plentiful, for any public good.
He's got intrusts in lots er things that's makin' money fast,
An' I know he'll divy with a friend as long as that kin last.

I know he's got a lot er men a-workin' all the time,
An' I know he pays 'em mighty well an' treats 'em fair to prime.
I know his fam'ly loves him, an' his friends is stanch an' true,
An' I think, somehow, sich men as that had oughter sorter do.

Soldiers' Worn Trousers.

[Chatter.]

Who could dream of boiling up soldiers' cast-off trousers? Yet this is what is done with the discarded leg coverings of the English soldiers, and what do you guess to be the use of the condiment when so cooked? One is apt to think of something in connection with a witch's cauldron; but no, the process is quite innocent. The pulp thus produced is used to stuff balls. The trousers are chopped fine, boiled, treated with some chemical substance and then cast in moulds of different sizes for use in the different fives and racquet courts.

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" Family Magazine	1.50	2.30
" Quiver	1.50	2.30
Country Gentleman	2.50	3.10
Christian Herald	1.50	2.05
Courier-Journal (Weekly)	1.00	2.00
Chautauqua Young Folks Journal	1.00	2.00
Decorator and Furnisher	4.00	4.10
Demorest's Magazine, without prem.	2.00	2.60
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Domestic Monthly, with premiums	1.50	2.05
Detroit Free Press (Weekly)	1.00	1.90
Engineering and Mining Journal	4.00	4.10
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N. Y. Weekly	3.00	3.30
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Once supplied with a cutting guide, either chart or pattern, dress linings and materials, and tools to work with, the next step in dressmaking is the cutting.

First cut the linings. In plain linings there is no "up or down." Figured linings look neatest to have the figures all run the same way if they are noticeably distinct. When fine brocades or mixed designs are used for linings, it does not matter.

The important point is to cut all forms with the pattern laid the right way of the cloth. The waist-line of basque patterns must be exactly parallel with the horizontal thread of the cloth, that is on a line with a thread of the goods running between the selvages.

Unless this precaution is most accurately observed the lining will be more or less on the bias and will stretch.

To economize, plan your cutting so to have as little waste as possible

Arrange the big forms, as the fronts, backs and tops of sleeves on the lining first so they can be cut to bust advantage and fit the smaller forms into the spaces between. But, however much you are tempted to move a portion of the pattern off the grain of the cloth in order to save material, don't do it! There is no economy in spoiling the set of your waist to save a little cloth.

The waist line is indicated on all patterns and on all good charts, and if this is observed lining cutting offers no further difficulty.

Unless the pattern provides for them, allow hems down the fronts. It is always wise, too, to measure a sleeve pattern against the arm, to see if it is long enough, in order to make allowances if it is not. Make this trial measurement, with the arm doubled, and be sure that the elbow of the sleeve is held at the bend in the arm.

Pin paper patterns upon the lining, trace the outline firmly and evenly with the tracing wheel. Lift off the patterns and cut by the lines thus given.



FIG. I.—LINING WAIST.

In cutting the dress material it is wisest to begin with the waist, then to cut the drop skirt, and lastly the draperies. A plait more or less will alter the design of draperies so that a scant pattern of cloth will answer for them in an emergency, but if the waist or a jacket is left till the last, and the cloth falls short, there is nothing to be done but to piece some part of it. Before cutting into the cloth, here as with the lining, arrange the pieces of the pattern (which are now the lining forms), and make as little waste as is consistent with good results.

In cutting dress goods, beside putting the waist line of the pattern exactly parallel with the grain of the goods in all cases where the cloth is to be made up in the usual way, care must be used not to cut two forms for one side, or to cut them upside down, or inside out. It is easy to do this in cutting plain cloths unless it is guarded against.

In garments made of figured stuffs, the figures should all run the same way. In all but wash goods, all parts of a garment should be cut the same way of the cloth, otherwise the nap of one piece—and there is more or less on even the smoothest cloth—rubs down as it is worn; that of the neighboring form rubs up, and the effect is unsightly.

In cutting plaids that are to be made up diagonally, the linings are still cut carefully straightway of the goods. For the outside no less care must be made to have the forms that are cut crossway of the goods cut perfectly so, that is so that the waist line (that it is a good plan to trace, by the aid of the pattern across the lining, forms on a straight thread of the goods), shall now be parallel with a line of the plaid or whatever the design, made by folding a square of the same to bring opposite corners together.

This matter of getting the grain of the cloth to run where it must go, in order to prevent the strain on a close-fitting waist from giving the forms a twisted and wry look generally, is one of the commonest stumbling-blocks to the dressmaker. It is worth while to insist upon the importance of cutting. It is important. All the man dressmakers in Europe cannot "fit" a basque that is cut wrong.

Cut the fronts of dress waists parallel with the selvage edges of lining and dress goods, allowing hems. If the back forms of basques and polonaises are designed to be in one piece below the waist line, cut them with the back edge of the skirt portion laid on a lengthwise fold of the cloth; this prevents a seam.

A good sleeve pattern is indispensable to the dressmaker.

There are a variety of styles in vogue, yet many of the elaborate designs are made over a coat-sleeve lining like that shown in Fig. 1. However the outside may be draped, the lining, if cut in coat shape, is cut with the upper part of the sleeve between the elbow and the shoulder laid straight-way of the cloth, which makes the portion from the elbow to the wrist more or less on the bias.

The line that is to follow the grain of the goods is indicated in most patterns, but it may relieve the mind of the perplexed worker to know that the sleeves shown in Figs. 2 and 3 are no more difficult to fit, though they are more fussy to finish, than the sleeves in Fig. 1.

The sleeve that has but one seam cuts into cloth more than that made in two parts, upper and under, but it is more appropriate for full sleeves of velvet or of soft silk.



FIG. II. FANCY SLEEVE ON PLAIN LINING.

The amateur usually manages to cut both sleeves for one arm a number of times during her apprenticeship, but there is no good reason for letting this happen. If she cuts out one sleeve upper with the elbow curve to the right, she has only to cut the second upper with the curve to the left, keeping the same side of her cloth uppermost.

Or cut the curving waist forms with their corresponding curves turned from each other, and they will never fit the same side.

It is when the amateur worker gets tired and nervous, and some of these mishaps comes up that she votes dressmaking a bore, and thinks it too hard to master. The remedy is in using one's wits to save one's self unnecessary annoyance, and not in going ahead unthinkingly, and using up twice the amount of nervous force, when it is too late, fretting over something that is not a necessary evil, but a piece of stupidity.

Collars are cut both with and without the seam at the back, according to the height and curve they must have. As with sleeves, a good pattern is needed for collars.

It is sometimes said it saves time and possible mistakes in cutting duplicate parts, to cut both parts of a garment at the same time, by laying the pattern upon the material folded double. With the exception of the sleeves, it does take very little more cloth to cut the forms double, and if the two right or two wrong sides of the fabric are folded together there is no possibility of cutting two forms for the same side, etc.

But many canvas cloths, and similar fanciful stuff are so irregularly woven it is not safe to cut waist forms from them double, the grain of the upper side not matching that of the side folded under.

When stripes, plaids or prominent figured goods, moreover, are used for waists, the figures must be matched at the seams so far as possible, even at the expense of some waste of cloth. To make a close-fitting waist of figured material look well the front opening, the middle-back seam, the side-back and the shoulder seams should interfere just as little as possible with the regularity of the figures.

Care in cutting is the essential provision to make for this end. Simply cut each form to take in figures and colors corresponding to those in the adjoining forms.

It is rather hazardous for the amateur to make up plaids and stripes on the bias. Much care must be used to have the grain of the cloth in corresponding forms at exactly the same angle, and to match colors and figures in the seams.

It is not an easy matter for the unpracticed hand to arrange the various parts of a basque so that the tilt of stripes, for example, shall be just alike in all forms, and the joining of colors just perfect at the seams, etc. The amateur will do better at first to confine herself to the regulation style.

This is not an easy task to master, witness the drawing, pulling, ugly fitting, often because improperly cut, garments one sees daily.

When, however, waist, forms, draperies, trimmings, etc., are to be cut on the bias, it should be cut at an angle of 45 degrees from the selvage. This is easily found by folding a square of the cloth double and using the crease thus indicated for the lower straight edge of trimmings, etc. Unless this angle is observed, bias draperies and flounces will sag and not hang true. The effect on basque forms has already been explained.

A plain skirt is made with a gored front, two gored sides, and a full, straight back. The sides of the front gore all sloped slightly from the foot to the knees, and from there to the waist are curved, the curve over the hips being greater than elsewhere.

The front edges of the side gores are straight to a point just below the hips, and above there they are curved to fit the front gore. The back edges of the side gores are cut similar to the sides of the front gore, sloping very slightly to the knees, and curving from there to the waist, but with less curve over the hips than is given to the front gore.

The width for walking skirt for a woman of medium side is 2⅓ yards wide at the foot. Of these 84 inches, a good division is to make the front gore 24 inches wide at the foot, 11 inches wide across the top of the breadth; the gores are each 12 inches wide across the foot and 7 inches across the top in this case. This leaves 36 inches in width for the ungored back breadth.

This is the nearest outline of gored skirt-cutting. Dimensions, of course, depend upon the size of the figure for which the skirt is intended, but the figures given suggest the proportions to be observed. Full skirts measure from 3 to 4½ yards, the average being from 3 to 3½ yards wide.

The thinner the material, of course, the more there must be of it. Some full skirts are not good at all, in others the front breadth and the front edges of the side breadths are sloped a trifle to reduce the fulness at the waist.



FIG. III—FANCY WAIST OVER LINING SHOWN IN FIG. I.

The present fashion of making the majority of dresses over foundation skirts of lining material bids fair to continue. The suggestions just given for a plain gored skirt may be taken to apply to the lining skirt. For a plain drop skirt the breadths would be cut just the same, with allowance made for a generous hem, and an inch or two in the fulness of the skirt goes to allow an easy fit over the foundation. A full-gathered, plaited or other fancy skirt has still the gored foundation skirt underneath, except in the case of wash dresses.

For plaiting an allowance of three times the desired width of skirt when done is the average width.

If deep and heavy braiding is to be applied about the foot of a skirt, then the "drop" is done away with. The lining and outside are cut alike, smoothly fitted together, and made up as one.

Riding, tramping and bicycling dresses are made up without lining frequently, being merely full skirts hemmed about the bottom. Yachting dresses need a foundation skirt. A full skirt is like a balloon on a yacht, if one stirs beyond the cabin.

About cutting draperies there is little if anything to be said. No two designs are alike. An item, however to remember in cutting draperies and skirts of dress goods of all woollens is that they shrink. Allowance must therefore be made of an extra half-inch or more in cutting off the lengths, or hems will come short and gores likewise.

Now as to finishing the foundation skirt. Basques to be carefully fitted, require to be fitted over the dress skirts, hence these are made first.

The color of the lining foundation is of course selected to match the dress fabric. Black linings that do not crock are inventions of our day, and there is no longer any excuse for anything but a black lining in a black dress.

One or two reeds are added across the back breadth of nearly all skirts. Before the lining is stitched together sew a strip of the same, a little wider than the reeds to be used, across the under side of the back breadth of lining. If two steels are used, they should be 12 and 15, or else 14 and 16 inches long.

Set the casings for the shorter steels 10 and 20 inches from the top of breadth; set the longer steels, which will extend the dress less, 12 and 22 inches from top. Cut the crinoline to fit the skirt breadths at the bottom, seam together and press open.

Seam up skirt breadths, using a long, sewing-machine stitch for this. Set the crinoline seams against corresponding ones of the foot of skirt, and baste evenly and smoothly together. Pink the top edges of this facing and stitch on to the skirt. A bias facing of lasting follows on the under side. Make this six or seven inches deep.

Baste on smoothly top and bottom, turn under the upper edge, and stitch it on to the skirt close to the edge of the facing. Now a facing of the dress texture goes on the right side of the skirt. This may be from four to seven inches deep. If it is to be narrower than the basting facing it should go on first, that the stitching may not pass through the under facing.

This facing of dress goods is cut straight way of the cloth, and must be basted on smoothly, stretching it just enough to make it set well.

Turn in upper edge, and stitch on near the edge, letting the seams come at the sides.

Now the skirt is ready for the braid, after first slashing the front and side gores, once in the middle of each one to the depth of two or three inches from the foot. This arrangement gives more freedom in walking, and prevents the wear on the insteps of dresses caused by a walking skirt that is whole about the foot.

Braid, to look well on a skirt where it is used as a binding, must be neatly put on. Use the best braid, and this is already shrunken by the manufacturers. It should match the skirt in color, or may be a trifle darker, but do not have it lighter. Hold the braid the veriest trifle full, and baste it upon the right side of the skirt, about an eighth or quarter of an inch from the edge of the skirt.

Begin at one side, toward the back, outline the slashes in the front, and when basted firmly stitch on upon the machine, leaving a very narrow even margin of the braid, not more than one or two threads deep.

Remove basting, make a neat seam where the braid is joined, turn down the margin of the skirt all the way round, turn the braid down over this and baste smoothly along from the under side. If the skirt facings have been smoothly adjusted and the braid put on as directed there is now a neat durable binding that has the effect from the right side of a braid, covered piping cord along the edge. Now hem the braid down upon the under side without taking any stitches through upon the right side.

The edge of a dress that is simply hemmed about the bottom and has no foundation skirt may be protected by putting braid on flat, hemming one edge along upon the under side, and allowing the other edge to show very little below the hem. The stitches must be carefully taken by hand to prevent them showing through.

The skirt opening is at the back in some dresses, at the left side in others. If drapery is to cover the back, open the skirt there, otherwise at one side. Put the one or two reeds to be used in the casings already provided for them, sew the ends, by means of the eyelets, to the seams of the skirt, and try the skirt on. Draw the reeds up to give the desired extension to the skirt, which is very little now, the object of the steels being, not to make a bustle, but to keep the skirt from falling in at the heels.

Fold a strip of lining or muslin the width of a skirt-band, make it the right size and pin about the waist.

Turn the top edge of the skirt under a trifle and fit it to this band. To judge from the badly-hung skirts to be seen at every corner, it would seem to be quite a feat to hang over as it should be done; yet there is nothing difficult or mysterious in the process. To prevent hooping, the seams on both sides of the gores must hang perpendicularly—that is, the top of the front and side gores must be confined in just enough space in the belt, so that when the wearer stands erect the seams will not be drawn to one side or the other, but will hang in a straight line to the foot.

Some dressmakers fit the gores at the top to the band by biases, broad and shallow, one on each side of the middle fold of the front gore, and one in each side gore. This fits a skirt very well, but is apt when the wearer sits down to draw, making an ugly ridge below the basque.

A better plan is to lay narrow plaits, the material being so that they do not perceptibly increase the bulk. Pin these plaits to the trail-belt, and gather the back breadths into a narrow space, just enough so that the back seams shall not be drawn too far back; the gores, remember, must not be pulled out of position.

The length for skirt depends upon its intended use. A street dress is longer than a climbing costume, and a house dress longer than either, but whatever the length, grade it equally. The French sometimes make their walking dresses shorter at the back than in front, to give ease in walking and clear the heels from the skirts. There is no objection to this plan, if one prefers her street dresses thus, but there is a decided objection on the score of ugliness to the skirt that sags at the back and "hitches up" in front or at one side.



FIG. IV. INSIDE AND OUTSIDE OF FOUNDATION SKIRT.

Everybody ought to stand well, with the abdomen held in, not thrust forward, and if one stands correctly the back curves naturally and gracefully at the waist-line. But do not stand differently to have a skirt hung from your usual carriage.

If you are going to persist in throwing your body back ungracefully instead of giving it the right poise then your skirt must be long enough in front and at the sides to allow for this.

If the skirt hoops in front or draws up let it down from the top, making the slope from the back gradual, and laying the plaits so as to make the skirt fit easily and hang evenly about the foot.

Fig. 4 shows the inside and outside views of a foundation skirt, where but one reed is used. The position of the lines, indicating the gore seems, will show exactly how they should hang, being drawn neither to the front or back.

The foundation skirt, finished as described and properly fitted—for a skirt, no less than a basque, requires to be fitted—it is ready for the drop skirt.

The next article will describe various drop skirts and draperies, telling just how to make them and put them together.

DINAH STURGIS.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

Prophets of the Day of Doom,
Altho' you've saved your skins,
How disappointed you must be
To think the world still spins!

Good sooth, it is enough to send
You deep in the abysm
Of weltering woe, to slip up thus
On such a cataclysm!

In vain did you vaticinate,
In vain you "booked" your "show;"
Your "tidal wave" it ne'er turned up,
Your "earthquake" was no "go."

You've advertised, O many a time
And oft since Adam fell—
This self-same "circus;" and, as now,
It's always been a "sell!"

Your brazen cheek's all but sublime:
No failure e'er abates
Your ardor. In the face of Fate,
You're always "making dates."

"The best laid plans of mice and men,"
We read in Burns's rhyme,
"Gang aft agley"—but here's your health
And better luck next time!

M. N. B.

LIKE BANK CHECKS.

Money Sent by Express—Small Sums Transmitted Without Trouble.

[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.]

A quiet, but earnest contest has been going on during the last few years between the government and the express companies regarding the transmission of money for people not having bank accounts. It has been an interesting struggle.

Each side has striven energetically to present the most satisfactory solution of the problem—that is, to provide means for sending small sums of cash to all points in the safest, swiftest and cheapest manner possible; but as usual in such cases, where public and private enterprises come into conflict, the result is a signal victory for the companies. The fact is established that money can now be sent by express money orders at less expense, bother and delay, and with just as much, if not more, safety than through the post office.

The immediate cause of the great increase in express business is due largely to the improved system of handling money that has been adopted. This is represented in the new form of money order, by far the simplest and most complete thing of the kind yet devised. It is in reality, as well as in appearance, nothing less than a bank draft, and in security and negotiability corresponds closely to a cashier's check. It is superior to almost any ordinary personal check, because the company is far better known than the average individual who enjoys the luxury of a bank account, and hence its commercial paper would be cashed where a personal check might not go unquestioned. Any banking institution in the country will take these orders like currency, since, unlike postal orders, they are negotiable anywhere. As all the complicated features peculiar to the money order formerly used by the companies is done away with in the new check, the merest tyro in financial matters can readily understand everything about it.

Besides the order itself, you also get a receipt. The order you forward by mail; the receipt you keep as an absolute guarantee against loss, for if the order does not reach its destination within a reasonable time, or say it is lost in transit, then on producing this receipt your money is refunded or a duplicate order issued. No blank applications have to be filled out by purchasers, and no waiting for a letter of advice on the part of the recipient of the order. And, as stated in substance before, it is not necessary to produce the order at one certain place; it is good at all the offices of one or the other express companies, since these corporations pay each other's orders. As there are 15,000 express offices in this country, Canada and Europe, it follows there are 15,000 places where money can be sent in this way. The cost of the order is small.

Women Running Elevators.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A woman running an elevator is rather an unusual sight, but there is an institution in this city which contains several hundred people, and its elevator is run entirely by women. There is no particular one to do it, but each member of the household is capable of performing the task. The elevator is in St. Mary's Hospital, and the sisters run it with perfect ease. A lady who went up in it one day said to Sister Mary Frances:

"I should think you would be afraid, sister, to run the elevator?"

"Afraid of what?" asked the good sister, as she ran the ropes smoothly through her white hands.

"Why, of such a task. It must be very laborious."

"I ought to be able to do what a ten-year-old boy can," answered Sister Mary Frances, with a smile, as she opened a door and let her visitor out, just like any elevator hand.

Respectfully Referred to Mr. Dana.

[Fliegende Blatter.]

Extract from historical lecture—"In those stormy times the fate of Germany hung upon a slender thread, but that slender thread was Charles the Fat."

PLAYS MANY PARTS.

Recounting the Seven Ages of the Smoker.

Forbidden and Foresworn, but the Weed Flourisheth Ever.

Struggles of the Youth, the Lover and the Aged.



ENTLE reader, canst thou ever forget the first cigar?

Forget it? Never! Be it ever so humble, there is no cigar like the first.

The spongey hand of time rubs the measles, the mumps and the whooping cough off the memory of man, but the dizzying fumes of the first cigar abide with him forever and ever—Oh, my!

The joys, too, no less than the pains of the first cigar are all treasured in the safety deposit vaults of the smoker's brain. It was the first venture out upon the sea of manhood. None of the conditions of an ocean voyage were lacking, except there were no hungry fish to be fed. But there was the joyous pride of embarkation, the firing up, the puffing start, the gathering clouds, the rolling seas, the paling face, the sinking heart,



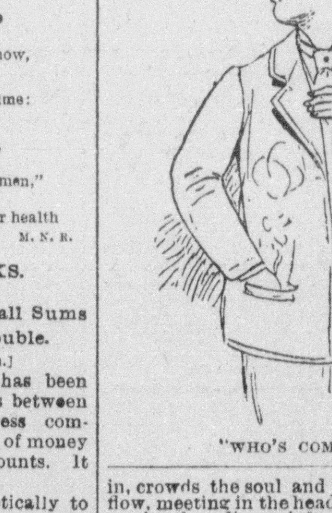
"OH, MY!"

the rising dinner, the fearful squall and then—oh, my! You follow me, do you not?

How delicious was the wickedness of possession in the case of the first cigar! Was there ever anything more graceful than the manner in which you lighted it, notwithstanding the coughing spasm excited a moment before by the effort to bite off the butt like a man?

The first draught scatters sweet incense, and the confidence of the youth grows with each succeeding roll of smoke until the inevitable hack comes driving up his throat. Coughs and struggles now engross him. The smoking assassin falls from the nerveless finger of its victim. The earth itself waves like a flag in the breeze. Houses, erstwhile staid and proper, dance the can-can. The head waltzes. The face is as chalky as the tip of a billiard cue. The mouth twitches and the eyes swim. The daunted smoker can no longer contain himself, and then—oh, my!—cries for New York alternate with fervent prayers for death.

While thus the injured stomach is getting even with the foolish youth, remorse steals

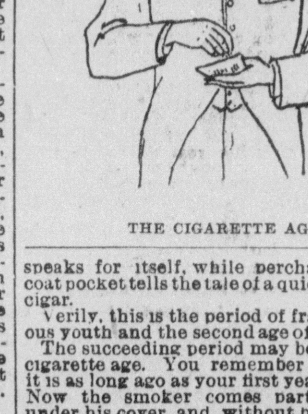


"WHO'S COMING?"

in, crowds the soul and organizes an overflow, meeting in the head. There is no more vanity than dinner left within him.

The pitying mother, looking on, spares the rod, and in her womanly innocence flatters herself that her darling will never again walk on the same side of the street with a nasty old cigar. But she was never a boy, or she would know it is by these very signs that the cigar conquers—would she not? Her hopeful is undergoing simply the growing pains of the smoker. They neither kill nor cure, and only a fair chance is awaited for a renewal of the unequal battle; in the bright lexicon of tobacco the word fail is spelled with an exceedingly small f.

The war is soon over, and the cigar becomes a silent partner in the firm. The sense of smell can no longer distinguish the boy from his father. His elders never see him smoking, but the odor of his clothes



THE CIGARETTE AGE.

speaks for itself, while perchance a burnt coat pocket tells the tale of a quickly secreted cigar.

Verily, this is the period of frank, ingenuous youth and the second age of the smoker.

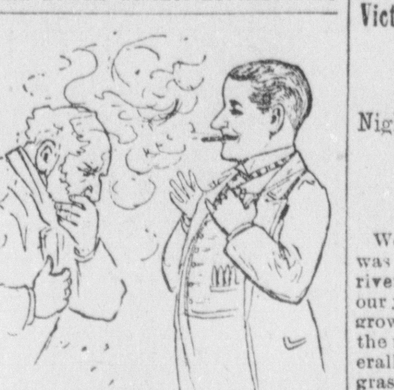
The succeeding period may be termed the cigarette age. You remember it, although it is as long ago as your first year in college. Now the smoker comes partly out from under his cover, and, without betraying the shame that may still linger within him, he smokes before everybody except the dual head of his own family.

The nose has been converted, after many strangling failures, into an escape flue, and through it he projects parallel streams of smoke almost down to the tips of his toes without bringing a tear to the eye. He rolls his cigarette himself with enviable grace, and his fingers wear the indelible yellow of the nicotine.

The cigarette habit, if overcome at all, is commonly lost simultaneously with the wisdom teeth, and then the cigar again returns to power. The young alumnus goes home with a diploma in his pocket and a cigar in his mouth. He is a man at last, beyond all controversy, and the cigar is at once the most delightful and the most decisive means of asserting it. He poisons the air of the entire household, defenceless now in his glittering presence, and in vain his sister scatters sachet bags all around. His most persistent affectation is a discriminating taste, regardless of the probability that he could not recognize the difference between a Key West and a cabbage. His vest pockets are filled with rows of cigars, and he is all-unconscious that he is exulting in the pride that ever precedes a fall.

The warning cloud, not larger than a woman's eye, is already in the horizon, but the confident smoker is unheeding. Not until he comes into the very shadow of the forbidding frown that wrinkles the brow of the loveliest girl in the world does he feel his strength slipping away. Her altar cries aloud for a sacrifice, and Cupid draws his bead on the wooer's cigar. It is no smoke or no welcome in the house of the fair priestess of his heart, and the lover and his darling habit are soon parted. He is now in the swearing-off period, the saddest of all the sad ages in the smoker's life.

The cigar it was that first marked him a man and now its absence not less plainly



"HOW'RE YOU, GUV'NOR?"

tells the tale of his surrender. He mournfully gives away his smoking outfit and trusts his approving conscience to compensate him for the mockings of his cynical friends who tempt and taunt him on every possible occasion. Now and then the poor, earthly mortal may backslide, but his resolution returns with a sting when his keen-scented love calls him a horrid, mawkish thing and parries his saluting embrace with an inflexible quarantine.

New situations call for new tactics. After

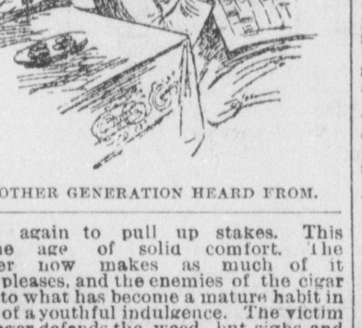


THE SWEARING-OFF AGE.

marriage he never has an ill or a pain that he does not skilfully insinuate into the solicitous mind of his wife the suspicion that his abstinence from tobacco is the seat of the trouble. "He is afraid that his nature requires a smoke now and then—perhaps only a pipeful in the evening." It is not long until he inspires so fearful an anxiety that the weed is called from its exile and urged upon him as religiously as if it were the prescription of the infallible family physician.

But he does not go back to cigars. He smokes a pipe to make sure that he will get only the simplest tobacco, and besides it is so trifling cheap!

All this, however, is only a reconnoitre of the cigar, which, after weeks of skirmishing, lights its campfire in the new home

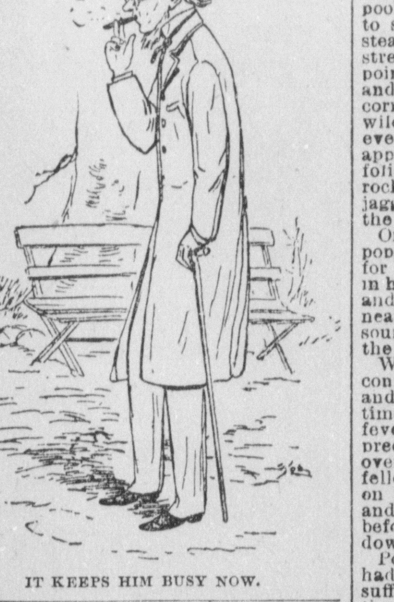


ANOTHER GENERATION HEARD FROM.

never again to pull up stakes. This is the age of solid comfort. The smoker now makes as much of it as he pleases, and the enemies of the cigar yield to what has become a mature habit in place of a youthful indulgence. The victim no longer defends the weed, but sighs and protests, in the presence of his own growing lad, that he wishes he had never taken the first false step. Of course it is now too late to mend his ways.

Meanwhile the sin is transmitting itself stealthily to the rising generation, and when the father lays down his cigar for a sweeping glance at the morning paper the chip of the old block steals a puff or two.

By and by the candle of life burns short and the gray shadows of the seventh and

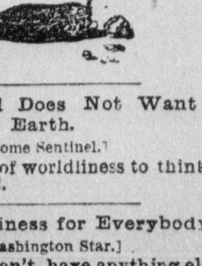


IT KEEPS HIM BUSY NOW.

last age of the smoker gather around him. Fewer and fewer cigars satisfy the palling appetite and upset the enfeebled head. A smoke has now become a very serious and laborious affair, tedious and engrossing. Every draught upon the cigar winds the venerable slave, and he thinks not only twice, but half a dozen times before taking another puff. It is still a solace, but in second as well as in first childhood the cigar is a trying companion.

. . . . . .

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in its nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school; and then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow; then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth; and then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
In second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.



Such a Friend Does Not Want the Earth.

[Rome Sentinel.]

It is not a sign of worldliness to think the world of a friend.

Some Happiness for Everybody.

[Washington Star.]

When a man can't have anything else he can have the blues.

ON THE CONGO.

With Stanley in the Wilds of Central Africa.

Victims of the African Fever, to Which Explorers Must All Succumb.

Night Scene in Camp—Life in the Land of Ivory and Crocodiles.

[E. J. Glave in April St. Nicholas.]

Word reached us at Boma that Stanley was anxiously waiting for new men up-river, so we had to embark and continue our journey at daybreak next morning. The growth on the banks of the river between the mouth of the Congo and Boma is generally low-lying mangrove swamp or sere grass, the land gradually trending away in the distance in ranges of green hills. From Boma to Vivi these hills approach nearer and nearer the river, until finally they pen the waters in a gorge varying from one-half to one and a half miles in breadth. The current becoming swifter and stronger, our little steamer had to battle her way, at points, through stretches of wild and broken water. The busy little white roofed settlement on the crown of Vivi Hill contrasted pleasantly with the grim and weather-beaten appearance of the surrounding uplands, as toward evening we steamed around a point within view of the station.

This station had been Stanley's base of operations during the passage of his expedition through the lower reaches of the river, and was now the down-country depot. The strongly built magazines, well stocked with all kinds of stores, provisions, merchandise for barter, boat-gear, arms and ammunition, bore evidence of how thorough had been the foresight of Stanley in equipping his expedition. It is at this point that the river becomes unnavigable—being broken up for many miles by innumerable small whirl pools and rapids.

At Vivi our stay was short; after one day's delay we received our stores, for the march overland to Isanghela, which consisted of a few tins of preserved meats, some medicines, a little cloth to buy fresh provisions from the natives on the road, and a spoon and a knife for each man. Thus equipped, we were to set out for Isanghela, and go thence to Stanley Pool. Before daybreak on the day of our departure we were up and impatient for the start.

For the first time I donned the traditional dress of the explorer, and felt proud indeed of the helmet, leggins and revolver-belt. All our belongings had to be carried by native porters, and it was a tedious business getting the negroes into marching order—hours were wasted in their absurd disputes before we could get fairly away from the station. Each carrier had some complaint to make about the load which was given to him. It was either "too big" or "too heavy," or else was awkwardly shaped. However, they managed after a time to settle it among themselves, and after much gesticulation and grumbling differences were adjusted. But I was grieved to see when our caravan at last moved off that the smallest and weakest-looking men invariably carried the heaviest loads.

Hill after hill we had to climb and descend; and many a weary mile we tramped through the long grass over the numerous stretches of plains. At times our path would lead along a curve of the river bank and give us glimpses of wild and magnificent scenery. Now a forest of tropical trees grew thickly down to the water's edge; while, but a few miles further, bare perpendicular cliffs rose abruptly on both sides, down whose sides great bowlders seemed to have rolled into the river. The stream, broken up by rough and jagged rocks of fantastic shapes, some of colossal size, standing out boldly in the general disorder, bidding defiance to the eddying current, swept along with a hissing sound as if angered at the stern resistance of the rocks.

The order of the day, during the march, was as follows: At the first streaks of dawn, after a light breakfast of a cup of tea, unflavored by milk or sugar, and a ship's biscuit—during which time our caravan of porters made their loads ready—we would move off and be well on the road by 6.30, and continue marching until noon, when we would rest for the day. At night we would sleep, sometimes, on the floor of some native hut; or, if crossing an open plain, would lie down just as contentedly, with no covering but a blanket and the starlit sky.

During the march I was anxiously watching for wild game, always carrying my old Snider ready loaded, in case a buffalo should happen to cross my path. It was fortunate that no wild animal offered itself to be fired at; for, at that time, had I pitched my skill against the instinct of the buffalo the result, I am afraid, would have been unfortunate for me.

At Isanghela our party was divided—half of the men being told off for service on the lower river, while we four Englishmen and one Swedish officer were to make our way up river. Our division started early on the morning after our arrival in a whale-boat manned by Zanzibaris, for Manyanga, 88 miles distant; this stretch of water is navigable only with the greatest care—its surface is agitated by countless small whirlpools which, in places, increase in violence to such a degree that the most powerful steamer could not stem the current in mid-stream; and the upward passage at these points is effected only by hugging the shore and hauling with ropes around the rocky corners. The surrounding scenery is as wild as the water it encloses, changing with every turn of the river; at times the banks appeared thickly covered with luxuriant foliage; then rounding another bend, tall, rocky cliffs stood on either side, bare and jagged, with bases torn and eaten away by the fierce flood.

Once or twice we heard the snorts of hippopotami around our boat when we moored for the night. As we slept, each wrapped in his blanket, lying athwartship on bales and boxes, it was not pleasant to be waked near midnight by these unaccustomed sounds and to hear the wash of water along the gunwale, caused by these monsters.

We were not a little thankful that they confined themselves to grunts of defiance and forbore an actual attack, for by this time we were all suffering from African fever, and a good night's sleep was very precious to us. Our boat was small and overcrowded, and we were all good-sized fellows on board; so, when the fever was on us, it required considerable ingenuity and much crossing and recrossing of legs before spaces could be found in which to lie down at all in the stern-sheets of our craft.

Poor Milne, a strong, stout-built man, who had served 21 years in the British navy, suffered more than any of us, and by the time we reached Manyanga the fever had taken so strong a hold of him that his case became hopeless. We did all we could for him, but our small knowledge was of little avail. We hoped that he would rally when we got ashore again, but five days after we had landed he succumbed after a few hours of delirium. This was indeed a great blow to me, for although there was a great difference in our ages, Milne and I had been fast friends on the voyage out. He had been very good to me in many ways, instead of ridiculing my inexperience, and on several occasions had helped me out of difficulties into which I had been led through ignorance. He never lost an opportunity of giving me such information as he thought would be of use to me when I should be away in the interior and alone. It was Milne who first showed me how to handle a rifle, how to use a sail-needle, and, even more important, how to cook the few dishes that have for years figured with such monotonous repetition in my simple bills of fare.

In return, I would amuse him and the others on the way by drawing rough portraits, which they sent home to their friends; or, at night, I would sing a few comic songs to the accompaniment of my banjo. And here, at the commencement of our new career, the man who to all appearance was the strongest of our party, was snatched away by death, while I, a not particularly robust lad, was left to wonder who would be the next victim to the dreadful fever that was burning in every vein and racking every bone.

I felt then that it was necessary for me to "brace up," keep a stiff upper lip, and fight every advance of the enemy. To my surprise I found myself day by day growing stronger, while my companions weakened and failed; at last, one day I was able to announce myself as prepared to continue the march.

In the evenings when we put in shore for the night to cut wood, my chief, Stanley, would often narrate some of the stirring events which occurred during his memorable expedition to relieve Dr. Livingstone, or his still more thrilling voyage through the Dark Continent. I remember one particular occasion—when the rising moon threw long, silver ripples across the purple waters of the Congo, and the soft evening airs fanned the smouldering patches of grass on the surrounding hills into flame, which cast in fantastic relief the weird shapes of the rocky uplands and the wondrous variety of the tropical vegetation.

Stanley, dressed in his campaigning costume of brown jacket and knickerbockers, with his broad-crowned peak cap pushed off his forehead, seated on a log, smoking his briar pipe by the campfire, whose ruddy glow fell on his sunburnt features and lighted up the characteristic lines of that manly face, his eyes fired with the reminiscences of the glorious past, held me spell-bound as I listened to his thrilling narrative of the attack in '77 on his enfeebled but ever ready little band, by those barbarous cannibals, the Bangala. How this veritable armada of war canoes bore down upon his small craft; how he ran the gauntlet of these intrepid warriors to the safe reaches beyond, through an atmosphere darkened by the flight of arrows and quivering spears—thinning their ranks as he passed with a deadly hail from his rifles.

Mr. Stanley was always busy whether ashore or afloat. The top of his little cabin in the afterpart of the En Avant formed his table, and I have no doubt a great deal of the interesting material which he embodied in his book, "The Congo and the Founding of its Free State," was penned on the cabin of the En Avant. Occasionally, he would leave off writing, put down his pencil, and take a careful survey of the surroundings; sometimes an old crocodile, disturbed by the paddle wheels in his slumbers on a sandbank, would waddle down to the water's edge, and perhaps swimming toward us, as if to get a close view of the intruders, would offer an inviting shot, of which Mr. Stanley generally took advantage.

We passed on, creeping slowly up stream, landing here and there to cut dry wood for fuel or obtain provisions from the native villages which we sighted on the river banks. Our reception by the natives was generally friendly; but the large, thickly populated villages of Bolobo evinced a keen desire for war, and demonstrated their aggressiveness by firing their old flintlock guns at our little fleet as it passed. Stanley had previously made a station here, and a white officer was at present in charge of it.

The history of this post has been an unhappy one. Only recently all the station houses had been burned to the ground, and a great quantity of stores intended for the new up-river stations and other valuable property destroyed. The relations between the villages and station became very strained, and it was only after two weeks that Stanley's characteristic tact triumphed over the suspicions of these natives and convinced them of our friendly intentions, and also succeeded in making them pay an indemnity for their unprovoked attack. Stanley having called Ibaka and the other Bolobo chiefs to a friendly council, presents were exchanged, and the natives promised in future to maintain peace with the white men.

Our little flotilla again started up stream. We were, however, delayed a little on the way, in order that our engineer might repair the damages caused to the A. I. A. by an old hippopotamus who had imagined this little steamer to be an enemy of his, and had made four large holes through the iron plates of her hull with his tusks before his pugnacity was appeased. Fortunately, the boat was close in shore at the time, so they were able to get her to the banks before she filled with water.

Early in September, '83, the blue smoke curling up over the tall tree-tops, announced to us that we were approaching a native settlement. This was Lukolela, and in the neighborhood of our landing place the new station was to be built. A crowd of natives was gathered on the beach awaiting our arrival, and as soon as Stanley landed, a slave was sent through the village to beat the old chief's iron gong and summon all the head men to a palaver.

THE LAND OF DROWSIHEAD.

I've wandered East, I've wandered West;
To many a spot my feet have sped,
But there is one I love the best,
Of all wherein I've made my bed;
Whate'er's been writ, whate'er's been said,
By men, O there's no place for rest
Like the dear Land of Drowsihead!

But just this side the gates of sleep,
A perfume rare, meseems, is shed
From poppy blooms whose breath I reap,
And poppy leaves, meseems, are spread
O'er all the path that I must tread,
As on my way to dreams I keep
Thro' that sweet Land of Drowsihead.

I have no hopes, I have no fears,
I take no thought for daily bread;
Earth's hum my soul but vaguely hears,
I'm not alive, nor am I dead,
And yet of Time I lose the thread.
Myself as some gray ghost appears
In that dim Land of Drowsihead.

A half-way house betwixt the strife
Of day and night! Who does not dread
To find the world of dreams as rife
With foes as that from which he's fled?
As on his way to sleep he's led,
Who'd not lay down the load of life
In this fair Land of Drowsihead?

'Tis not Nirvana. Yet, for grace,
'Tis next to that. The heart that bled
But now finds here in this still place,
The peace for which it long has plead.
My weary spirit, O 'tis fed
From Lethe! For a little space
I rest in this dear Drowsihead.

M. N. B.

CUT HER LARYNX OUT.

Emperor Frederick's Malady Attacks a Western Woman.

CINCINNATI, April 17.—A very rare and dangerous operation, known as extirpation of the larynx, was successfully performed in this city on Tuesday morning. The patient was Mrs. Fred Geu, 51 years old.

A year ago she grew hoarse, and the trouble developed into complete loss of voice and difficulty in breathing. An examination revealed cancer.

She was told that an operation was the only thing that could save her life, and the chances were that she would not survive the operation. She consented to run the risk.

The larynx was laid open in the middle, and over the left side, just above the vocal chord, was found the cancerous tumor, about the size of a cherry.

It was only with extreme care that a fatal hemorrhage or suffocation was prevented. The cavity was filled with gauze to prevent the entrance of saliva or poisonous matter into the lungs, which would have resulted in pneumonia. To nourish the woman a rubber tube was introduced into the gullet.

Mrs. Geu rallied half an hour after the work was over. She is doing well. Six well-known surgeons assisted at the operation and all seemed to think that her chances of complete recovery are good.

The case is almost identical with that of Emperor Frederick.

FOOD AND SLEEP.

Don't Go to Bed with an Empty Stomach if You Want to Sleep.

[American Analyst.]

Going to bed with a well-filled stomach is the essential prerequisites of refreshing slumber. The cautions so often reiterated in old medical journals against "late suppers" were directed chiefly to the bibulous habits of those early times. When at every late feast the guests not unseldom drank themselves under the table, or needed strong assistance to reach their couch, the canon against such indulgence was not untimely.

Nature and common sense teach us that a full stomach is essential to quiet repose. Every man who has found it difficult to keep awake after a hearty dinner has answered the problem for himself. There are few animals that can be trained to rest until after they are fed. Man, as he comes into the world, presents a condition it would be well for him to follow in all his after life. The sweetest minstrel ever sent out of paradise can not sing a new-born child to sleep on an empty stomach. We have known reckless nurses to give the little ones a dose of paregoric or soothing syrup in place of its cup of milk, when it was too much trouble to get the latter, but this is the one alternative. The little stomach of the sleeping child, as it becomes gradually empty, folds on itself in plaits; two of these make it restless; three will open its eyes, but by careful soothing these may be closed again; four plaits and the charm is broken; there is no more sleep in that household until that child has been fed. It seems to us so strange that with this example before their eyes full-grown men are so slow to learn the lesson. The farmer does it for his pig, who would squeal all night if it were not fed at the last moment, and the groom knows that his horse will paw in his stall until he has had his meal. But when he wishes to sleep himself he never seems to think of it.

To sleep the fulness of the blood must leave the head; to digest the eaten food the blood must come to the stomach. Thus, sleep and digestion are natural allies; one helps the other. Man, by long practice, will train himself to sleep on an empty stomach, but it is more the sleep of exhaustion than the sleep of refreshment. He wakes up after such a troubled sleep feeling utterly miserable until he has had a cup of coffee or some other stimulant, and he has so injured the tone of his stomach that he has little appetite for breakfast. Whereas, one who allows himself to sleep after a comfortable meal awakens strengthened and his appetite has been quickened by that preceding indulgence. The difficulty in recovery comes from the fact that we are such creatures of our habits it is impossible to break away from them without persistent effort.

In this case the man who has eaten nothing, like our correspondent, after 6 o'clock and retires at 10 or 11, takes to bed an empty stomach, upon which the action of the gastric juices makes him uncomfortable all the night. If he proposes to try our experiment he will sit down and eat a tolerably hearty meal. He is unaccustomed to this at that hour and has a sense of discomfort with it. He may try it once or twice, or even longer, and then he gives it up, satisfied that for him it is a failure.

The true course is to begin with just one or two mouthfuls the last thing before going to bed. And this should be light food, easily digested. One mouthful of cold roast beef, cold lamb, cold chicken, and a little crust of bread will do to begin with, or, what is better yet, a spoonful or two of condensed milk (not the sweetened that comes in cans) in three times as much warm water. Into this cut half a pared peach and two or three little squares of bread, the whole to be one-fourth or one-sixth of what would be a light lunch. Increase this very gradually until at the end of a month or six weeks the patient may indulge in a bowl of milk, two peaches, with a half hard roll or a crust of home-made bread. When peaches are gone take baked apples with the milk till strawberries come, and eat the latter till peaches return again.

This is the secret of our health and vitality. We often work until after midnight, but eating the comfortable meal is the last thing we do every night of the year. This is not an untried experiment or one depending on the testimony of a single witness. We have a record of several hundred persons who have tried the remedy we suggest, and it has failed in no single instance where the initial steps were taken with caution and judgment. It is nature's own suggestion, and sleep after eating is as natural as grass after rain in the desert fields of California.

STREPHON MELANCHOLY.

AM IDYL OF THE EXPENSIVE SEASON.

[John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Bazar.]

"Why does my Strephon look so very blue?
Wherefore this grim demeanor and that sigh?
Does he not know his Phyllis is most true,
Nor tolerates another lover nigh?

"Why does he seem preoccupied, and sit
Apart from me with woe upon his face?
He has no fear of rival nor of init.
He should be happiest of all his race.

"Particularly now when Lenten chimes
Have ceased their ringing, and the Eastertide
Has passed into the ages, and the times
Of bidding pleasures hence no longer 'bide.

"Dear Strephon, now that Lent at last is o'er,
I may accept the proffered matinee,
The sweets that I have long been pining for,
The pleasures of the dance and of the play.

"The little drives, the walks, the opera stalls,
The many things you offered me through Lent—
The things resigned by me at duty's calls—
I may resume to any wished extent."

To this the worried Strephon made reply—
Reply it was condensed and full of rue;
He prefaced it with one long, deep-drawn sigh—
"Alas, dear Phyllis, that's what makes me blue!"

A Flat Jest.

[Washington Post.]

High school girl suggests that Hamlet was trying to figure the problem of existence out by algebra: 2b or not 2b.

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THE DECADENCE OF WALL STREET.

Three or four years ago there was hardly an office to let in Wall street. Now the sign "To let" stares from almost every building.

Speculation in stocks is dying out. The New York World yesterday printed some figures and diagrams illustrating the decline. Here are a few of the significant facts:

In 1887, in the month comprising the last two weeks of March and first two of April, 6,145,000 shares of listed stocks were bought and sold on the Stock Exchange. In the corresponding weeks of 1888 there were 4,874,000; in 1889, 4,317,000, and in 1890, only 1,766,000 shares.

The total sales of listed stocks have dropped from 120,000,000 shares in 1881 to 60,000,000 in 1889. This year, judging from the first three months, the sales will be much less.

Wall street men mourn at the change, but the public has no reason to regret. It is speculation—that is to say, gambling—that has fallen off. The lambs have grown weary of being shorn. Legitimate business is all the better for it.

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SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT CATS.

At the trial of a contested will in our courts recently the case turned largely upon the sanity of the testatrix at the time she made the will. The testimony which was introduced to prove the unsoundness of her mind related in great part to a favorite cat, which she had kept by her for years and to which she was said to impute supernatural powers. Witness after witness was examined regarding the accomplishments of this animal, which had mysteriously disappeared and so could not be produced in court. Evidence was given to show that the cat danced to the music of hand-organs, and remained devoutly in the attitude of prayer until "Amen" was called, but whether or not these acts had so impressed his mistress that she considered him more nearly allied to the human than the feline race, was evidently a hard question for the jury to determine, for they could not agree on a verdict. It seems like a bit of old-time history to have lawyers and jury gravely considering the manner in which the woman regarded the cat. A seventeenth century jury would have decided that the cat was the woman's "familiar," and that she was bewitched by him.

As late as 1618, a man and woman were executed in England for causing the death of an earl's eldest son by withcraft, assisted by their cat. It was shown at the trial that they had obtained a glove belonging to the young man and rubbed it on the back of their familiar, a cat, named "Rutterkin;" the glove was then boiled and afterwards rotted, causing the victim's liver to rot at the same time.

To trace the origin and growth of all the superstitions relating to cats would be an endless task. Briefly stated, as the animals were dedicated to Hecate, the goddess of magic and enchantment, it not unnaturally followed that they were supposed to possess supernatural powers. A black cat was supposed to be Satan's favorite form of personification, and witches naturally selected for their companion the animal most pleasing to their master. Many witches claimed to be able to transform themselves into a cat's shape, and in the whole history of witchcraft the animal plays an important part, his life being often sacrificed with that of his mistress.

Sailors, who are proverbially superstitious, are especially so as regards cats. They never kill one at sea under any circumstances, as they think it would bring bad luck. It is a curious notion on shipboard that a cat's frolics portend a storm, and that rain is foretold by the animal's uneasiness. Probably he feels a cutaneous irritation at the approach of rain which causes him to usurp the place of the weather bureau.

There is a popular idea that cats suffocate babies by sucking their breath. It is less than 100 years ago that a coroner's jury in England decided that an 18-months-old child died in consequence of a cat sucking its breath, thereby causing strangulation, and this verdict was accepted as the cause of the child's death without question. The absurdity of this notion is apparent when it is known that the anatomical formation of a cat's mouth makes it an impossible feat for one to suck a child's breath. A cat, who loves warmth, would naturally crawl up on a baby asleep in a cradle, and in some instances the child may have been smothered by the animal lying on its face, and thus have originated common superstition. Many believe that a cat left in the room with a corpse will spring on it to disfigure the face.

Egypt is the paradise of cats, as they were once worshipped there, and as a slight survival of that reverence not even the most depraved Egyptian thinks of killing a cat, a crime th t in ancient days was punished by a horrible death. The most curious of all superstitions relating to their former gods is even now held by the Egyptians. They believe that all twins, up to the age of about 12 years, go out at night in the form of cats, while the bodies of such children lie at home as if dead. The body which lies at home while its spirit is prowling the street must not be touched; instant death of the child is the result.

There are many other absurd superstitions which relate to poor puss, such, for instance, as that a cat crying on a roof foretells death, an idea which, if true, would greatly reduce our population in a single night; that a finger affected by a whitlow can be healed by putting it into a cat's ear, and that cat's blood is a cure for epilepsy. Of course comparatively few people believe in such fancies now; but how hard it is to totally eradicate superstitious notions about cats from the minds of even enlightened persons of our own day the records of the late trial show.

J. B. CLAPP.

CLUBS, CLUBS, CLUBS.

You can form clubs for THE WEEKLY GLOBE in every month of the year, and now is as good a time to form a club as any. Why not form a club, either to secure your own copy free, or for a cash commission? It is easy to form a club, because every one who examines a copy is easily convinced of the superiority of THE GLOBE in adaptation to all the members of the family. You have only to show a sample copy to secure subscribers. Send for agents' private terms and a bundle of free sample copies.

TWENTY-HOUR WORKERS.

Whatever the outcome of this proposed gigantic uprising of the laboring manhood of civilization seeking eight hours will be, God only knows.

We are sure that OSWALD OTTENDORFER, in the current North American, has hinted at a great truth. Development is the law. A political liberty has been the result thus far of centuries of "Try, try again," so the better condition of labor will not be attained at a jump. But, little by little, with experiment after experiment, at the cost of a hundred failures to one real advance, and of treasure, strength, life worn with hopes deferred, the God-given betterment of all the race draws near.

At the same time the hundredth young man will insist on working 16 hours. He will be ambitious. If the shop lets him out at 5 p. m. he will work on his patent till midnight. If the whistle blows at 8 a. m. he will have been up with the sun toiling over his great idea many hours. No regulations can control the NAPOLEONS. They are, to be sure, born and not made, and they will continue to be born, minds with an insatiable appetite for exertion that can no more keep still or play than the sun can pause in his apparent journey.

I have this word to say to such young men: If you will read biography you will be struck with the likeness between yourselves and all the leaders of the world. Genius can never keep still. The great Frenchman named claimed his right to work day after day with only four hours of sleep. CÆSAR kept exactly the same hours. He tired out every one who worked for him. CHARLEMAGNE kept the same hours. Lord MACAULAY slept even less. STEPHENSON was "always fussing over something," day and night. COLUMBUS sailed his own ships and kept the deck watch with his sailors for his idea. When a fellow gets an idea, or when an idea gets a fellow, rather, nothing but death can stop his work. HORACE GREELEY and his brilliant competitor, RAYMOND, worked on an average of 20 hours each day. ABRAHAM LINCOLN rarely slept much while the idea of the century had him in its grasp.

A young man with a pet idea which he wishes to achieve is driven like a racer. It is true he is his own driver. I suppose that is the point. Yet it is folly to suppose that, by any rule of agreement, society can chain down the tireless energy of the superior born, and, thank God, these superior births are even more apt to occur in the workingman's cottage than in the rich man's palace.

So that, while the many may be resting, the superior chap will be digging away. He will get the advantage in the race. Of course he will; he had the advantage in the start. God gave it by birth, endowments of brain, nerve and stomach. He may have to hide in an attic or conceal himself in a cellar; but dig he will, tirelessly, ceaselessly, productively.

Without expressing an opinion here on the wants of the 8-hour movement, one way or the other—may heaven guide it to a good end—the ambition of the mechanic's bright boy will still have its liberty to work as long and as hard as it pleases. DANIEL WEBSTER killed himself by work. Had he continued on the farm he might have driven oxen and sharpened sheep's noses amid the rocks till he was 80. But he was born to toil, and to die known as the most massive intellect that America has yet produced. There seems to be no way of preventing these RANDALLS burning themselves out like candles to shine in this naughty world. No way except we strangle HERCULES in his cradle. Go ahead, you giant boys! you do enrich us all.

RANDOLPH HILL.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

If BISMARCK is wise enough to concede that his day has gone by, he will set a rare example to European statesmanship and may possibly stimulate other back numbers to "come off."

EDISON'S latest, the kintograph, enables one to produce his picture at the other end of the wire, just as he now reproduces his voice through the telephone. Thus do terrors multiply for those who are liable to be suddenly called up when far away from home.

The favorite daughter of JEFFERSON DAVIS is announced to be married to a grandson of Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY, the great abolitionist leader. History is sometimes more romantic than romance.

NANN'TTE.

AN IDYL OF THE NORTHWEST.

I see her firs' at St. Andre,
By her ole father. She was start
'Long by the rest, on market day,
Toward Deveroux town. W'en she depart
The bird no sing upon his tree,
An' tho' the rose's leaf is wet
By dew, he have no sweet for me.
I only say, "Je vous adorer, Nann'tte."

All day I wander up an' down
The drowsy streets of St. Andre,
Until the fishers by the town
All wonder w'y I stop to pray
So often by St. Annie's shrine.
W'en she come back, an' our eyes met,
I fear to ask, will she be mine,
An' only say, "Je vous adorer, Nann'tte."

But she was soon to understan',
How was it happen? Je n' sais.
She gave to me her heart an' han',
An' we went on that very day
By Father Francois, to be call
At mass on Sunday. Kneeling there
She was the faires' of them all,
An' then she say, "Je vous adorer, mon Pierre."

A year have pass. Ma belle Nann'tte
Have grow in beauty, day by day,
I watch her by her bassinette,
The sweetest wife in St. Andre.
An' w'en with baby on her knee—
Mon petit garcon, enfant Pierre—
She blush an' smile, an' look by me,
An' then she say, "Je vous adorer, mon Pierre."

Springfield, Mass. ALBERT H. HARDY.

New Boston Music.

From Oliver Ditson Company: Vocal—"The Flag Amid the Flowers," J. W. Wheeler: "O Salutaris," trio for soprano, tenor and bass, F. J. Liscombe: "When the Earliest Roses Comes," Clayton Johns. Piano—"Parting Song," Francois Behr; "Mermaid's Song," Julian Becht. Banjo—"Passing Regiment March," for two banjos, arranged by Goldby.

From White, Smith & Co.: Piano—"Album Leaf," Waldemar Bargiel; "Tout Paris," Emile Waldteufel. Vocal—"The Flow'ry Nook," J. Faure; "Snowflakes" and "A Summer Love Dream," F. H. Cowen; "Changeless," H. Trotere.

SO SAILOR-LIKE IT IS.

Redfern's Model Yachting Costume.

Graceful Gown of Pink-Tinted Fawn and Bronze-Brown Cloth.

Spring Hat of Fine Chip, Lined with Velvet, Crowned with Roses.

NEW YORK, April 19.—It is not our intention to make anything of an exhibition in the way of yachting gowns until such time as the weather seems more auspicious for outdoor life. But in order to accommodate those ladies who are going abroad at an early date, or those about starting for a trip in Southern waters, we have designed a few models, of which we submit the following to the readers of THE GLOBE:



Yachting Gown.

This is made of cream-colored Isle of Wight serge, with bars of darkest crimson braid running up from the foot of the skirt.

The collar, yoke and sleeves are trimmed to correspond; while below the bust line, the waist is gathered in a way becoming to slender figures, and is finished with a soft, folded sash of crimson wash silk, with anchors embroidered in cream-color, just above the fringed ends.

The straw sailor hat has a crimson band with the name of the yacht painted on it, in cream, pecked out with gold.

But the most unique feature of this costume, is the Redfern sleeveless jacket, invented at the branch house at Caves—the centre of the yachting world.

In this model it may be of cream or of deepest crimson serge—preferably the latter.

It is a most desirable garment, offering sufficient warmth for those portions which need some protection, yet in no way hampering the arms.

Some contrast here, is there not, between this neat, comfortable, stylish costume, and dowdy, characterless flannel and serge make-shift dresses.



Model Spring Hat.

Among the novelties in millinery designed by us is a hat with a wide-plaited brim of fine chip, lined under with a pale shade of velvet, matching the color of the foregoing gown.

The crown is composed of La France roses, and a large bow at the side of velvet ribbons. REDFERN.

A Woman's Pocketbook.

[Z. D., in Puck.]

"I read in today's paper that a pocketbook had been left here by some one who had found it, and I called to ask about it; I have lost mine," said a New York woman in a newspaper office the other day.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the clerk in attendance. "Will you please describe the contents of the pocketbook you lost?"

"Well, now—let me see. I think I can name everything that was in my purse. There was a dollar bill, two 10-cent pieces, one or two nickels, two or three coppers, some postage stamps, some silk samples, a small sample of yellow floss, a pearl-handled glove-buttoner, a little poem entitled 'Baby's Bath,' a recipe for sweet pickles, a lock of baby's hair, a car ticket, a sample of torchon lace, a memorandum of things I wanted to get, a row of pins, a funny little joke cut from a newspaper, a small pearl button, a brass tag, several addresses, a tiny lead-pencil, a Canadian dime with a hole in it, a small rubber eraser, a railroad time-card, an advertisement of a bargain sale of handkerchiefs, a pressed violet in a bit of tissue-paper, a sample of dress braid, and five or six other little things that I can't—Oh, thank you! yes, that's my pocketbook."

And the pocket-book he handed her was just 3½ inches long by 2½ wide, and half an inch thick.

Brave in the Dentist's Chair.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

"Women are generally braver than men in my chair," said a dentist who has practised a long while here; "they stand pain better and are less distrustful of the dentist's ability to deal with refractory teeth. It is not very long ago that a lady came to me to have a double tooth, a molar set very deep in the gum, extracted. I tried my best to get that tooth out, but it would not budge. The lady stood the torture bravely, though she was a small, delicate-featured woman, whose courage I had mistrusted. I was afraid of fracturing the jaw, and told her so.

"Well, then, doctor," she said to me, "let me have the forceps till I see what I can do."

"I gave her the instrument, and the plucky little woman grasped the tooth that had defied me, and with one tremendous tug had it out. She was proud of the achievement, and I told her she had cause to be, for she was the only patient I ever had who had come to my office to pull her own tooth."

WORLD'S TENNIS CHAMPION.

How Tom Pettitt Won His Title—Criticisms on His Matchless Style of Play—Going to Meet Saunders.

When Tom Pettitt visited England in 1885 to meet the then champion of the world, George Lambert, his style of play was so unique that many declared it was not tennis, but when he showed them that he could win eight games out of nine, his critics perceived that they had yet something to learn. Throughout his visit he unmistakably showed the Englishmen his superiority in the tennis court, and made a clean sweep of them, both amateur and professional.

Foremost among the amateurs stood Hon A. Littleton and J. M. Heathcote, champion and ex-champion, but both failed to make any kind of a show against the American expert, and when he encountered single-handed Heathcote and J. Tompkins he shattered the combination with but little more difficulty than he had experienced in defeating his single opponents.

Pettitt's match with Lambert, for the world's championship, took place at Hampton Court Palace on May 11, 13 and 14 of that year, and was a very exciting contest throughout. Pettitt won this by sheer lasting gritty play on the last two days of the match. Lambert had won five out of the first six sets by the first half of the second day, from which time Tom worked with all his well-known determination and won set after set, and at last brought it up to five sets each, when occurred one of the most memorable struggles in the history of the game, and which was termed by the London Field as of "historic interest," game after game in the last set going alternately to the two contestants, and even the points in each game being scored in the same manner, until Lambert was within one stroke of winning, when Pettitt by a great effort secured the last game of the set and decided the championship match in his favor. Of this set the Field said:

"The excitement of the final set was too intense to be enjoyable by any one who had sympathies with one side or the other. The spectators may congratulate themselves on having seen once what probably many of them may never see again."

On the trip he won seven straight games, in nearly all of them giving odds to his opponents: and his superb play placed him in the proud position, as London Pastime termed it, of the "champion of all the champions."

Among his matches was one with Saunders, who is to play him for the championship in Dublin, and he easily defeated that player by giving him the odds of half-fifteen, and winning 3—1. The following year Saunders visited Boston and played an exhibition match at the Hunnewell court, and receiving long odds from Pettitt, defeated him. It was easy to see, however, that Pettitt did not play up to his usual form, and Saunders must have improved in a very marked manner to stand a show of defeating the champion. He is, however, the best man they have on the other side, and in a pen-picture in Outing, 1886, Pettitt thus describes him:

"He is a good volleyer, has a very free arm and forces accurately, though not severely. He has a fair back-hand stroke and a strong cut. His style is perhaps too pronounced for the highest efficiency, and he frequently loses strokes by attempting to cut balls which a better judgment would return without it. His weakest points are perhaps, a lack of activity and his service, which is generally of the simple sidewal variety."

Before Pettitt left here to play in Paris and London in 1887, he said to the writer, "I won the championship of the world in England, and have held it in America for two years; if they want it, and have a man capable of wresting it from me, he must come to the States in order to do so."

None having come forward during these succeding years, Tom has finally decided to give Saunders a chance on his own ground, but he will have to play the game of his life to defeat the Boston boy, and he may find that the stroke the players on that side named the "Coup Pettitt" will prove a settler for him.

The Field, in a long review of Pettitt, and his style of play, finishes by saying:

"Wherever the ball may come, Pettitt's racket is there. With great rapidity he determines on his course of action, and instantly drives the ball over the net with great violence, so that none but the most active and intelligent adversary can get near the ball before it falls. To a player with Pettitt's certainty and swiftness of return, it matters little whether he makes one chase or another. If he misjudges a ball, he returns it behind his back, between his legs, or under his arm. If a ball is anywhere within reach (and in generally is within reach, for he is all over the court), it goes over the net somehow or the other, and when returned it goes over the net again, generally in a way that puzzles the adversary."

SOME SPRING IDEAS

That May Wear Through the Summer Months.

People endowed with great mental gifts are always noted for their remarkable presents of mind.

I have always noticed that a woman who is saddest when she sings was never known to put out a big wash.

It's the golden rule that seldom works both ways.

Banana peelings are poor table ornaments, but make excellent carpet slippers.

I had rather shake hands with an idea than wear a diamond pin in my bosom.

Rather than sit by the fire and read a novel, it is better that a woman should go to the window once in a while and take the air, even if it comes from a street band.

No woman is so plain in personal appearance and so rich in pocket that some suave man cannot make her believe she is little short of a Venus.

No man is so experienced in human affairs that he can explain the growth of a daisy or tell good whiskey without tasting.

A woman may meet her lord and master with an assumed smile, and all the time have a coal shovel concealed under her apron.

A woman always talks loudest when her husband wants to think the hardest. Many a bright idea has been thus strangled in the egg, and if the truth were told many a crime averted.

The assertion that a woman cannot keep a secret is an ignoble falsehood. So well can she keep a secret from her husband that for years he never knows that she might have married another and richer man if she chose.

Novel Application of Photography.

[Carpentry and Building.]

My attention has recently been called to several unique applications of the art of photography, one of which, in particular, relates to building matters, and must be of interest to all engaged in the building trades. A graphic history of the new library building at Washington is being prepared. When it is completed, it is safe to say, it will be one of the most unique narratives of a building that has ever been prepared. The pencils used are the rays of the sun, and the paper is the sensitive plate of a photographic camera. At regular intervals from the top of the building, occupied by the superintending architect and his force of draughtsmen, a camera is turned upon the work, which at present consists only of a great hole dug out in the square just East of the capitol grounds. The resulting picture shows every detail of the condition of the work, the height of the foundation wall, the piles of material on hand, etc. It is proposed to file these photographs away, properly labelled in such form that they can be produced if any question arises as to what was done or was not done at any stage of the work.

A Chance to Make Money.

MR. EDITOR.—I bought one of Griffith's machines for plating with gold, silver or nickel, and it works to perfection. No sooner did people hear of it than I had more spoons, knives, forks and jewelry than I could plate in a month. The first week I cleared $31.85, the first month $167.85, and I think by July first I will have $1000 cash and give my farm considerable attention, too. My daughter made $2..40 in four days. Any person can get one of these machines by sending $3 to W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, O., or can obtain circulars by addressing them. You can learn to use the machine in one hour. As this is my first lucky streak I give my experience, hoping others may be benefited as much as I have been. Yours truly,

M. O. MOREHEAD.

Drawing Her Out.

[Life.]

Miss Prima—I fear there is nothing in Miss Towels. Did you see her yawn while you were saying such beautiful things to her?

Mr. Secundus—Yes, and I kept right on, hoping she would nod next.

Miss Prima—Why?

Mr. Secundus—I thought it just possible she might talk some in her sleep, you know.

A Liberal Citizen.

[New York Weekly.]

Musician—Beg pardon, sir, but I'm around collecting subscriptions to buy the village band new instruments. The old ones are nearly useless.

Suburban resident—Is it the instruments that's the matter with that band?

"Y-e-s, sir."

"Great Wagner! Why didn't you say so before? I'll order a new set for you tomorrow."



Something About Generals.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Please inform me which is the higher title, lieutenant-general or general, in the United States army? 2. What title did Gen. Grant hold just before he was made commander-in-chief of the United States army in 1864? 3. What title did Gen. Sherman hold before he was appointed lieutenant-general on his dying bed? I. C.

1. General.
2. Major-general U. S. army.
3. Gen. William T. Sherman who is living, was commissioned general U. S. army, March 4, 1869, and placed on the "retired list" Feb. 8, 1884.

The late Gen. Sheridan was commissioned lieutenant-general March 4, 1869, and promoted to general a short time before his death.

Mr. Harrison's Advisers.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Will you give me the names of the members of President Harrison's cabinet with the States they hail from? J. W.

Secretary of state, James G. Blaine of Maine; secretary of the treasury, William Windom, Minnesota; secretary of war, Redfield Proctor, Vermont; attorney-general, W. H. H. Miller, Indiana; postmaster general, John Wanamaker, Pennsylvania; secretary of the navy, Benjamin F. Tracy, New York; secretary of the interior, John W. Noble, Missouri; secretary of agriculture, Jeremiah M. Rusk, Wisconsin. The names are arranged in order of succession for the presidency, should the President and vice-president both die.—[ED.

Cannot Touch Pension.

I worked for a woman going on a year. At the end of that time she owed me $150. She promises to pay me, but has not done so. Her money goes through the hands of a trustee. She also has a pension. What is the best way to get my money? IMPOSED.

I don't see but what you will have to bring suit. You can't get at the pension.

Daughter Died.

My daughter married a miserable man who did not give her comfortable furniture or clothing. I furnished her with many necessaries, besides a piano I got for her before her marriage. I gave these things with the understanding that they were mine if anything should happen, if she left him (as she did on two occasions), but I did not think of death. This happened unexpectedly and now her husband holds the things. Can I get them by a process of law? W.

If you did not make your daughter a present of things, but only gave her the use of them, you can recover them by replevin.

Where Battleships are Building.

To the Editor of The Globe:

In answer to "Navy," would say the armored battleship Texas is being built at the United States Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va. Length, 290 feet; breadth, 64½ feet; draught, 22½ feet; displacement, 6300 tons; horse power, 8600; speed, 17 knots; type of engine, twin screw, vertical triple expansion; armor, 12 inches; main battery, two 12-inch and six 6-inch breech-loading rifles; secondary battery, 16 rapid fire, 4 revolving cannon and 2 gatlings. D.

United States Soldier.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Will you please inform me where to write to get a man's address who is at present in the United States army? G. L.

Write to Brig.-Gen. John C. Kelton, adjutant-general United States army, Washington, D. C.

Write to Patent Office, Washington, D. C., and Get Directions.

I am making a machine which I think would be an improvement on the one in use. How can I procure a patent? J. R.

Get a Divorce First.

My husband left me seven years ago. Could I marry again without getting a divorce? Could I go outside of the State to marry again and come back to Boston to live? L. C. B.

Put in Pound.

A allows his domestic animals to run at large in the highways, and to trespass on his neighbors, who have notified him to keep them at home. What would be the best way to compel him to keep them at home? READER.

You can have his cattle put in the pound, and if they have caused damage you can make him pay.

Yes, if He Owns the Estate He Lives In

I live in a house to which is attached an L that has a window overloooking my neighbor's back yard. Can he prevent me from building a box out from it for the purpose of keeping provions for my family? The L is built up to the line that divides the estates. T. J. D.

Study Law.

Will you please inform a reader what books are best to study to learn general laws in regard to probate and insolvency matters? J. R. B.

Smith's Probate Law and Cutter's Insolvent Law.

The Postage Stamp Craze.

[Eugene Field's London Letter.]

E. S. Stibbs, the oldest bookseller in London, tells me that the postage stamp mania is the one mania which seems never to amount to anything. It is erroneous, he says, to suppose that the philatelist naturally develop into a collector of curios. The collecting of stamps invariably is rife among children, and is pursued with great enthusiasm until the youth reaches the age of 17 years, and it is then dropped suddenly and forever, the philatelist having learned to his sorrow that he has undertaken not only an endless task, but also one that does not appeal for approval to the maturer mind. From the disgust which this discovery precipitates the philatelist never recovers; he never thereafter has the heart to undertake collecting in other directions. Mr. Stibbs says that if philatelists would acquaint themselves with the history and the geography of the countries whose postage stamps they secure, the fad might be defensible, but he has yet to meet with an amateur who knew anything at all about the many continents, countries and governments represented in his album. Therefore he denounces philately, as it is commonly pursued, as a serious waste of energy, of time and of money.

The sale of old stamps is a considerable industry in London. A package containing 100 stamps costs tu'pence (4 cents). Five hundred stamps—all different—can be had for $1.75. The exquisite thing, however, is to have no cancelled stamps in your collection; this reduces the mania to a cash basis simply, and, when that point is reached, the redeeming features of the mania are extinguished.

The Form of Official Oaths.

[Baltimore Sun.]

The bill, which passed the Senate almost unanimously, but failed in the House, to amend the law relating to official oaths, would have abolished an obsolete custom—that of kissing the Bible—which adds nothing to the binding force of the oath, is usually a perfunctory act, and often an irreverent mockery. It was proposed to substitute for it the raising of the hand as a formal recognition of the solemnity of the oath, and to strike out the words "so help me God," as being an unnecessary imprecation destructive of the reverence which should be paid to the Almighty name. The phraseology of the oath as it exists was part of the machinery of medieval customs for investing all such acts with the utmost impressiveness, but in these times the original purpose is lost sight of, and the effect is too often a travesty upon sacred things. The recent example of Judge Arnold of Philadelphia and the earlier one of a Georgian justice in substituting the raising of the hand for kissing the Bible by jurors and witnesses should be followed by every enlightened judge in our land.

His First Mexican Ball.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Stopping at the Auditorium Hotel is a young man who cannot hear any allusion to Mexico without a feeling of embarrassment. This uncomfortable circumstance arises from an incident that occurred during the traveller's recent visit to the sister republic.

The young man is A. R. Cushing, one of Boston's "400." A few weeks ago he attended a fashionable ball in the City of Mexico—his first in that country. A feature of Mexican entertainments is the cascaron, a prettily decorated eggshell filled with perfume or bits of gilt paper. When a senorita wishes to show a preference for a dancing partner she playfully breaks the cascaron over his head.

Mr. Cushing, accompanied by a Mexican friend, was enjoying the ball from a quiet corner of the room, when a bewitching senorita with raven hair and roguish eyes danced up to him and smashed a cascaron over his Bostonian features. The shell was filled with tiny specks of golden paper which fell in a shower over his shoulders.

Surprised beyond measure Mr. Cushing sprang to his feet and demanded of his friend that they instantly leave the place.

"What's the matter?" asked the Mexican.

"Some one threw an egg at me and I know when I get enough," replied the enraged Bostonian.

The unique custom was explained to the visitor, who, in a few minutes, was waltzing with the young lady who had thrown the egg.

OUR ROADS AND THEIRS.

American Trainmen Paid More Than British—Technical Schools for the Young, Pensions for the Old.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—The fifth annual report of Hon. Carroll D. Wright, United States commissioner of labor, on railroad labor statistics, was sent to Congress today. The report presents a table giving the average daily rates of pay and the average yearly earnings for such railroad employes in Great Britain and the United States as are amenable to comparison as follows:

Class of employes	Great Britain.	United States.
Engineers, per day	$1.46	$3.22
Firemen, per day	.91	1.79½
Conductors, per day	.97	2.63
Switchmen, per day	.85	1.50½
Flagmen, per day	.81	1.13
Engineers, yearly earnings	457.00	1,007.00
Firemen, yearly earnings	285.00	562.00
Conductors, yearly earnings	304.00	824.00
Switchmen, yearly earnings	266.00	471.00
Flagmen, yearly earnings	254.00	354.00

Sixty railroads were investigated as representative roads.

There are in the United States 1800 railroad corporations, but the railroad business is performed by 600 operating roads. The railroads of the country have a mileage of 158,400 miles.

Of the operating roads, 377 prohibit the use of intoxicating liquors, and others regulate its use among employes in one form or another. Only 25 railroads furnish dwelling houses for employes, but upwards of 150 furnish section hands with lodgings when away from their homes.

Nineteen roads maintain beneficiary institutions, to which the men and corporations both contribute. The institutions help those who are disabled and the families of those who lose their lives in the service. Many railroads contribute towards the support of beneficiary institutions established for the benefit of their men, while others pay expenses of injured employes. About 300 of the operating railroads either pension permanently disabled employes or retain them in the service on light duty.

A goodly number of railroads maintain libraries and reading-rooms, and nearly all of the principal roads contribute towards the support of the railroad branch of the Y. M. C. A., which organization manages many of the reading-rooms.

Quite a number of roads maintain technical schools for the education of their employes.

Commissioner Wright discusses at length what he believes to be the absurdity of the common law rule, prevailing in Europe and America, which prohibits an injured employe from recovering damages from his employer when the injury is the result of the negligence or unfitness of a co-employe.

England, Alabama and Massachusetts have enacted laws providing that the defence of co-employment shall not be held as a good defence, while other States of the Union have in some degree modified the severity of the common law rule.

The commissioner shows the tendency not only of Legislatures but of courts, to modify the harshness of the rule.

BLUE-JACKET TRUTH.

Flexibility According to the Circumstances of the Case.

[Washington Star.]

"Sailors are the bravest fellows in the world," said a naval officer to a Star reporter the other day, "and the most remarkable liars. No reliance whatever is to be placed upon the testimony of some of them as to facts, even under oath. Just to illustrate it I'll tell you a little story about an incident that came under my own immediate observation.

"I was a lieutenant on board the United States ship Atlanta six years ago, when the captain of the vessel sent a boat ashore in charge of Midshipman Smith to fetch off the chaplain. The chaplain was delayed on some account, and the boat waited a couple of hours at the dock. Smith was an easy-going sort of fellow, and he made no bones of letting the coxswain go ashore and buy a bottle or two of rum, which the men consumed, the result being that they all, particularly the coxswain, were half-seas-over by the time the chaplain arrived. Owing to this state of affairs a disaster ensued, for when the chaplain at last did come—the tide had fallen two or three feet—he found it difficult to make his way down the slippery steps from the dock to the boat, and coxswain helping him the wrong way, he fell souse into the water, and was dragged out like a drowned rat.

"In consequence of this incident, on the chaplain's complaint, Midshipman Smith was court-martialed, among the serious charges embodied in the indictment against him being conduct unbecoming an officer, behavior subversive of discipline, neglect of duty, etc. To begin the proceedings, when the trial came on, the coxswain of the boat was called, and the judge-advocate said:

"'What's your name?'

"'Bill Bobstay, sir.'

"'Your occupation?'

"'Able seaman, sir.'

"'Do you solemnly swear to tell this court the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about this case?'

"'I do, sir.'

"'Kiss the book. Now, tell me, did you act as coxswain of the second cutter of the United States ship Atlanta on the afternoon of May 16, 1883, when that boat was sent ashore under command of Midshipman Smith to fetch the chaplain of the vessel?'

"'I did, sir.'

"'Well, then, tell the court precisely what happened on that expedition, leaving out no detail; and remember that you are on your solemn oath, so help you God.'

"The judge-advocate sat down and the coxswain transferred an unusually large quid of navy plug from his right chek to his left.

"'You see, sir,' he said, 'it was this way: The second cutter went ashore for the parson, but he wasn't on time. We waited and waited at the dock, but not a sign of him turned up. So finally I said to this young gen'l'm'n here, Mr. Smith, touchin' my cap, 'Please, sir, may we go ashore and get a little something to drink, just to pass away the time?' And Mr. Smith, said he: 'Cox'n, I am astonished that you should make such an insolent request: it would serve you right if I reported you to the captain. Pull that starb'd oar further aft.'"

"'The time went on and still no parson—not a white choker nor so much as seedy black weskit. I was gittin' awful dry, and at last I says, says I: "Mr. Smith, would you give me permission to go ashore myself alone and wet my whistle. I'll be back inside of 10 minutes." But Mr. Smith flies in a rage at that—yes, sir, I remember that I'm on oath—and he says, says he: 'You infernal scoundrel'—it was me he was alludin' to—'I'll have you put in irons for your impudence when we get back to the ship.'

"'So I didn't get anything to drink, and I was just feelin' sorry for havin' been so cheeky, when who should come down the dock but the parson—the chaplain I mean, sir—reeling drunk. He was so loaded that he missed his footin' on the steps and——me if he didn't go ker-slosh into the water—which was just as well, perhaps, for he was sobered up the time we fished him out. And that's all I know about the affair, so help me!'"

A St. Paul Kicker.

[St. Paul Pioneer-Press.]

"Oh, no, I guess not," said a man emphatically, as he seated himself comfortably in a University avenue car. "I don't believe I'll follow all the instructions of the street railway company by a jug full."

"What's the matter now?" inquired a companion who had entered with him, and was engaged in tobogganing a couple of nickels into the fare box.

"Why, sir, if a man followed the orders of this company he would never enter one of its cars. Once in, paradoxically, he would never leave it."

"How so?"

"Just read that sign: it says: 'Passengers are forbidden to enter or leave this car while in motion.' Now, how in the name of Lindley Murray can a passenger do otherwise than get a move on himself, get in motion while leaving or entering a street car? The sign is one of the grossest illustrations of barbarous syntax I have ever seen in many a mile travelled. The pronoun 'it' is wanting. It should read: 'Passengers are forbidden to enter or leave this car while it is in motion.' 'It' and 'is' are two short words, and it would cost but little to paint them in. As it is, the sign is beastly grammar.'

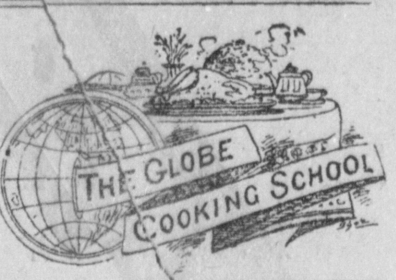
She Knew Her Station.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Albert," said the blushing girl, "in the ceremony of your church what is the question the minister propounds to the bridegroom?"

"He asks him this, Marie," replied the young man: 'Wilt thou take this woman'—"

"Then, Mr. Whelks," haughtily interposed Miss Marie Kersnaggs, forelady of Spotcash & Co.'s notion and woollen yarn department, rising to her feet and pointing inflexibly to the door, "go and marry some"—and here her scorn became absolutely regal—"some 'woman' of your own faith!"



Oysters a la Duxelles.

Heat 1 quart oysters to the boiling point; skim and drain. Reserve 1 pint of the liquor. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 4 tablespoons chopped mushrooms. Cook 2 minutes, then add 2 tablespoons flour and pour on slowly the hot oyster liquor, add a few drops of onion juice, a little cayenne, 1 teaspoon salt, the oysters the beaten yolks of 2 eggs and 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

The edges of the oysters will curl when they are cooked sufficiently.

Rum Omelet.

Beat the whites of 4 eggs light; add the beaten yolks, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt. Put 1 tablespoon butter in a frying-pan; when melted and hot add the omelet. Cook until brown underneath, then put it in the oven to cook the top. Fold and turn out. Pour 3 tablespoons rum around the omelet and set on fire.

In lighting the rum—just before serving—be sure that the sulphur is all burned away first.

Harlequin Cake.

Cream 1 cup butter, add 2 cups sugar, the beaten yolks of 3 eggs. Mix 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder with 3 cups flour and add this alternately with 1 cup of milk. Add the whites of 3 eggs, beaten stiff. Divide the dough into four parts. Color one part green, one pink and one brown and one plain. Bake in thin sheets, and put together with currant jelly.

First paper the pans. Fine granulated sugar is almost as good for all cake as pulverized sugar, and very much better than coarse granulated. Cream butter, then add sugar slowly, beating all the time with a wooden spoon. Use pastry flour. Beat the yolks of eggs until they are light yellow in color. Measure baking powder, slightly rounding.

To color one portion use one square chocolate cut into small pieces and melted over hot water.

For the green part use a trifle of spinach green, which can be bought in liquid form of any first-class grocer. Stir it right into the cake. If this green thickens thin with cold water. Hot water turns it a bright peacock blue. For the pink part use a very little carmine directions for making which have been previously given in these columns.

Lay brown cake on bottom, cover with currant jelly. Next put light layer, then green and then pink, with a layer of jelly between each two layers of cake.

Strawberry Cream.

Soak ½ box gelatine in ½ cup cold water. Dissolve in ½ cup boiling water, strain. Mash 1 quart strawberries, add 1 cup sugar and juice of ½ lemon. Rub through a sieve, add the gelatine water and stir until thick. Then add 1 pint cream whipped.

Let strawberries stand for half an hour or so with the sugar on them. Soak gelatine at least 20 minutes.

If cream is thick, thin with equal quantity of milk. Whip cream in a bowl set in a pan of cracked ice. Skim off the froth as fast as it rises.

Stir strawberry mixture until thick after gelatine is put in, and add the cream when all whipped. Wet mould in cold water before pouring in the cream.

The lesson next week, the concluding one in the spring course, will be devoted to candy.

BILLIONS OF BRICKS.

Some Tall Statistics About a Great Industry.

[Cincinnati Times-Star.]

"It is estimated that there are 10,000,000,000 bricks annually manufactured in the United States," said B. W. Blair, general manager of the J. M. Blair Manufacturing Company of this city.

"There are 16,000 clay-working establishments. The increase in the consumption of bricks year by year is largely due to the gradual destruction of our forests. The largest brick works in the world are situated at Loullards, N. Y., and have a capacity of 80,000,000 bricks. Chicago has several brick-making establishments each with a capacity of from 10,000,000 to 60,000,000 of bricks per year. The largest establishment in Cincinnati has a yearly capacity of about 35,000,000. New York city consumes more bricks than any other city in this country, the annual consumption reaching the enormous sum of 1,000,000,000 annually. Chicago comes next with an annual consumption of 800,000,000, Philadelphia 350,000,000, St. Louis 150,000,000, Boston 125,000,000, Cincinnati 100,000,000 and New Orleans 60,000,000. Omaha, Seattle, Kansas City and many other Western cities consume large quantities of brick annually, owing to the rapid growth and development of the Western country. Nearly all the bricks used in New York city are shipped there in sloops or scows, each holding from 100,000 to 135,000. Many of them come from Peekshill and other places along the Hudson, while millions are made in New Jersey. Clay when found near any large city, is usually too expensive to be used in the manufacture of bricks, the best clay being that which is generally found in deposits 20 or 30 feet deep along the banks of some river. The only difficulty now in the brick business is the tendancy to overproduction. The margin is so small that the manufacturer must make a great many in order to have any profit. Then it requires close attention and experienced management. A great many paving bricks or blocks are being made just now, one establishment at Lincoln, Neb., turning out 1,000,000 per day."

DEAF MUTE'S EARPHONE.

By Which He Can Hear and Talk With Great Facility.

An earphone, which was invented by a deaf mute of Tennessee, and which the Memphis Avalanche describes at length, instead of being applied to the outside of the ear as a telephone, ends with a metal bulb like an ear sound, and is inserted in the ear. The transmitter is very like an ordinary telephone receiver in shape, and on its surface has the words, "Talk into this phone."

The deaf mute's name is J. C. Chester, and he is a young man probably 30 or 35 years of age. He was born in East Tennessee, and never heard the sound of human voice until two or three years ago, and then only by his inventive genius.

Inspired by the uses of the telephone, a thought struck him that he might adapt it to his own case. An ordinary telephone he could not hear through, because the sound was not conveyed thereby through the ear passages to the tympanum.

After several attempts, and as many partial failures, however, he succeeded in perfecting the invention which has proved so great a blessing to him.

How it operates, since he is stone deaf, he cannot explain. It is by no means certain that he actually hears by it, in the ordinary sense of the word hearing. He says he does not know that he really hears. All he knows is that the impression reaches his brain.

Having learned to understand the human language, the next thing was to learn how to talk. As Chester humorously expressed himself, "I wanted to learn how to talk so when a fellow cussed me or called me a liar, I could come back at him."

One day, by a fortunate accident, he placed a "Punch" whistle in his mouth, and applying the telephone transmitter to his mouth and the receiver to his ear to note the result of his efforts to make a noise with the toy, he discovered that it afforded a medium by which he could control his voice, and utter intelligible words.

Chester is now a ready talker and evidently a close observer. He is also possessed of a ready wit and is quick at repartee. When asked if he was the inventor of the contrivance he used, he quickly replied:

"How else would I come by it? No one would have given it to me for nothing. You have to ask for a match nowadays."

The reporter experimented with the phone, and found the results somewhat difficult to describe. The sound as it reaches the ear is different from that of the telephone, even when the person talking into it is several miles distant.

Though the speaker is close at your elbow the sound that reaches the ear seems to come from a vast distance or from the bottom of a deep well.

The storage battery, which is carried in the pocket, is a marvel of completeness. It is nickel-plated and is a small square, not an inch square.

It has hinged sides, which drop down by touching a spring, which form an outer jacket, and when open a minute bottle is disclosed, which is filled with sulphuric acid.

Two minute coils of wire connect the battery with the telephone and conduct the current to the shield on the lapel of the coat, where the wires are affixed to the small positive and negative poles thereon.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY

By getting your friends and neighbors to subscribe to The Globe. If you cannot get subscribers yourself, your wife, son or daughter can do so in their leisure hours, and earn an honest penny. The Globe gives the largest commission ever paid on a dollar weekly.

FUNNY FANCIES

If Nobody Else Does.

[Pittsburg Bulletin.]

Roland (admiringly)—How beautifully and becomingly you are dressed, sweet one. And with such taste in colors.

Ruth—Glad you admire me. I always choose the shades. For instance, I like to have my hat and gloves correspond.

Roland—I'm going away, you know. May we—be hat and gloves?

Ruth (softly)—Yes—often.

(And the post office department profits thereby.)

Not Difficile, as the Fair French Say.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

"In remitting for a subscription," writes a Georgia editor, "do not say 'please find enclosed $1.' We are bound to be pleased without the asking; and, besides, we have not seen a dollar in so long a time that if we knew it was within six miles of us we would find it blindfolded and with both hands tied behind our back."

Why He Stopped Loving Her.

[Burlington Free Press.]

He—Do you like ice cream, Miss Sweetlips?"

She—No, I—

He—Thank heavens! I wish I had known you—

She—Beg pardon, Mr. Poseyboy. You interrupted me. I was about to add that I love it.

Literary Shopping in Chicago.

[American Grocer.]

Customer—Have you Hogarth's works?

Bookseller—Yes, madame, we have just received a beautiful copy with all the engravings.

Customer—Oh! I don't want engravings; I don't care about its being illustrated; just a plain, cheap set, you know!

Great Feat of Chicago Lovers.

[Lowell Mail.]

Mrs. Simplex—You say the steamer nearly ran into an iceberg. Dear me! How did you escape?

Mr. Hatchet—Three pairs of Chicago lovers going to Paris stood on the fo'castle and melted it before we reached it. It was a narrow escape.

Now How Does This Man Know So Much?

[New Orleans Picayune.]

The summer girl will be out in full force soon, and the world will wonder where she has been all winter.—New Orleans Picayune.] It will be mighty glad to see her.—[Boston Globe.] She knows that, and will look her sweetest and best.

Bring Out the Watering Carts.

[Annual Chestnut.]

A WOMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

The Devil sends the wicked wind
That blows our skirts knee high.
But God is good, and He sends the dust
That blows in the bad man's eye.

Doesn't Seem So to His Employer.

[Harper's Bazar.]

"Frank," said Mabel, tenderly, "doesn't it seem ages between Tuesday and Saturday night?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Frank, thoughtlessly. "Sometimes it seems as though payday would never come."

The Evil of Creed.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The sermon was fearfully dry and half the congregation was dozing. "Why don't you follow their example?" whispered one sitter to an unnaturally wide-awake man next to him.

"You see I can't with any courtesy. I don't belong to this church!"

The Price is Bigger.

[Texas Siftings.]

Hostetter McGinnis—Do you really think that we are going to have real spring weather now?

Gilhooly—I've no doubt of it. I see the shadow of the strawberry shortcake looms up no bigger than a man's hand.

A Smart Answer from a Smarting Boy.

[Lawrence American.]

Irate Parent—I (whack) won't be deceived (whack) by you any (whack) more! I can (whack) see through (whack) you!

Johnny (across his knee)—I shouldn't wonder a bit, pa. You've been pounding me long enough to make a hole clear through me.

Living in Great Hopes.

[Lawrence American.]

Alice—O, Maud, I have had some tickets for tonight's concert given me. Shall you be engaged this evening.

Maud—I think it quite likely, if Mr. Getthare makes as much progress towards proposing as he did last night.

The Kind of Jokes He Liked.

[Keystone.]

Contributer—What sort of jokes do you prefer?

Editor—Leap year jokes.

Contributor—Why?

Editor—Because it takes them four years to get around again.

One Editor Who Is Behind the Fashion.

[Fitchburg Mail.]

The Globe says it is all hustle and bustle with the yachtsmen nowadays. It may be hustle with them, but the bustle is all with the girls they invite out to sail with them.

A Double Misfortune.

[Epoch.]

Maude—Why have you thrown Clarence overboard?

Madge—I couldn't marry a man with a broken nose.

Maude—How did his nose get broken?

Madge—I struck him playing tennis.

To be Paid in Time.

[Texas Siftings.]

Excited man—I must have a hundred dollars. Can't you lend it to me?

Cool friend—Oh, certainly, but not all at once. I can let you have 10 cents every two or three weeks.

Uses of the Telephone.

[Texas Siftings.]

A.—I told him that he was a lying thief.

B.—You have got pluck. It's a wonder he didn't break your neck.

A.—O, I told him what I thought of him through the telephone.

And Whose Laziness Isn't.

[Puck.]

What magnificent irony one finds in this sentence, which opens nearly all magazine advance sheets: "For the use of editors whose time is limited."

Hopeless Case.

[Puck.]

"Is that young man gone, Matilda?" cried her father from the top of the stairs.

"Oh, awfully," returned Matilda.

Out of Evil Good May Come.

[Terre Haute Express.]

No matter how thin a spring poem may be in a literary sense, it is fat for the printer.

THE TREASURY ATTIC.

Fifty Women Busily Sewing Carpets for the Government.

[Cleveland Leader Letter.]

Some of the queerest work of the Treasury Department is done in the attic and in the basement. You can have no idea of the varieties of business which are carried on inside these great walls. I stood for 10 minutes yesterday and watched about 50 women sewing on carpets in the top loft of the treasury. The carpet was stretched on frames like carpenters' sawhorses and the girls were having a kind of quilting bee in joining the widths together. All the carpets of the country over are sewed here, and if a custom house at Cleveland or New York wants a carpet, it sends a diagram of its room to the secretary of the treasury, and the carpet is here made and shipped.

She Married the Wrong Man.

[Albany Journal.]

Rev. W. F. Poor of the Lutheran church of Tribes Hill, officiated at a wedding of a young farmer and farmer's daughter near that village last week. After the ceremony the bride burst into tears and exclaimed: "Oh! I have married the wrong man." On being asked who the right person was, she indicated the young man that had stood up with them. He lives at Tribes Hill.

The matter created much consternation among those present, and deeply affected the groom. But the couple soon left for Amsterdam, to take the cars for a bridal trip to New York and Washington.

It is thought by some that the bride's mind was a little affected at the time over the excitement, and she has been sick a great deal lately, and both the groom and the young man that stood up had been suitors for her hand. All the people concerned are prominent farmers.

WALT'S WIFE;

—or—

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

I had loved Letty Mayo as a child, but as she preferred Walter Ray I crushed down my grief and went away. When I returned after many years, I found they had married, but what a change had come over Walt. Letty had become prematurely old, and Walt could be found every night in Fray's gin palace. I saw him there one night drinking with some convivial companions.

Later I saw Letty enter and lay a covered dish on the table before him.

"Walter, it is only fair that you should share in the repast you have left for your wife and children, so I have brought you a portion. It is all we have had today."

With that she turned and glided away, looking more like a spirit than like the beautiful Letty whom I remembered so well, and for love of whom I had to that day remained a bachelor.

Walter turned pale and cowered back in his chair, muttering something indistinctly; but one of his companions laughed jeeringly:

"That's a blamed generous wife to have, Walt! I wonder what treat she has stowed away there for us. Suppose I lift the cover and pass the dish around?"

He rose, and suiting the action to the word, took off the cover and stood staring blankly down into the dish. It was empty!

"Well, mates," he said, recovering himself, and casting a look of wondering scorn at Walter, "I'm a poor bloat of a fellow myself, and I'm free to acknowledge it; but if I had a wife like that I'm willing to swear on a stack of Bibles that I'd see that she didn't go hungry while I was enjoying myself. You're a miserable sneak," and he turned and shook his fist in Walter's face to emphasize his words, "and I wash my hands of such a brute's company from this time forward."

As he said this a howl of derision burst from the bystanders, and "You're right, mate," "Put him out," "Let's give him a tar bath," and other equally cutting remarks were levelled at Walter.

Amid this storm of contempt he rose to his feet and staggered out of the room. I had at first apprehended that some violence would be done to him, and had braced myself up to interfere. But no one followed him and nothing came of it—that is, nothing of an unpleasant nature.

I say no one followed him, but I mistake. His mortification became my opportunity. I went out at once and tracked his footsteps. He went to the banks of a narrow but deep stream which ran through the place, and upon whose banks he and I had often fished together in our boyish days before paved streets and warehouses had usurped the place of the velvety sward which had then swept down to the water's edge. I saw that self-destruction was in his thoughts, and that it was time for me to interfere, or it would be too late. So I took him by the arm and said:

"Hallo Walt, old fellow! What's in the wind now? Don't you think you'd better go home to Letty and the children?"

"Who are you?" he asked, in a dazed sort of way, "and what do you know about Letty?"

"I am Fred Churchill, your old chum, and I want to have a chat with you about the good times we used to have together. Come, where shall we go? How is Letty?"

I had assumed a careless, off-hand way which jarred strangely with the excitement which thrilled through my frame. By that means I hoped to reassert the feeling of good fellowship which had formerly existed between us, and to draw Walter out of the despairing mood which had taken possession of his soul.

He shivered at Letty's name, and shrank down at my feet, glaring at me with horrified eyes.

"My God, Fred, Letty is starving! and I have brought her to it! It is all my fault, for she is an angel of goodness. Never a word out of her lips throughout my neglect and ill-treatment. Kill me, Fred, and take an unworthy, sinful reprobate out of the world!"

"Don't be a coward, Walt," I said, quietly; "it is better to live and turn from your bad habits. If you promise to try I'll give you a helping hand. I am rich, and can set you on your feet if you'll only behave yourself. But first let us get something for you to take home to your family. Tomorrow I will come to you, and we'll talk over a plan I have in my mind."

"Fred," said Walter, brokenly, "you're a noble fellow. Don't you think I know that you were sweet on Letty once yourself? And if you had come to the front I wouldn't have had a chance. But you were always an unselfish fellow, and I—I was always apt to think most of No. 1. But I'll do differently in the future. I have seen myself tonight in my true colors. I am a hound, a dog! Aye, a dog would suffer by the comparison!"

Walter's repentance was genuine. At the present day he is once more a man among men. A drop of intoxicating fluid has never passed his lips since that night, neither has he touched a pack of cards. I kept my promise and helped him through.

Letty is as happy as a devoted, steady husband and a band of interesting children can make her loving heart.

And I am a welcome guest at her home. My appearance there is a signal for a burst of delight from the children, who call me "Uncle;" and no real uncle ever loved his nephews and nieces more fondly than does Fred Churchill love those bright-faced little ones.

POSIED PITFALLS.

O the garden of girls, now, it fairly runs over
With Blossoms, with Violets, Lilies and Roses,
With its Hyacinths, Mignonettes, Fuschias and Myrtles,
Its Daisies and Pansies and all sorts of Posies!

And I'm fain to confess—there's no use denying
Plain facts—that these sweet-sounding flower names are pretty;
Yet, in face of the future, I cannot help viewing
The girls they're tacked on to with something like pity.

Tho' I love the dear Daisies, I never behold one—
In the flesh—without fear, as I think how Time passes;
For their fresh, fair young faces but conjure up visions
Of garrulous, gray-headed Daisies with glasses.

You may say yonder shrinking, shy, azure-eyed beauty
Bears the right to her name, 'neath those long drooping lashes;
But the thought of a Violet, fair, fat and forty,
And a yard 'round the waist, through my scared fancy flashes.

There's that pretty, poetic young person just passing!
To say that she's properly named now is easy;
For today she's sixteen. But, O can you imagine
A Pansy that's palsied, asthmatic and wheezy?

And, tho' fair as her namesake, as white and as stately,
The sight of that other young creature, it touches
Me almost to tears, as I picture a Lily
Grown jaundiced and jaded and going on crutches!

O what's more like a Rose than a young girl just budding
To womanhood? Prithee, tho', would it e'er strike one
That a shrivelled and shrunken old woman of eighty
Or ninety was—honest, now!—very much like one?

Then, tho' now she's a soft little rosy pink blossom,
Fond parents, bethink you, when naming the baby,
How the name you like best would suit Somebody's Grandma,
Since—if Baby should live—that is just what she may be!

M. N. B.

A Spectre Deer.

[Griffin Call.]

The mountain people on Walden's Ridge, within 15 miles of Chattanooga, are convinced that a spectre deer protects the living ones. There are still a large number of deer to be found on the mountains, and parties frequently go from the city on hunting expeditions. They seldom fail to get within sight of the game, but very frequently return without any. The reason for this is explained by one of the natives of the ridge in a most singular way. "I know," he said, "that there is a spectre deer on the mountain. I have seen it, and so have a great many other people. Now, I can hit a top of a cap-box at 100 yards, and I never missed a deer in my life when it was an actual flesh and blood deer. But often, when I go hunting, I jump half a dozen deer at a time; one of them will stop within a few feet, with its side to me. I shoot at it, and it never moves, and I load and fire again. Then I know that it is the spectre deer, and there is no use in my hunting any more that day; I would never see another deer."

Nothing but Dynamite Will Do It.

[Harper's Bazar.]

"I wonder what those sledge-hammers and saws are for?" remarked Mrs. Meddergrass to her husband, pointing to the framed assortment of tools in the forward end of the car.

"They are to break up the sandwiches the train boy sells," replied Meddergrass, who had travelled.

But the Other Boys Won't Elect Him.

[Lawrence American.]

The boy who can bring himself to believe that the pants his mother makes for him out of an old pair of his father's look as well as though a custom tailor had modelled them is worthy of being secretary of state some day.

DANGERS OF FREE COINAGE

Secretary Windom on His Own Silver Bill.

It Only Reserves the Power to Save the Nation's Credit.

Premium on Gold Will be the Signal for Financial Disgrace.

WASHINGTON, April 20.—Secretary Windom tonight gave out the following from a letter addressed by him to a Western correspondent, in answer to comments and inquiries upon the present status of the silver question:

The bill recommended by the treasury was framed mainly for two purposes: First, to meet the demand for an increase of circulation, and, second, to enhance the value of silver by providing for it an additional and safe use as money. It offers an annual increase of from $50,000,000 to $60,000,000; it gives the amplest guarantees against degradation of the American dollar. But to those who would inflate the currency by injecting into it a large volume of money without adequate safeguards against depreciation it offers no comfort whatever.

It is proposed to absorb all the silver produced by the mines and reduction works of the United States, thereby withdrawing from the market nearly one-half of the entire silver product of the world.

The Senate committee insists that the government shall be compelled to purchase $4,500,000 worth of silver in each month, making $54,000,000 a year, which, with the amount needed for the arts and for our trade with China, will exceed our own production by about $10,000,000 per annum.

In the event of an unfavorable balance of trade we shall be compelled to export $10,000,000 of gold, which we will then sorely need, to pay for $10,000,000 of silver, which we will not need at all.

For all these unparalleled concessions to the silver interests what is demanded in return? Only the privilege of protecting the honor and credit of the nation by a grant of power to redeem its notes in either gold or its equivalent of silver bullion.

Notes must be paid in the best lawful money if demanded, if in accordance with the high rule of honor which this government has thus far maintained, and by which it has established a credit the pride and boast of our people.

If the balance of trade shall turn against us, or if distrust shall arise as to our ability to pay in gold, as it surely will under such a provision of law, or if for any other reason we shall be unable to redeem in gold when demanded, the government will be compelled to discriminate against silver dollars, when gold will at once command a premium, and this nation will step down from its present proud position, and take its place on the financial basis of China, India and South America.

I know of but two ways by which the proposed issues of treasury notes can be anchored to the recognized values of the commercial world. One is the bullion redemption feature provided in the treasury bill, and the other is authority to sell bonds in order to provide a reserve fund to meet the constantly increasing volume of proposed treasury notes.

The latter I believe to be both unnecessary and unjustifiable. The former I believe to be entirely practicable and safe. Even with this safeguard, the extraordinary concessions above mentioned approach as near to the "dangerous edge of peril" as prudence will dare to tread.

Rather than go one step further in that direction, I firmly believe that it would be far better to have no legislation on the subject.

DETECTING A THIEF.

An Arab Chief's Clever Ruse—Native Hatred of a Hat.

Not long ago I had occasion to penetrate well into the northern part of Mesopotamia. One morning when I arose I found that a leather purse, containing some £34, had been taken from my saddle bags during the night.

I at once spoke to the leader of the large caravan with which I was travelling. He was an old Arab chief who had seen far better days, but, owing to war and famine had been driven into the caravan business, which, by the way, is often profitable.

He was not at all excited by my tale, and when I had done quietly said, "The effendi shall soon have his money again."

My reply was, "And then you shall have your present."

"Inshallah" (God be praised), was his reply, and we separated.

In about half an hour he called all the men of our train together, and made them sit down on the ground before him in a row. He himself was perched upon a bale of goods with his feet tucked up under him, and really looked patriarchal with his long white flowing beard.

He explained to the men the nature of the theft, and then added: "I have no idea who has taken the chelebi's money; only the thief and Allah know that; but as the American effendi is under my care upon this journey I am bound to protect him. It is a shame to me and against my honor that he should meet with this loss from your hands. The thief must be discovered and severely punished. Now, I propose to leave the question to the thief and Allah to settle. My white donkey (he rode a large white donkey which is greatly prized in this country) is now tied alone in my tent yonder. That donkey is a direct descendant from the one upon which Mahomet rode when he fled from Mecca to Medina in the year of the Hegira. He has wonderful wisdom. Allah is with him. He hates sin and sinners. The holy prophet often speaks to him.

"Now, I command each one of you, one at a time, and entirely alone, to go to my tent where that donkey is tied, close the door so no one can see in, and then pull the donkey's tail. When a man who is not guilty does this, all will be silent and well; when the thief touches him he will kick and bray. The effendi will make ready to mete out the proper punishment. That is all. It is spoken. Let the man nearest the tent go first, and the others follow in the same order, one by one. Silence!"

The first man went. The deep stillness was broken only by the heavy breathing of the 26 men who sat in that solemn row.

No. 1 returned to his seat, and No. 2 followed; then another, and another, and another, and yet not a sound from the tent or the donkey.

I began to feel anxious. I had some money up on that game. I watched the old judge. He seemed as calm and undisturbed as the donkey in the tent seemed to be. There was not a trace of anxiety upon his face.

There were only two men left. Then one. I held my breath, for I knew that now we must hear a rumpus. But no; he came out and took his seat again, and all eyes were turned upon the old man.

I had expected that in some way the old fellow would find my money; but he not only had failed, but had put himself and me in a most ridiculous position before the caravan. Our influence would certainly be injured by this act. I was chagrined and angered, and rose up to go.

The old man, as calm as a hojah, motioned me to be seated. I sullenly obeyed. He then, in a firm voice, told the men to stand, each one holding his hands open before him together with the palms up. They mechanically did as he ordered, in mute astonishment; and I must confess that I could not make out at all what he was up to.

He arose, and, beginning at the left end of the row, held his face for a couple of seconds in the upturned palms of the first man. The operation he calmly repeated with the second and third.

When he came to the 16th man he suddenly lifted his face from the hands, clutched the fellow by the shoulders and pushed him out of the line.

"Thief! dog!" said he, in a voice full of thunder, "Where have you put the foreign effendi's money? Bring it at once, or I will break your vile head and water the sands with your blood."

He gave the trembling man his liberty, and in less than one minute I had my purse that was lost.

I was confounded. Although I had closely watched every move, I was yet unable to understand how the old sheik had discovered the thief. The next day, as we rode along, I asked him to explain to me the process of the revelation. He said: "I prepared the donkey for the trial by soaking his tail for a few moments in the tea of an herb that grows in abundance about here. It has a tenacious though not strong odor."

I saw through it all. Of course the thief did not pull the tail and all the rest did; and by smelling of the hands he knew who was afraid of the donkey's kick and bray.

I leave it to my readers to judge whether the old man did not have a pretty good working knowledge of human nature.

While everybody here, high and low, fears the hat, all hate it. One day the son of a rich bey who rules over a large territory as a feudal lord, met me upon the road, and, in a rather off-hand manner, knocked off my helmet. He was an ambitious young man, and wished to do a daring deed in the presence of his few companions.

At first I started to shoot him, and partly drew my revolver; but, upon second thought, I put it back into its place and drew my note book upon him.

As strange as it may seem, the note book scared him the more. As I wrote, casting frequent glances at the culprit, he began to look decidedly frightened. I found out who he was and where his father lived, but I kept him under fire of the pencil for several minutes.

We turned out of our way, and in an hour were at the father's village. I rode up to his gate and he came out and invited us in most cordially. I told him that his son had insulted me, and until recompense was fully made I would accept of none of his hospitality; and furthermore I shall be compelled to send the young man to Constantinople in chains. I explained the nature of the offence, and the old man declared it to be grave indeed, and said he was ready to pay me any sum I might name as satisfactory. I told him that I did not desire money (the old man's face brightened), but that the one who insulted me must come, in the presence of those who saw the insult, and beg my pardon. Messengers were sent out, and within two hours it was reported that the young man was ready.

I sat upon the raised seat at the upper end of the room with my hat on; at my right and left were my servants and attendants and below them the companions of the other party. He came in decidedly humble and upon his knees begged my pardon. I was royally entertained there that night and the young man himself escorted me out two hours the next morning, for which he received a good present.

As we were passing a village in the interior I overheard an old woman explain to some brides: "That man is an infidel and is afraid of God. He wears that great thing upon his head so that God cannot see him."

Mardin, Turkey, March 6, 1890. P. U.

A DARING FEAT;

OR,

THE PLUNGE FOR LIFE.

The most dangerous feat I ever attempted was to descend with a parachute from a tight rope stretched across a canyon. I had been engaged by a hotel keeper to perform in order to draw a crowd. I felt a little nervous when I saw such an audience.

When the parachute was in readiness a deathlike hush fell over every one present—a hush that could but affect the most insensible. While I examined the machine to see that everything was in perfect order, I sang a comic song to keep myself from thinking. Then I crossed one leg over the perch and plunged into the air.

Shall I ever forget the sensation? I'm used to sensation of this kind, too. If I had been a novice, the way in which I shot through the air would have frightened me so much that I should have lost my hold on the machine at once; but, as it was, I clung all the tighter.

The parachute did not seem to offer a particle of resistance to gravitation. I went down, down, down like a stone. My head seemed to fly off my shoulders. The air whizzed and fluttered terribly, the horn sent forth the shrieks of a maniac. I believe I was never more confused in my life. It seemed as though I should never stop. If I continued on at this rate I should certainly go down into the earth at least 10 feet.

I felt that my time had come. Then, when I had given up all hope of a change, the parachute commenced to dive and dart, and I knew that it had commenced to feel the power of resistance. With every dive the speed slackened, and finally I came to a stop that almost jerked me from my perch.

The machine righted and I commenced to float on the current I had noted the day before. I felt myself slowly descending, and had time to take breath and look below me.

I was surely and slowly drifting over to a clump of trees that would prove anything but a safe place on which to alight. I kicked my legs loose in the hope of directing the parachute northward to a slope of green grass.

But the current had it at its mercy. If I should come down gently among the branches of a tree I might escape with a few scratches, but if I struck it heavily I was sure of death.

Suddenly I became aware of a collision, and a number of shrieks that came from a woman. The air seemed full of pins and needles, which penetrated even my eyes. I caught a glimpse of a dainty foot, and have an indistinct memory of hearing somebody calling John and Maria. Then I felt a warm arm about my neck and the firm grasp of a man's hand. Then I think I fell asleep.

When my mind became alive to what was going on about me I looked around, but could see nothing.

"Are you awake?" asked a fine, sweet voice that was very welcome to my thirsty ears.

"Yes. Why is it so dark here?"

"You can't see me?"

"Not a bit of you. And my eyes feel as large as a couple of oranges. Where's my parachute? How did I come here?"

"You fell," she said, with a pretty little laugh.

"Did I? I thought I rode here on the points of 10,000 needles."

"Worse than needles. You fell into a hornets' nest."

"Oh, I did." I felt my hands, which were as large as any two hands ought to be. "How long must I lie in bed?"

"Until you are able to get up, I suppose," with another little laugh.

"Oh, you think it funny, I suppose?"

"Indeed I do not! Don't you know you nearly lost your life?"

The owner of the sweet voice told me that all her people had gone out to look at my parachute descent, and that after I had fallen into the tree and the hornets' nest she and her father carried me to their house in an insensible condition. Hundreds of people had come down to the valley to learn my fate, the hotel man among the number. He said he would pay all my bills, and sent down the best physician in the city. My feat was considered something wonderful, and my escape marvellous.

In five days my eyes were open, and I saw the owner of the soft hand—the hand that had nursed me through my days of blindness and so gently applied lotions to my face. I was very much in love with that soft hand, and when I saw the sweet face that accompanied it I was a lost bachelor.

I have given up rope walking and all such dangerous feats. My wife won't allow me to risk my valuable life. Yes, she calls it valuable, so you see I must have turned over a new leaf.

GENEROSITY.

[Puck.]



Young Johnnie has a sister small,
He loves with all his heart;
For, when he does not get it all,
He goes and takes her part.

Death of Deacon Jacob Estey.

BRATTLEBORO, Vt., April 15.—Deacon Jacob Estey, founder of the Estey Organ Company and senior member of the firm, died suddenly this morning of heart clot. He was taken ill in his office at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, and though his symptoms were not alarming until late in the evening he gradually grew worse until 2.45 this morning, when he died.

He was born in Hinsdale, N. H., Sept. 30, 1814, being one of a family of eight children, four of whom survive him. He began business here in the plumbing trade in 1835, continuing 20 years, when he began the manufacture of melodeons with seven or eight hands. Finally he began the manufacture of cottage organs, which industry, together with its various branches, has grown to be probably the largest musical establishment in the world.

Mr. Estey served in both branches of the Legislature and came within a few votes, in 1876, of being nominated for governor.

The business interests will be continued by his partners, Col. L. K. Fuller and Julius J. Estey. The funeral will be held in the Baptist church Friday afternoon.

Sun and the Whitewash Man.

[Pittsburg Gazette.]

Solar rays contain a peculiar energy at this season of the year. As long as the weather is cloudy and chill the difference is not perceptible, but let the sun come out clear and bright for a few hours and you will see windows going up in all directions, rags dangling in the air and turbaned heads bobbing here and there.

The whitewash man appears as if by magic, with bucket and brush in hand. He instinctively seeks the house upon which the sun shines brightest. He lingers under the window for a while, and then a sort of Romeo and Juliet confab takes place.

"How much will you do the cellar for?" asks the turbaned head.

"Under de hull house?" he asks.

"Yes, but it is not very high."

"It's wuf a dollah an' a half."

"I won't give it."

"I was jes gwine fur to say dat bein' it's you, missus, I'd du it fur a dollah."

"Won't give you but 50 cents."

"Yes'm. How do you git in?"

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

That is the question. You can make some money—more than you have any idea of—by getting subscribers to The Weekly Globe. It gives the largest commission ever paid on a dollar weekly. Send for new rates.

CHECKERS.

EDWIN A. DURGIN................Editor

BOSTON, April 26, 1890.

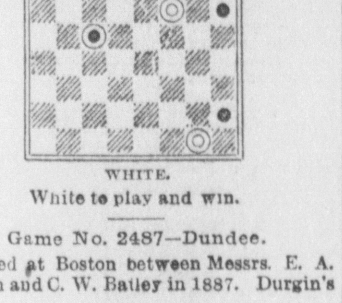
All communications intended for this department must be addressed to Edwin A. Durgin, lock drawer 5220, Boston, Mass.

The Boston Chess and Checker Club, 691 Washington street. Open evenings. All are welcome.

Position No. 1505.

By Messrs. Zononi and Smith, Cincinnati, O. Selected.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

Game No. 2487—Dundee.

Played at Boston between Messrs. E. A. Durgin and C. W. Bailey in 1887. Durgin's move.

12..16	9..18	16..19	27..23	23..27
24..20	22..15	29..25	4..8	30..25
8..12	4..8	19..23	20..24	31..26
28..24	32..28	25..22	8..11	25..21
3..8	5..9	23..27	24..27	26..22
24..19	25..22	28..24	11..7	6..2
11..15	2..7	27..31	10..15	27..31
20..11	22..18	24..20	7..10	A-2..7
15..24	7..11	31..27	15..19	31..26
27..20	21..17	15..10	22..17	7..11
7..16	12..16	6..15	23..18	18..14
20..11	17..14	13..6	17..13	10..17
8..15	10..17	1..10	26..30	22..13
23..18	26..23	20..16	13..9	11..15
15..19	19..26	11..20	19..23	26 23
18..14	31..13	18..4	9..6	B.wins.

A—Loses.

Checker News.

Mr. McLaughlin of Scarboro, Me., has been a visitor at the rooms for the past week, and succeeded in making many of the boys dance to some very lively music.

The last two Saturday team matches were as interesting and well contested as any yet played. On the 19th, the following were the teams and scores:

Barker	3	Parrow	1	Drawn	0
Grover	2	Bailey	0	Drawn	2
Dear	0	Irwin	4	Drawn	0
Holmes	0	Oak	1	Drawn	3
M'Laugh'n	3	Briggs	0	Drawn	1
Wallace	0	Kelly	3	Drawn	1
Puffs	2	Rose	0	Drawn	2
Dakin	1	Potter	2	Drawn	1
Totals	11		11		10

THE BOSTON STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations................3 P. M.

LAND STOCKS.	April 19 Bid.	April 19 Asked.	April 21 Bid.	April 21 Asked.
Anniston City	59	61	59	61
Aspinwall	7½	8⅛	7½	8
Boothbay	.25	—	.25	.65
Boston	6½	—	6½	—
Boston W Power	6½	6¾	6⅞	7
Boylston	—	3½	—	3½
Brookline	4⅝	—	4⅝	5
Campobello	1¼	—	1¼	—
Cutler	1¼	1½	1¼	1⅝
East Boston	3⅞	4	4	4⅛
Frenchm'n's B'y	5⅛	5⅜	5¼	5⅜
Lamoine	.50	—	—	.50
Lenox	4	—	4	—
Maverick	2	—	2	2¼
Newport	2¾	2⅞	2¾	3
Petit Menan	2⅜	2⅝	2⅜	2⅝
Payson	1	—	1	—
Penobscot Bay	—	1½	—	1¾
San Diego	24	25	24½	25
Sullivan Harbor	1¼	1½	1¼	1½
Swampscott	2¾	3½	2¾	2½
Topeka	2⅝	—	2⅝	—
West End	24¾	25⅛	24¾	25
Winter Harbor	.50	—	.60	—
Winthrop	—	1⅝	—	1¾
Wollaston	.75	—	.75	—
RAILROAD STOCKS.				
Atch, Top & S F	38⅜	38½	38¾	39
Atlantic & Pac.	6¾	7	6⅞	7
Boston & Alb.	217½	—	—	217
Boston & Lowell	—	175	174½	175
Boston & Maine	232	234	228	230
Boston & Prov*	—	259	—	259
Boston, R B & L	150	—	150½	154
Cal Southern	—	18	—	18
Central Mass	17¼	18	17¼	18
Cent'al Mass pf.	37	37½	36¼	37
Chi, Bur & Nor.	—	—	40	—
Chi & W Mich.	40	40¼	39	—
Chi, Bur & Q	105¾	106	106⅛	106⅜
Cin, San & Clev.	—	26½	25	26
Clev & Can pref	23	—	22½	23
Col, Spr & Ind.	—	—	15	—
Conn River	—	—	—	224
Conn & Pass	—	119¾	—	119½
Eastern	168½	169	166½	166¾
Eastern pref	—	150	149½	150
Fitchburg pref.	90½	91	90½	—
Flint & P Marq.	—	33¾	34½	35
Flint & P M pf.	99	—	99¼	—
K C, F S & Gulf	135	—	135	—
K C, M & Bir.	—	—	45½	—
Louisv & Evans	—	—	23	25
Louisv & Ev prf	52	52¾	53⅞	—
Maine Central	—	—	154	—
Mexican Cen.	20⅞	21	21	21¼
N Y & N Eng.	47	47¼	47½	47¾
NY & N E pref*	114½	116	115	116
Norwich & Wor	—	—	170	—
Og & L Cham.	—	—	—	10
Old Colony	—	—	—	177½
Oregon S Line.	46⅞	47¼	47	47½
Port, Saco & P.	—	—	130	—
Rutland	—	—	—	9½
Rutland pref.	—	75	—	72
Summit Branch	—	7	6½	—
Union Pacific.	63⅞	64⅛	64	64¼
West End com.	81	82	—	82
West End pref.	85¾	86	85⅞	86
Wisconsin Cen.	29	29½	29¾	30
Wis Cen pref.	59	61	59	—
Worc, N & Roch	—	—	124	—
MINING STOCKS.				
Allouez	3½	4	3¾	4
Atlantic	15¼	15½	15	—
Bonanza	.80	.90	—	.80
Boston & Mont*	48¼	48½	47¾	48
Butte & Boston.	14¼	14½	14½	14¾
Calumet & Hec*	268	270	—	268
Catalpa	—	.25	—	.25
Centennial	23½	24	23½	—
Dunkin	.50	—	.50	—
Franklin	—	16	—	15⅞
Huron	3¼	3½	3¼	3½
Kearsarge	12	12½	11⅞	12
Mesnard	.55	.60	.60	—
Napa	—	5⅛	—	5⅛
National	2¼	2¾	2	2½
Osceola	29	29¼	29½	29¾
Pewabic	—	9	—	9
Pontiac	.30	—	.30	—
Quincy	91	92	85	90
Santa Fe	.57	.57½	.55	.57½
Tamarack	167½	168	159	160
BONDS.				
Atchison 4s	84	84¼	84¼	84½
Atchison inc	60⅝	60⅞	60¾	60⅞
Mexic'n Cen 4s	72¾	72⅞	72½	72⅝
Mex C 1st inc 3s	38¾	39	38¾	40
Mexi'cn Ce inc.	26½	27	26¼	26½
Wis Cen 1st 5s.	98½	99	—	98¾
Wis Cen inc	58½	59½	—	59
TELEPHONE STOCKS.				
American Bell.	215½	216	218	219
Erie	40	41	40½	41
Mexican	.99	1	.95	1
New England.	49¾	—	49½	—
Tropical	.80	.85	.80	.85
MISCELLANEOUS.				
Eastman Car H	2¼	2½	2¼	2½
Edison Ph Doll	—	7	6	6¼
Lamson St Ser.	31¼	31½	31½	31⅝
Pullm'nPal Car	189	191	189	191
Reece Button H	21	—	—	—
Sioux C'y SY'd*	140	—	140	—
UNLISTED STOCKS.				
Am Cotton Oil.	—	—	27⅛	27⅜
Am Pneu Tool.	—	4⅛	—	4⅛
Bay State Gas.	—	25	24¾	26
Chi, Bos& Liver	—	—	108	—
Europ'n Weld'g	119	120	119	120
Fort Wayne El	14¼	14½	14¼	14½
Illinois Steel	—	90	88	90
Mt Desert & E S	.60	.70	.65	.70
Nat Lead Trust.	18⅜	18⅝	18⅝	18⅞
Sugar Trust	68⅞	69	68¾	68⅞
Th-Hous Elec.	56	57	56	57
Th-Hous El pref	25⅝	26	25¾	26
Th-Welding	—	245	—	245
West'ghouse El	42½	44	42½	44
Winnisimet	25	26½	25	26½

*Ex-dividend.

Women Always Return Umbrellas.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

"Did you ever know a woman to fail to return a borrowed umbrella?" asked a dealer in these articles, addressing a reporter.

"I can't say I ever did."

"Nobody else ever did," said the dealer, emphatically. "I have been a long time in the business of selling them, and I have made a special study of women in connection with the borrowed umbrella phase of social ethics, and I have yet to learn of a case in which she has abused the confidence reposed in her when she was lent an umbrella to protect herself in a sudden shower. She either returns it in person or sends it with verbal or a pretty note of thanks at the first opportunity. When a man comes in here to buy an umbrella, and I get chatting with him, I ask the question:

"Did you ever lend a woman an umbrella?"

"Yes."

"Did she ever return it?"

"Yes."

"Then I go to a book I keep for this purpose and I make an entry in this form: 'Interrogated another today (entering the date.) Answer: Lent and returned promptly.' Here is the book."

And the dealer showed to the reporter a book with many pages of entries in the form given, covering a number of years.

"No, sir," repeated the dealer, with strong emphasis, as the reporter took his leave, "a woman never fails to return an umbrella."

Hard on the Doctors.

[Eugene Field's London Letter.]

There are two stories that are told at the Savage Club: doctor is sent for to attend sick woman: on his arrival finds woman dead. "Why was I not summoned sooner?" doctor asks angrily. "We did think of it," explains the bereaved husband, "but we concluded that it would be cheaper to let 'er die a natural death."

On another occasion doctor arrives too late. Husband explains: "You see, doctor," says husband, "when she complained of fee in' bad, I gave her the pill you prescribed for me a year ago but which I didn't take. It's hawful, I know, but just think wot would 'ave 'appened if I'd 'ave taken it."

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, April 21.

BUTTER.—There have been very heavy receipts of butter the past week, but owing to a sharp demand the market has been firm and stocks were pretty well cleaned up on choice fresh-made grades. There is a fair business in imitation creamery and ladle goods.

We quote: Creamery, Northern, extra, 20@21c ₩ lb; do, Western, extra, ..@20c; do, extra 1st, 18@19c; do, 1st, 15@17c; Franklin Co., Mass., extra creamery, box, 20@21; do, Dairy, extra, ..@19; Vermont Dairy, extra, 18@19; do, N. Y., extra, 17@18; N. Y. & Vt. extra 1st, 15@16c; do do 1st, 12@14c; Western dairy, extra 1st, ..@13; do, 1st, 11@12; Western imitation creamery, extra, 15@16; do, ladle-packed, extra 1st, ..@14; do, 1st, 10@12. Trunk butter, ¼ lb or ½ lb prints, extra, 20@22; extra 1st, 18@19c ₩ lb.

Oleomargarine—No. Four: 10, 13c ₩ lb; 20, 12½c; 30, 12½c; 50, 12c. Fort Washington: 10, 14c ₩ lb; 20, 13½c; 30, 13½c; 50, 13½. Prints 14c ₩ lb.

CHEESE.—The market shows no special change from last week, being dull and easy with prices unchanged. There is a steady demand for the choice grades, but others are quiet.

We quote: New Cheese—New York extra, ₩ lb, 11½@..; do 1st, 10@11c; do, 2ds, 7@9c; Vermont extra, 11¼@11½c; do, 1st, 10@11c; do, 2ds, 7@9c; part skims, 4@7c; Skims, 2@3c; Ohio extra, 10½c; Ohio 1sts, 9@10c.

Liverpool quotations, white, 54s.

EGGS.—The market is a shade firmer and prices have advanced about ½c per dozen. There has been a good steady demand during the week, which kept the large receipts well cleaned up.

We quote: Eastern extra, 13½@14c; do, first, 13c; Vermont and New Hampshire extra, 13½c; Michigan, extra, 13@13½c; Western, firsts, 13@..c; Canadian 1st, 12½c@13. ₩ doz.

BEANS.—The market for beans has improved materially the past week and quotations are about 10c higher all around. Receipts are rather light and the demand better than for some time past. Yellow Eyes and Red Kidneys are in moderate supply. Pea and Marrow are in good request at our quotations.

Quotations: Pea, choice Northern hand-picked, $2.00@2.10 ₩ bush; do, New York, hand-picked, small, $1.95@2.00 ₩ bush; do marrow, $1.85@1.90 ₩ bush; do, screened, $1.65@1.75; do 2ds, $1.55@1.65; Medium choice, hand-picked, $1.85@1.90; do, screened, $1.60@1.70; Yellow Eyes, extra, $2.95@3.00; do, 2ds, $2.50@2.75; Red Kidneys, $3.5 @4.00.

DOMESTIC FRUITS.—There is no decided change in this market and our quotations remain the same as last week.

We quote: Apples, cooking, $3.50@4.00 ₩ bbl.; Eating apples, $4.00@5.00; Evaporated apple, fair to good, 8@10c; do, fancy, 11@13c; sundried, sliced and quartered, 5@6.

Grapes—Catawba, 5-lb basket, 40@50c.

Cranberries, Cape Cod, ₩ barrel, $14.00@16.00; do, ₩ crate, $4.50@5.00.

Strawberries, 50@60c ₩ qt.

VEGETABLES.—There has been a good, steady demand for potatoes, and as the receipts were rather light stocks are considerably reduced. Truck is fairly active.

We quote: Potatoes—Native, $2.25@2.75; Western, bulk, ..@..; do Eastern, 75@$1. Scotch—Magnus, $1.90@2.00.

Sweet potatoes—Jersey Double heads, $3.75@4.00. Lettuce ₩ doz., 50@75c. Cabbage, ₩ barrel, $....@2.50. Radish, ₩ doz, 50@75c. Onions—Native, ₩ bbl., $5.50@6.00; do, Western, $4.00@4.50. Squash, Marrow, $2.50@3.00 ₩ bbl; Hubbard, $3.00@3.50. Turnips—Russia, ₩ bbl, $1.50. Spinach, $1.50@2.00 ₩ bbl. Asparagus, $4.00@5.00 ₩ doz.

HAY AND STRAW—The receipts of hay continue moderate and stocks are being steadily reduced. The market is firmer and there is a good demand for choice pressed hay. Rye straw is steady and the supply is small.

We quote: Fancy, $15.00@17.00; Choice, $..@..; do, fair to good, 14.00@15.00 Fine, $10.00@13.00; Swale, $9.00@9.50; Poor to ordinary, $9.00@12.00. Rye straw, $18.00@19.00; do do Machine, $9.00@10.00. Oat straw, $7.00@7.50 ₩ ton.

Groceries.

COFFEE.—The coffee quotations are as follows: Java Pad'gs, pale, ..@..c; do do, medium brown, 25¼@25¾c; do do fancy brown, ..@26½c; do Timor, 24@24½c; do Malang, 23c; do Tagals, ..@23¾c; do Ankola, 26½@27c; do Holland bags, 23½@24c; Mandhelings and Ayer Bangies, 27@27½c; Mocha, 25@25¼c; Rios, prime, 21½c; do fair, ..@20½c; do ordinary, 19⅜c; low ordinary, 18¾c; Maracaibo, 20@23½c; Lagnayra, 21c; Costa Rica, 22½c; Jamaica, 20¼@22c; Guatemala, 22@24c; Mexican, 23½@24½c; Hayti, 22@23c; Manila, 23½c.

FRUITS AND NUTS—The green fruit market is quite active and prices are firm. Oranges are in good steady demand and lemons are also firm. Dried fruits are moving well.

Quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, $2.50@2.85; Muscatel, new, $1.80; Sultana, 12@16. Eleme, 6½; Valencia, new, 7½@8; do, Ondara, 10@11. Currants, $6.50@8.00. Citron, Leghorn, 18@20. Dates—Persian, new, 5@6½; do, fard, new, 7@9. Figs, layers, 11@25; do, keg, 5@7. Prunes, French, case, 6@12; do, Turk, new, ..@4½; do, bag, 3¼@3½. Lemons, Messina, $4.50@5.00; do Palermo, $3.00@4.50. Oranges—Florida, $3.00@5.00; Palermo, $3.00@4.00. Bananas—Baracoa, yellow, $1.00@1.15; do Red, 75@85c; Port Limon, $1.50@1.75; Jamaica, No. 1, $1.50; 8 hands, $1.10; No. 2, 75c. Walnuts, 15@16c; Castinas, 9@11c; Pecans, 10@15c; Filberts, 9@11; Almonds, 15@16; Peanuts, hand-picked, 8@8½; do, Fms, 5½@6c.

SUGAR.—The market for refined sugar is firm and improved over last week.

We quote: Cut-loaf, 7½c; crushed, 7½c; pulverized, 7c; cubes, 6⅝c; powdered, 6½c; granulated, 6 3-16@6 5-16c; Confectioners' A, 6 1-16c; Standard A, 5¼c; Extra C, 5 13-16c; C, 5@5⅛c; Yellow, 5 3-16@5 7-16c.

Flour and Grain.

FLOUR.—Following are the current prices for carload lots of flour:

Fine Flour, $2.60@2.85; Superfine, $2.85@3.35; Common extras, $3.30@4.00; Choice extras, $4.35@4.85; Minnesota bakers, $3.95@4.35; patents, $....@....; Michigan roller, $4.60@4.80; New York roller, $4.50@4.80; Ohio and Indiana, $4.60@4.85; do, do, strai't, $4.80@5.20; do, do, patent, $5.00@5.20; St Louis and Ill, clear, $4.75@4.85; do, do, straight, $4.80@5.00; do, do, patent, $5.10@5.30; Spring wheat patents, $5.25@5.75 ₩ bbl.

CORN—We quote: High mixed, 46½@47 ₩ bush; Steamer yellow, 46½c ₩ bush; Steamer mixed, 45½c ₩ bush; ordinary, 44@45c ₩ bush.

OATS—No. 1 and Fancy, clipped, 38½c ₩ bush; standard, do, 37½c; No. 2, do, 36½c; No. 3, do, 35½@....c ₩ bush; rejected white, 34c ₩ bush; No. 2 mixed, 33@34c; rejected mixed, ..@32c ₩ bush.

Fish.

FISH—Following are the current prices for the week past:

Mackerel—Extra Bloaters, mess, $29.00@30.00; No 1, do do, $25.00@26.00; No 1, shore, $23.00; No. 1 Bay, $22.00; No. 2 Bay, $21.00; No. 2 medium, $20.00; No. 3, ordinary, $19.00; No. 3, medium, $18.00@18.50; No. 3 large, $19.00@19.50; No. 2, large, $21.00@22.00; No. 1, $23.00@25.00.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $5.50@5.75; do, do, medium, $4.75@5.00; do. N. S. Shore, $....@....; Pickled Bank, $4.88@5.00; Georges, $6.25@6.50; Shore, $5.25@5.50; Hake, $2.50@2.75; Haddock, $3.25@3.50; Pollock, pickled, $2.50@2.75; do, slack salted, $3.25@3.50. Boneless Hake, 4@4½c ₩ lb; Boneless Haddock, 4½@4¾c; boneless Cod, 6@7.

Herring—Nova Scotia splits, large, $6.50@6.75; do medium, $4.50@5.00; Labrador, $5.25@5.75; Round Shore, large, $3.50@3.75.

Miscellaneous.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, native packer, 6½@7½; New England steers, green, 5@5½; do, cow, 3@3½c; do, do, bulls, 2¾@3; Salted steers, 6½@7; do, cows, ..@5½; bulls, 4½@4¾. Calfskins—deacons, 25@40c; 5@7 lbs, ..@65; 7@9 lbs, ..@75c; 9@12 lbs, 85@90c; Texas, dry-salted, 7@8; Tex flint rough, 9@..; Texas kips, 9@..; Buenos Ayres, 9@9½; Rio Grande, 9½@11; Montevideo, ..@13½; Cordova, 13½; Rio Grande kips, 9½@11; Sierra Leone, 11; Bissao & Gambia, 9@10; Zanzibar hides, 9@..; Tamative, 8@8½; Dry Chinas, 10½@12.

SEEDS.—We quote as follows: Clover, West, 7@7½c ₩ lb; do, North, 7¼@7¾; do, white, 14½@18; do, Alsike, 10½@12; do, Lucerne, ..@17; Red Top, West, ₩ sack, $1.60@1.75; do, Jersey, $2.20@2.35; R. I., bent, $1.85@1.90; Hungarian, 70@85c; Gold Millet, 90@$1.25; common Millet, 65@80c; Orchard, ₩ bush $1.25@1.40; Blue Grass, $1.25@1.30 ₩ bush; Timothy, West, $1.55@1.65 ₩ bush; do, North, $1.70@1.85 ₩ bush; American flaxseed, $2.00@2.25.

SALT—Quotations are as follows: Liverpool, in bond, hhd, $1.00@1.15; do, duty paid, $1.40@1.55; B. & W'th'ns, $1.35@1.50; Liverpool, c. f., 85c@$1.00; Cadiz, in bond, $1.87½@..; Trapani, bond, $2.00; Turk's Island, hhd., $2.25@2.40.

STARCH—The quotations for starch are: Potato starch, 4@4¼c; Corn, 2¼@2⅜c; Wheat, 4½@5½c.

TOBACCO.—We quote: Havana wrappers, $3.50@5.00; do, fine fillers, $1.10@1.25; do, good fillers, 95c@$1.05; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 85@1.00; fair, 85@95; Kentucky lugs, 2½@4c; do, leaf, 7½@12½c; Havana s'd wr's, 35@60; do, 2ds, 20@30; do, binders, 8@12; do, seed fill, 5@8; Conn and Mass fill, 5@8; do, binders, 10@15; do, 2ds, 15@19; do, fair wrappers, 20@25; do, fine wrappers, 35@45; Penn wrappers, 20@40; do, fillers, 10@20; Sumatra wraps, $1.50@2.75.

TALLOW—Following are the quotations: Tallow, prime, 4⅛@4½; Country, 3¾@4; Bone, 3¼@3¾; house grease, 3⅛@3⅜; grease, tanners, 1¾@3; do, chip, 2⅛@2⅝; do, naphtha, 1⅞@2⅛; do, hard, 4⅛@5½.

WOOL.—The receipts of wool the past week were 3406 bales domestic and 2864 bales foreign, against 3919 bales domestic and 2945 bales foreign last week, and 3222 bales domestic and 11,359 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1889.

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, April 17, 1890:

Eastern cattle, 179; Western cattle, 3578; Northern cattle, 254. Total, 4011.

Western sheep and lambs, 6904; Northern sheep and lambs, 1006; Eastern sheep and lambs, —. Total, 7013.

Swine, 20,718. Veals, 25,035. Horses, 911.

He Had Never Seen Any.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Donald is a Chicago 5-year-old. He has seen Chinamen occasionally, and has his opinion of them.

"Papa," he asked the other day, after watching a leather-colored Celestial go past the window, and indulging for a few moments in a brown study, "did God make Chinamen?"

"He did, my son," answered his father.

Donald went into another brown study, from which he emerged presently to ask:

"Papa, does God make any she-China men?"

"Sooners."

[Toledo Bee.]

Another word, albeit not so happy in its significance as "boomers," is added to the Wild West vocabulary: the men who get in ahead of time on the newly purchased tracts and 'strips' of land, and who for various reasons are accorded attention from the government, are known as "sooners." A noun, rooted in an adverb, is not to be commended, but the Westerners care very little for trifles like that.

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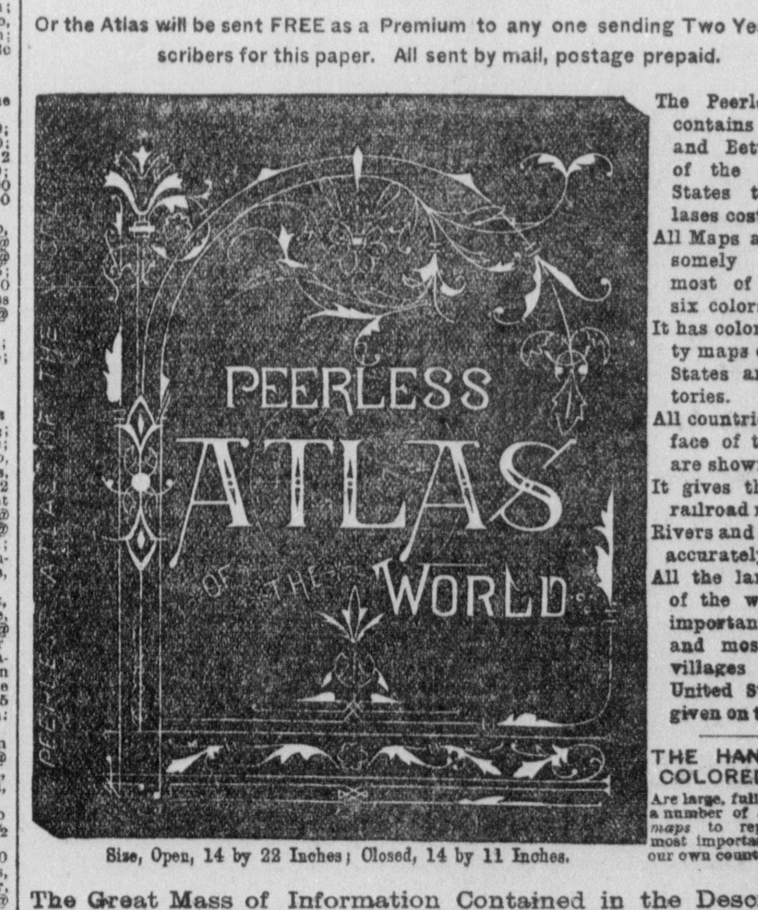
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SOMETHING LIKE A JOKE.

How the Sheriff Made His Deputy Laugh at a Hanging.

The train was due at Springfield about 4.30 o'clock. Those who were to get out there were collecting their baggage. The bustle woke up the fat-faced passenger, who turned over and began to talk to his companion as follows:

"As I was a-saying, I gave up the job after Bill died so unexpectedly. Ike, the sheriff, I, his deputy, and Bill, the poor lad who was going to be hanged for shooting a United States marshal, were boys together. Naturally we wanted him to go as easy and happy as possible. We fed him from our own table, and used to send clear over to the Corners to get him whiskey and tobacco. No prisoner ever got treated better than he.

"But somehow he didn't want to die. So, about a week afore he was going to be hanged, he asked me to rig a knife or a scythe or something sharp over the cross-bar of the gallows, so that when he dropped his weight would cut the rope and he would fall to the ground. I told him it would be a big fall, and he would be apt to get his legs broken, but he didn't seem to care so long as he wasn't killed, and he argued so warm about it that I consented.

"I had the fixing of the rope and all that. Two nights before the execution I fixed a sharp bush scythe into a big block, edge up, and took it up with cross-bar, and brought the bight of the halter right down across the edges. When I told Bill of it he was tickled enough. He said the fall would hurt him so that nobody would try to hang him again, and he would get out in a year or two.

"Friday forenoon Ike and I led him from the jail to the gallows. There was a big crowd, I can tell you. Bill whispered to me that it was the best joke he ever heard of, and asked me if I had padded his knees and legs so he would not be hurt too bad by the fall of 40 feet to the ground. I told him he could do it like a parachute.

"He heard the warrant read, spoke his little piece in good style, and then we put on the black cap and noose, and I led him under the cross-bar. I looked at Ike. He snapped his fingers. I cut the line holding the trap and looked down, expecting to see Bill drop clear to the ground among the crowd. But he didn't. He fell about 10 feet, the rope brought up with a snap.

"And it held him right there until he was dead.

"That dirty Ike of a sheriff had dropped to our little game, and taken the scythe out the night before.

"But it was a terrible good joke on poor Bill. Don't you think so?"

"Springfield!" yelled the brakeman, and the conversation was dropped.

They Know What is Best for Us.

[Lawrence American.]

What a pity it is that our neighbors do not know as well as we do what is best for them!

THE FIRST GUN.

Where and How the War of the Rebellion Began.

How the Star of the West Was Driven Back from Fort Sumter.

A Virginian Tells How the Secret of Her Coming Leaked Out.

[New York Sun.]

In the smoking room of the Astor House, the other evening, two grizzled Grand Army men sat chatting with a middle-aged Virginian. Their talk drifted to the stirring events of the spring of 1861, in which all three had taken part. The Virginian mentioned that at that time he was serving under Beauregard at Charleston.

"By the way," broke in the elder of the two Union veterans, "tomorrow will be the anniversary of the firing of the first gun of the war. Did you happen to see the flash of that famous shot?"

"Yes," replied the ex-rebel; "I was only a youngster then, but I remember the scene as distinctly as if it were yesterday.

"On the night of the 10th of April, 29 years ago, I was with the battalion of artillerists who slept expectantly behind the low sand hills of Morris island, just opposite Fort Sumter. We were aroused about two hours before daylight next morning to take part in the bombardment for which we had been getting ready during many weary weeks.

"We had been told that it would begin at 3 o'clock in the morning, and that the signal would be the firing of a shell from a mortar battery upon James island on the south side of the harbor, midway between our position and the city. When the hour came we were all in our places, peering anxiously and impatiently across the placid and starlit waters, now at the dim outlines of the fort, now in the direction of the wooded shore of James island, whence the signal shot was to come.

"I do not know what caused the delay, but we had to wait fully an hour, every minute of which seemed to us an age, before any sound broke the stillness of the night, except the monotonous roll of the surf upon the beach before us. At last, about 4 o'clock, when the first signs of the coming dawn could be discerned in the eastern sky, and when most of us had come to the conclusion that the performance was to be indefinitely postponed, we were suddenly relieved by the welcome flash of the mortar and the dull boom which served as the long roll for the chain of batteries which encircled the doomed fort.

"Thousands of eyes followed the lighted fuse which marked the curved flight of that first shell, until it burst in a little round cloud of pearl-gray smoke, high above the parapet upon which Maj. Anderson and his men were silent watchers. Then, in a moment, the quiet of the scene was at an end. The whole harbor seemed suddenly to wake up. Battery after battery opened fire.

"Rifled siege cannon were a novelty at that time, and we had none; but the range was short and shells, round shot and red-hot shot were rained upon the fort with a rapidity which in a few hours rendered the whole interior, excepting the bomb-proof casemates, a mass of burning ruins. The war had indeed begun at last.

"But that mortar shell from James island was not what you just now called it, 'the first gun of the war,' though it is surprising how many well-informed people, both North and South, believe that it was. Perhaps Whittier's verse,

The shot heard 'round the world,

may have helped the spread of this strange mistake, but every one who has carefully read about the opening of the war ought to remember that the first gun was, in fact, fired some time before the bombardment of Fort Sumter."

Seeing that his Grand Army friends were interested as well as a little puzzled by his assertion, the Virginian continued:

"The first gun of the war was, of course, the shot which drove back the steamer Star of the West when she tried to enter Charleston harbor with supplies for the little garrison of regulars shut up in Fort Sumter. But, as far as I know, the true story of how that shot came to be fired has never been told. I held a position at the time which gave me an inside view of what was going on, and I well remember the elation of Gen. Ripley, who was in immediate command of our works in the harbor, at the lucky circumstance which enabled us to prevent relief from reaching Maj. Anderson and his men.

"It was long before the completion of the batteries which were to batter down Fort Sumter with their concentric fire that a detachment of the pupils of the State Military Academy of South Carolina, usually known as the Citadel Cadets, were sent to man a small redoubt on Morris island, close to the beach and facing the harbor entrance. This work had been hastily thrown up so as to command the main ship channel, and the cadets, while laboring to strengthen the position, got some good lessons in practical military engineering.

"I am not sure that this was not the main object for which they were sent to Morris island. To them, at all events, the outing was a welcome kind of picnic with a patriotic flavor; for, though they were longing for a real scrimmage of some sort, there seemed to be no immediate prospect that their enthusiasm in that direction would be gratified.

"Their battery was anything but a formidable one, either in its offensive or defensive features; but most people on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line were still clinging to the belief that something would yet turn up to avert the clash of arms, and nobody thought that there was any special reason for haste in putting the finishing touches to the little sand fort.

"There had so far been no serious interruption of travel or of mail and telegraphic communication between the North and the South, but the Star of the West expedition had been planned as a surprise, and the utmost care was taken in Washington to keep not only its destination and purpose, but even its very existence a profound secret.

"These precautions were successful, at least until after the steamer had sailed. In fact the Star of the West must have passed Cape Hatteras before anybody in the South knew that she was coming.

"Just how we got wind of the expedition in the nick of time has never, I believe, been told in the war histories. There was at the time an eccentric journalist connected with the staff of one of the leading New York dailies. He strongly sympathized with the South, and had been occasionally writing for the Charleston Mercury, not for pay, but to give vent to his feelings. He somehow learned about the plan to provision Fort Sumter, and promptly sent the news by mail to the Mercury. The important tidings contained in his letter were received in the afternoon, and immediately communicated to our headquarters.

"The officers in command of the batteries which flanked the harbor entrance on either side were at once notified to be on the alert, and the Star of the West crossed the bar at dawn next morning, only to find her passage to Fort Sumter disputed by the cadet artillerists of Morris island. The first shot of the war was fired across her bow.

"This was a kind of reception she had not bargained for; and, to the disgust of the expectant garrison of the besieged fort, who were watching the scene from the parapet, she turned right around, took to her heels, and an hour later had become a mere speck on the ocean horizon. One of the cadet officers afterwards told me that they all felt greatly relieved at the quick departure of the steamer, as, by some blunder, the young gunners had been left very short of ammunition and had actually only half a dozen rounds on hand when they opened fire. Had the commander of the Star of the West been willing to take the chances, it is more than likely that she might have run the gauntlet unscathed.

"This is the true story of the first gun of the war. The redoubt from which it was fired was at once christened 'The Star of the West Battery,' and was known by that name until three years later, when Morris island was finally evacuated by our forces."

The Operation Seemed Incomplete.

[Washington Post.]

"I've changed my barber," said young Doddleton.

"Why?"

"Well, I don't like some things he does. I wanted to get shaved and he went over my face with a wet towel."

"Did he stop there?"

"He was going to, when I told him I thought the job was incomplete."

"What did he do then?"

"He said he didn't know I wanted a close shave."

Spooning at Sunrise.

[Baltimore American, Atlantic City Special.]

Early risers here who go down to the beach to find an appetite for breakfast have observed a large number of persons strolling along the beach at a very early hour in the morning.

This is a fad which Philadelphia has sent down for the spring season.

It is very popular with young couples.

Before breakfast some of them walk the whole length of the island, and return to the hotels looking fresh and hungry. A few drive along the beach just after sunrise, but the young people invariably walk. The crowds to be seen taking these morning strolls are, when in town, the late sleepers. The weather being unfavorable to moonlight promenades, the young folks come out early in the morning and take a constitutional along the ocean front.

One morning this week I counted a dozen couples out enjoying the sunshine and salt air an hour before the older people had finished their morning naps.

THREE HATS.

Her Young Husband Made the Choice of the One Which Recalled the Sweetest Reminiscence.

[From the French of Catulle Mendes.]

It was a lovely day in April. George proposed a walk and Julie gladly assented.

"What hat shall I wear?" she asked. "I have three."

"Oh! I don't know."

"Shall it be the red one? It is very becoming. It looks like a big red bird alighting on my hair."

"No," said George, slowly, "not the red one."

"Wretch! And the first time I wore it was the first time you kissed me. Have you forgotten that?"

"No, but that kiss only made me more miserable, for you kept me in suspense long afterwards."

"Well, then, what's the matter with the blue hat with the moss roses? It is awfully pretty—coquettish, you know, and when I wear it a little on one side I look like—what was the expression you used—oh! yes, like a laughing bouquet. Very pretty of you, too, sir. All right, I'll wear the blue."

"No, no," cried George; "please don't."

"Oh, you ungrateful man! Yet I wore that hat the first time I sat on your knee—that morning in the park, you know."

"And how long did you stay there? About 15 seconds. Then you fancied you heard a footstep and jumped up."

"Then I have no choice. I must wear the mauve bonnet with the vine leaves."

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed George, "wear that by all means."

"And why do you like that so much, pray?"

"Because—"

"Well, because?" asked Julie, who was gradually getting very red.

"Because you wore that bonnet when—when—oh, hang it all!—that evening after the theatre, you know—"

But Julie had vanished. When she returned she wore the mauve bonnet and a good deal more face powder than usual.

HE WAS IN FOR IT.

The Georgia Cracker Who Mistook Lime for Phosphate.

[Gainsville (Ga.) Advocate.]

The phosphate beds produce lots of funny instances. A tall, lank Cracker entered a chemist's office the other day with a handkerchief full of rock and sand, and in a husky and excited whisper said:

"Mister, be you alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can I lock this door?"

"Yes, if you wish."

After locking the door and seeing that no one was hiding anywhere, the Cracker slowly undid his handkerchief and handed some rocks to the chemist for inspection, and asked: "What do you think of that?"

The chemist carefully examined it and said: "I do not think much of it," at the same time pouring some acid on it which caused it to effervesce like a seidlitz powder.

Cracker—What does that show?

Chemist—That shows it is a first-class sample of lime, with no bone phosphate about it.

Cracker—Boss, are you sure about that stuff?

Chemist—Yes, very sure.

Cracker (with long-drawn breath)—Well, I've married a widder with a hill plumb full of that stuff, an' I thought it was phosphate. I'm in for it, ain't I? Goodby.

A Heart Dinner.

[Philadelphia Inquirer, New York Special.]

A debutante had a heart dinner given to her the other day.

The tables were heart-shaped and covered with pale pink satin overlaid with a drawn linen cloth. At each place was a heart-shaped pink satin bonbonniere, and the menu had stuck through it heart scarf-pins for the men and brooches for the girls.

A single heart of moonstone framed in diamonds formed the pins, while two hearts of the same style fastened together with a tiny arrow of gold made the brooch.

The centre piece was a huge heart of pink carnations, with an arrow of white lilies of the valley transfixing it.

The hostess wore a rose crepe gown and had a silver heart as the buckle at her waist ribbon, while about her neck was a narrow silver chain and a little silver heart, on which was inscribed: "To my heart's delight."

Well, hearts have been playthings from time immemorial, and if it is really true that for once hearts are again trumps, then Cupid Esquire can laugh at money and sing again: "'Tis love that makes the world go round."

There Will be More of 'Em.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"You see my face, don't you?" asked a citizen at the central station yesterday with a disfigured nose and a black eye.

"Yes, sir," responded the sergeant.

"Do I look like a man who was struck by lightning last night?"

"No, sir; you look like a man who was whacked with a club. What's the trouble?"

"I was out late last night. I got home during the thunder storm. There came a flash as I opened the door, and I went down like a log. When I recovered my wife said I had been struck by lightning."

"Humph! She was probably waiting for you, and when you entered she gave you a whack."

"Just my idea exactly. Thought so all the time, although she denied it. All right. There'll be other thunder storms this spring."

"Oh, yes."

"Enough said. I'll be watching and waiting. Just keep your ears open. Next time there's a flash and a rumble—sh!—whoop—skit! Goodby."

A Chip.

[Derrick Dodd in Puck.]

"Johnnie," said a prominent mine operator to his youngest the other day, "I'll give you a dollar if you'll dig up the front yard all ready for your sister's new garden."

"All right," said Johnnie, thoughtfully; "but I shall have to ask for 25 per cent. of the contract price in advance. Not as an evidence of good faith, but for working capital."

"Work—What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, I guess I'll just bury the quarter somewhere, and tell all the boys in the neighborhood that a pirate hid some treasure 'round there. When they strike that quarter they'll make the dirt fly, I can tell you. In that way I can clean up about 75 per cent. In fact, I—"

"Well, what?"

"In fact, I don't know but what I can also arrange so as to find that quarter myself. I'll work it just like that salted mine you were telling mamma about unloading on the street, last night."

And the father wept tears of joy as he thought what a cold day it would be for Jay and Rufus when his boy grew up.

Romance and Reality.

[New York Weekly.]

Romantic miss—Do you love me well enough to do battle for me?

Ardent suitor—Ay, against a thousand."

"Well, Mr. Bigfish is paying me a good deal of attention. Would you fight him for me."

"Yes, I would."

"Could you defeat him?"

"N-o, he'd probably thrash the life out of me."

"Mercy! Well, never mind. I'll take you without any fighting; and, oh, do please remember, my darling, promise me on your honor that if you ever see Mr. Bigfish coming you'll run."

Consoling.

[New York Weekly.]

Mrs. Avnoo—Bridget, the parlor windows are so dirty I can't see through them.

Bridget—Wull, mum, I only jist came from the front door, and beyant the faces of Miss Fashion and her young man in the bay-windy opposite, thur's nothin' across the way wort lukin' at.

A Day to be Remembered.

[Terre Haute Express.]

"What does this mean?" asked Jack Rasey of his room-mate, who had written in large letters on the wall, "April 10. Loor."

"That," answered his chum, "stands for the day when both you and I were out of liquor."

He Meant Business.

[Texas Siftings.]

Matrimonial agent (in whose office are several candidates of both sexes)—Ladies and gentlemen, it is now five minutes of 4 o'clock, at which hour the office closes. Please engage yourselves at once. Delays are dangerous.

SUNDRY SUPERSTITIONS.

Sailors Who Bet on Horse Races Have the Most.

Misery of Spirit Brought by Sight of a Cross-Eyed Man.

A Cross-Eyed Woman Is a Guardian Angel Unless You Marry Her.

[New York Sun.]

Wise writers say that superstition has been a predominant trait of the human race from time immemorial, but that as mankind has advanced in civilization it has gradually disappeared, until now the affairs of life are conducted on strictly business principles, without regard to signs or omens. This may all be true, and, no doubt, business men make purchases and sales without consulting fortune-tellers or anything of that kind; but at the same time if one of these writers were to spend an afternoon on a race track, especially one of the winter ones, he would change his mind and say that superstition controlled the actions of men to a greater degree than ever.

It is strange enough, but still true, that wherever chance is an important factor in deciding things, superstition finds its strongest foothold, and nowhere is this fact seen more clearly than on one of the modern racecourses. What observant lover of racing has not stood in the betting ring and seen the thousand and one trifles that induce men to bet their money on a certain horse? There are good omens and bad omens, signs that tell a man to plunge, and others that tell him to bet sparingly or not at all; and all of them are observed with a degree of faithfulness that is almost sublime.

The average racegoer's superstition is different from that of other men who make their living by betting, inasmuch as the first sign looked for is a bad one. That is, when he is on his way to the race track he is always on the lookout for something that will be an indication that he is not to bet. If such a thing is seen, all well and good, he will not make a wager that day; but if not, he then looks around for some favorable sign. He does not go out of his way to hunt for such a sign, as that would be bad luck in itself; but at the same time, if one comes along he is sure not to miss it. And whatever course of action it indicates, that line he will be sure to follow. If it leads him to disaster he always makes excuses to himself, and thus he holds that the omen was not at fault, but that he misinterpreted it.

If one of these inveterate racegoers happens to be on the way to the track and meets a funeral, that settles it, nothing in the world could induce him to make a bet that day. If, however, he should meet an empty hearse, that is a good sign, and he will plunge. The dread of the racegoer's life, however, is the cross-eyed man. Betters flee from these people like the Old Nick from a hot cross bun. If a man meets one of them when he is going to make a bet it sends a cold shiver all over him, he puts his money away and generally leaves the track.

This aversion to cross-eyed men is particularly noticeable among patrons of the Clifton track. Right at the entrance is a young man who sells programmes, and, under ordinary circumstances he would dispose of a large number. His eyes are not exactly straight, however, and a "regular" would sooner go without one than buy from him. It is a funny sight to stand at the entrance when a train arrives and watch the consternation this young man causes. The old timers know that he is there and generally manage to give him the slip, and the occasional visitors are the ones that get caught.

"Get your programme, get your programme," sings out the cross-eyed young man, and the innocent victim rushes up. One glance is enough, however; he sees the eyes, and the smiling man anticipating lots of fun and profit is transformed into the gloomy individual whom it would be dangerous to approach.

On the other hand, if a cross-eyed woman is met and her gaze is encountered, a man will have luck all day, or at least so say racing men. There is one of these women who is a regular visitor to the winter tracks, and she gets more tips than any one else, simply because people want to have her look at them.

Of course every racegoer has his mascot. It may be a cane, umbrella, hat, piece of money, or any article of wearing apparel from a sock to an overcoat, but whatever it is, it is carefully guarded. There are any number of bookmakers who would not get on their boxes unless they had on a certain coat, but if by chance that coat happened to be left at home, they would pay their $100 to the association, but would not register a bet during the whole day.

When Dan McCarthy first came East every one used to wonder why he wore such an outlandish hat. It was one of the old-fashioned white beavers and was as ugly as could be; but Dan stuck to it, and what is more, won money. Last year his friends induced him to purchase a slouch hat, and, try as he would, he could not win a race. Finally, after his horse Sorrento had tried 10 times, and failed every time, he was entered in a race at Morris Park. Dan swung out in his white hat, and Sorrento won. Then of course every one believed that the hat was the cause of it.

The new-fashioned slot machines have also furnished race-goers with another channel for supernatural tips. The very latest ones have a miniature race course attached, with six horses, all in different colors. The man drops his nickel in, the horses go speeding around the track, and the color of the one that wins is carefully noted. The programme is then studied for a similar color and that horse is played. Does it always win? Well, not always, but often enough to make superstitious men believe in the tip.

Then there are other superstitions that racing men believe in, which, to outsiders, appear utterly childish. They are on their way to the races when a name happens to catch their eye. There may be a horse of the same name that is to start, and, as a matter of course, they play him. The horse may win and the man tells all his friends how he received the straight tip. Or the horse loses, and the excuse is, "why, the name was shown to me so that I should not play him, but I had not sense enough to understand it."

And so it is through all the day. A man is met who is considered a Jonah; an entrance is made into the betting ring through a wrong door, or a friend borrows some money, and under no circumstances will a bet be made afterward.

Another class of people that are superstitious in the extreme are sailors. They, however, are gradually getting the better of their failing, and today there are any number of young ones that would as soon go to sea on Friday as not.

The cause of this gradual disappearance of superstition from the forecastle is that steamships have reduced the length of voyages, and thus Jack is enabled to see more of land lubbers than he used to, and he has learned to account for numerous strange happenings in a natural way. But with all their advancement, sailors still have superstitions in plenty. All the old shellbacks still believe that it is unlucky to sail on a Friday, and if asked why, they name a lot of vessels that sailed on that day and never have been heard of since.

The superstition that gives Jack the most uneasiness, however, is connected with sharks. Let one of these fellows be seen at the stern of a ship and every sailor aboard is uneasy until some one falls over and furnishes a meal for him. Then, again, if any one kills a Mother Carey's chicken, bad luck is sure to follow. The captain of one of Claus Spreckels' sugar schooners, that trades between Honolulu and San Francisco, lost his life by killing one of these birds. He shot it one day, and from that time on the men were sullen and defiant, and he became a very Ancient Mariner among them. They grumbled and growled, and said that the captain had no right to imperil the whole ship's crew for the sake of a little sport.

The captain became uneasy at the way the men acted, and always kept a sharp eye on them. Finally, one pitch dark night, as he was walking the deck he saw a man suddenly rise up before him. Fearing that he was going to be attacked he stepped back, lost his balance, fell overboard, and was never seen afterward. The man who frightened him was simply coiling up a rope, and every sailor aboard said that if the captain had not killed the Mother Carey's chicken they would not have grumbled, he would not have been suspicious of them, would not have jumped back when the man rose before him, and consequently would have been alive.

Another thing which fills Jack with the greatest dread is the St. Elmo light. Let one appear on a vessel and she is doomed, says Jack. The last trip the steamship Honduras made up the Central American coast she left Corinto at dusk. That night a quartermaster saw the St. Elmo light all over the ship, and prophesied that the return trip would never be completed. He was right. Two days later the ship went to pieces on the Honduras coast, and of course the superstition about the St. Elmo light gained lots of converts.

If the cook happens to get a little under the weather and fails to give Jack his duff on regular days, all hands will be hungry before the voyage is over; or if any of the forecastle mess is allowed to go back to the galley, some one will either die or get hurt very badly. Another superstition that Jack possesses is fostered by boarding-house sharks and others whose business is to rob sailors. It is that if he is paid off he must spend every cent of his money before shipping again, otherwise his next voyage will be a disastrous one.

If a vessel is found on which roaches and rats refuse to live it is regarded with suspicion by the average sailor, and it would take a great deal to make him serve aboard of her. The fact that the rats refuse to live on it is proof positive to him that the ship is doomed, and he very seldom hankers after a tussle with Davy Jones.

A cross-eyed man for a messmate means plenty of food, Jack thinks and it is the best kind of luck to sail under a red-haired skipper. If, however, he happens to have cross eyes also, the combination is a fatal one, and trouble will be experienced before the voyage is completed.

There is one more thing that Jack does not like and, if possible, will not allow, and that is to permit a live animal of any kind to leave a ship as she is starting for a cruise. Such a proceeding would be little short of suicide, Jack says, and a man would be a "bloomin' idiot" to allow it to take place. Animals know when ships are going to have rough times of it and try to leave, but if they are kept aboard by force, the Lord won't punish them, and thus the ship escapes bad weather.

These are only a few of the superstitions that find supporters in the forecastle of modern vessels, but they are sufficient to show that civilization, with all its boasted power, has not been able to uproot the traditions of centuries.

"PASTELS IN PROSE."

Essays in a Form of Writing Whereof Certain Frenchmen are Masters—Little Glimpses of Human Nature.

[New York Evening Sun.]

THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

They were three of a dozen photographs which his friends said were very like him; with that frank, clever, kindly look he had, and then, he was so handsome.

The other nine pictures had gone to the men he liked best, and one of the three remaining his mother had. She kept it between the leaves of the big Bible, and the book always opened with that face smiling lovingly up at her.

The second lay in an oak writing desk under lock and key. And every night a sweet young girl took it out and spoke to it, just a word or two, and then a kiss, at which she blushed, even there in her quiet room.

And the third stood throned on the table of a woman whom many knew, with a package of scented cigarettes and a bunch of flowers covered with the dew of spilled champagne beside it, smiling out with that same frank, clever, kindly smile.

SHEM.

All the animals had been stuffed back into the Ark, and his wife and all his brothers and their wives, and his father Noah and his wife had also been stuffed back into the Ark. But Shem had fallen into a dark corner and lay there unnoticed.

The baby had grown tired of playing with the animals, and with the Noah family, and had thrown them down and had looked out of the window, crying for a small dog who paused outside on the street to examine a bone which he had found. And the nurse had picked up all the animals, and the Noah family, and had stuffed them back into the Ark; but Shem had fallen into a dark corner and lay there unnoticed.

After a while it grew dark out of doors, and the playroom grew very dark. Suddenly it was lighted again as the nurse came in with a lamp to sew upon the baby's clothes.

She sat by the table, and sewed, and the lamp shone in her lap as she sewed upon the baby's clothes. But it was very dark in the corner where Shem had fallen, and he lay there unnoticed. He wondered if, when she moved, she would see him and so restore him to the Ark.

By and by the nurse finished sewing and rose to leave the playroom. As she lifted the lamp to carry it out with her, a streak of light penetrated the dark corner where Shem had fallen. The nurse saw him lying there, but she never stooped to pick him up, but went out of the playroom and shut the door.

THE BASE BALL.

The base ball lay in its box among a lot more of its kind on the shelf in the sporting goods store. The gaudy flies that lay pinned in a fly book that lay open on a lower shelf, fluttered their wings a little as the storekeeper opened the glass doors.

The base ball didn't like the way the gaudy flies pinned upon the fly book fluttered their wings. "They are conceited little things," said the base ball, "but they don't amount to anything. I could smash them to pieces if I fell upon them."

A man came into the store and bought a base ball that lay in its box next to the base ball that didn't like the gaudy flies. He paid $1.50 to the storekeeper, and the glass doors swung to with a little bang, and the wings of the flies in the fly book fluttered in the wind.

"I suppose," said the base ball, as it rolled over in contempt, "that a man could buy those flies down there for about 10 cents a bookful." And it rolled over in contempt.

Another man came in and bought the fly book filled with the gaudy flies, whose wings fluttered a little as the glass doors were opened. He paid the storekeeper $10 for the bookful of gaudy flies. The base ball looked on in wonder.

"But, then, what do I care?" said the base ball. "Those gaudy little flies are thrown upon the water and swallowed by a greedy fish, and nobody ever sees them or admires them but one foolish fisherman who loafs through the afternoon in the silence and shadows about the brook. But I—I am thrown up to the home plate amid the cheers of thousands. I am a base ball—I."

The storekeeper closed the glass doors with a bang, and the wind fluttered the wings of the gaudy flies in another fly book.

HE HAS IT DOWN FINE.

A Scheme to Prevent the Forging of Checks.

[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

"There, I've got it down fine at last, and no mistake," and one of Philadelphia's best known business men laid his pen down with a sigh of relief and hastily blotted his name on a check with a blotter.

"Got what down?" asked a visitor.

"A new wrinkle adopted by merchants and others to prevent their names from being forged to checks. It's this way, and after signing my name I turn the pen up draw a long line through it from right to left, and it looks as if the name had been cancelled. The peculiar little twirl at the end where the long line of the pen commences is where the forger of a man's name gets left. He doesn't tumble to it, so to speak; but the cashiers of the banks where I do business do, and they know instantly whether the signature is genuine or not.

"You see, also, this line drawn through the name makes the check look as if it was no good in case it is lost, and the finder will not present it for collection. It's a great idea, and is being adopted by many business men of the city. Of course we have to explain it to the bank people, who, once they know it, have no further trouble with us over it. But the devil of it is the practising to get it down fine, and it takes some little work to do so," and he gazed proudly at the unsightly line drawn through his name signed at the bottom of a check for $7000.

Struck the Wrong Man.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"If you jab that umbrella in my eye again, as you have done twice already," said the man with the brown overcoat, fiercely, "you'll get a broken head!"

"It was as much your fault as mine," retorted the man in the gray ulster. "If you want to kick up any fuss about it just sail in: I'm insured for $100 a week in the Scrappers' Self Protective Mutual Association, and I'm aching for a broken head."

The man in the brown overcoat looked fixedly at the other. Evidences of a severe mental conflict were visible in his face. At last he spoke.

"You're safe," he said. "I'm an agent for that company."

How Soon Are We Forgotten.

[New York Tribune.]

A gentleman who lives not a thousand miles from this city has recently been absent from home several months on business. Not long ago his wife received a letter from him, which she began to read aloud at the breakfast table. But she was somewhat interrupted by a young son and heir, who apparently found other things more interesting than the letter.

"My child," she said in a tone of maternal rebuke, "don't you want to hear this nice letter from papa?"

"Papa, papa," was the puzzled reply. "Oh, yes; you mean the man who used to live at our house."

At School.

[Humoristische Blaetter.]

Teacher—Somebody has been throwing paper behind my back. Mewes, can you tell me who it was?

Mewes (who was the culprit himself)—I know who it was, but I hardly like to tell.

Teacher—A trifle too scrupulous, perhaps, but it shows honorable feelings on your part. You may sit down.

The Problem Solved.

[Harper's Bazar.]

"I must break the engagement, and yet I don't want people to say I jilted him."

"I have it. Invite him to tea."

"Yes?"

"Make some of your tea biscuit."

"Yes?"

"And he'll break it himself."

THE WINNING MAN.

One Young Woman's Ideas of the Secret of His Success.

Knowledge Brought Down from the Passional Altitudes of Love.

One Glance of a Woman's Deep Eyes—And Where is He Then?

[Fannie Agmar Mathews in Pittsburg Bulletin.]

Perhaps nowhere is the saying, "The race is to the strong," so applicable as in the consideration of the winning man in social life.

First, I dare say, it is as well for me to make plain just what I mean by the expression, "the winning man."

I mean the man who, by sheer force of his innate personality, his difference from other men, wins the prizes in life.

And what are "the prizes in life?"

They are honor, fame, renown, wealth, deference, the liking, respect and admiration of his fellow-men—and last, but chiefest, the love of the woman whom he loves.

I may say that the man who wins any, some, or all of these prizes must be a strong man; he must, be in moral purpose, in integrity, in equality of word and bond, in loyalty, fidelity, courage and pluck, a strong man, and not a weak one.

Your weak man, with his handsome face and his gallant way, may secure for himself a certain amount of social consideration, a certain amount of distinctiveness from his kind, but there is little stamina to it save the empty renown of ladies' tea-table chats, where he is voted "a perfect dear" and "too utterly lovely!" but to be forgotten in a speedy successor of quite his own calibre.

But the winning man is winsome; he has a pleasant word or glance for any and every one; he is ready to do a good turn for most people, although his native rectitude and reserve have long since taught him that splendid "wisdom of coldness" which will always prevent its possessor from forcing his kindly offers upon any one, and that acme of delicacy in his attentions which causes him to refrain and withhold when the luckless "man who doesn't win" is already plunging into the midst of things with a reckless bonhomie that results in anything but that which he has embarked on, the enterprise he has the hope of attaining.

I think, paramountly, the man who wins knows how to refrain.

I think, paramountly, the man who doesn't win does not know how to refrain.

Owen Meredith I believe it is who says:

> They know not life's divinest bliss,
> Who know not to possess and yet refrain.

And it is just this knowledge brought down for a moment from the passional altitudes of love into the thoroughfares of every-day existence which renders the winning man what he is.

There is such a thing, and it is not an extraordinary or unusual development of character, either, as a person whose pertinacity and insistence upon doing one a kindness develops into what we are solely tempted to call officiousness, and to regard as extremely detrimental to their avowed object of attaining our most exalted opinion on their own behalf.

The winning man is never officious.

He may do all the things, and several more than all, that the other man does; but he does them without parade, without talking about them, in a quiet, restful way that simply is delicious to a woman and not at all ungrateful to a man.

The winning man is quiet.

And, after all is said and done, I really think that a certain quiet and repose born of a correct and discriminating intelligence and an appreciation of the fitness of things for each other, is one of the most charming characteristics which a man (or a woman, either, for that matter) can bring to bear in their social relations. The uneasy, the restless, the uncomfortable people whom one's memory is absolutely not long enough to catalogue! Do they not rise in scores before the recollection? and is it not true that with all their excellent qualities of mind and heart, we still are happier for their absence than we ever could be in their society?

Worthy people whose zeal in our behalf, whose care over us, whose interest in us, was genuine, no doubt, and true—but, alas! they overdid, and so far as the relations of man and woman are concerned, I am of the honest opinion that an average man is as liable to overdo as, I regret to state, is the average woman; more, that he is apt to overdo in some ways as he is positively sure to underdo in certain others.

Take the commonplace occurrence of being out with the average man, who is, we will say, madly in love with you; you enter a street car, the day is cold, the windows and the door are open, and by a slightly intimated glance you stupidly make it evident that you fear the draughts; he springs to his feet, he rushes to the front and closes the door with a decisive snap which at once calls the attention of every passenger to your, by this time—if you are like me—crimsoning countenance; he then proceeds to request the conductor to close the other door, and to inquire of the gentleman opposite if he "has any objection to having the window at his back shut?" These interesting little feats accomplished, your cavalier servente returns to your side with a face radiant with the flush of triumphant vigor and the fond hope of your encouraging approval.

Does he receive it?

Yes, if you desire to deceive him.

No, if you are disposed to be honest.

His zeal in your cause has been munificent; there is no gainsaying that point; the truth, in fact, is that it has been too munificent, and the very thing which was intended to win merely succeeds in disgusting.

Per contra, the other man, equally as careful and solicitous of your wellbeing, will yet contrive to get those doors and windows closed without calling attention to either you or himself, and the glance with which he returns to you solicits, wins, and merits the sweetness of your eyes as for an instant they rest in the embrace of his.

Women proverbially are excessive absorbents of admiration; they, even the nicest and best of them, like that admiration to be tolerably well manifested in the presence of their kind, but the nicest women do not like any admiration that is blatant, loud, or pertinacious.

We have, as a sex, a tremendous liking for an implication; it must be an implication offered in open court "in evidence," but it must still remain an implication and not degenerate or develop into an onslaught.

The lightest whim of the woman he loves is law and heaven's own order to the winning man; he is sure to allow her neighbor to see that it is, too; but at the same time he implies rather than insists, he refrains rather than asserts, he acts rather than talks.

In his business or professional relations his reticence is equally a marked feature; there is always courtesy to inferiors, but it is the courtesy born of innate dignity, not innate arrogance, nor ever the half servile complaisance which seeks to gain a constituency by endeavoring to equalize two things that cannot be and never have been equalized yet—two different ranks in life.

When one comes to speak of the conduct and behavior of such a man as I am endeavoring to portray, with his superiors, all I can say is that he has *no* superior, knows no superior; that another and even an ignoble man may, by virtue of the official position which he chances to occupy, demand his deference, is true enough; that deference to its utmost limit, the winning man never withholds, indeed accords to the office with grace, tact and fidelity, that which no mere man could possibly exact or obtain from him.

Among his fellow-men he inspires confidence, and there is a reliance placed upon what he says and what he does, and no possible amount of assertiveness on the part of a weak man could ever garner for him the golden grain of the winning man's simple, straightforward directness of purpose and ability to meet the hour as it comes with a mood of mind to match it.

He is executive to a degree; he has tact; he is somewhat a master of finesse—possibly a wee bit ruse, but he opens no back door for his own particular ingress or egress which are not thoroughfare to all the world as well.

It is somewhat a question in my mind whether this man who wins sets out easily in life with the purpose, avowed to himself alone, perhaps, that he will make a success of himself, or whether circumstances, so moulding the material in him, lead him to the goal a length ahead of his competitors.

I fancy that oftenest it is that his success is the result of a steady intention; that to its accomplishment he lends his energies and his capacities, and being so much master of himself he is enabled to use his abilities to an extent of advantage not at all within the limited scope of the man who doesn't win, and so in the race he leaves the other far behind him.

And then to him perchance there comes the day, when, socially situated as he would be, with honor, troops of friends, place, power, position, wealth at beck and call; with all his world applauding and indorsing him as "just the luckiest fellow on the face of the globe"—just at this crisis there comes across the horizon a woman's face, the touch of a woman's little white hand, the glance of a woman's deep eyes—and where is he then?

And this is sometimes the irony of the winning man's destiny.

For years and years he has toiled to gain what he has within his grasp; in his race with the world he has won; in his struggle for life has succeeded—and, lo! here, before he has time to turn around, a being whom he had not laid eyes on, six months ago, has revolutionized his entire scheme and theory of existence!

The question now arises, will he win her?

And you may be sure that to him it is a far more vital one than any other that has ever presented itself to him before in his checkered career.

And now the winning man—the half-hearted hero of a hundred flirtations and the favorite in perhaps fifty little affairs de coeur—finds himself confronted with the most serious problem that he has ever been called upon to solve.

If his choice has fallen upon an average woman—which is, to say the least, unlikely—he may win her to his cost, and spend the remainder of his days in lamenting his fate; if she be an exceptional woman, a woman thoroughly capable of understanding him, appreciating his moods, his aims, his hopes and aspirations, then indeed does heaven half open its inmost closed doors to both of them, and the winning man has won that, than which there is no greater prize in God's giving.

Essentially a companionable man, he will be sure to require that companionship in the woman whom he loves, which is as rare as it is exquisite; that rapture of two brains that, in their interchange of thought, so mix and mingle as to make of them but one; that divine contact of comprehending and apprehending intellect with intellect, which makes gods of men and women, and brings down the seventh altitude of Paradise to the hearthstone of the two human beings who—possessing the requirements—are so blessed and so blessing as to find one another in this world.

THE WARFARE OF SEX.

A Drama in which Two Characters Absorb All the Interest and Learn Each Other's Ways.

[Kate Field's Washington.]

SCENE 1.

He—I like you!
She—And I like you! (They embrace.)
He—I want more of you!
She—You've had enough!
He—But I want more!
She—You can't have it!
He—I'll take it! I'm the biggest!
She—You shan't! (They fight.)

SCENE 2.

He—I like you!
She—And I like you! (They embrace.)
He—I'll hunt for you!
She—And I'll cook for you!
He—Carry this beast!
She—I don't want to!
He—You must!
She—I won't!
He—I'll make you! I'm the biggest!
She—You shan't! (They fight.)

SCENE 3.

He—I like you!
She—And I like you! (They embrace.)
He—You're so pretty in the house!
She—I like to be pretty!
He—You mustn't go out of the house!
She—Oh, but I want to!
He—You mustn't!
She—I will!
He—I'm the biggest, and I'll keep you in!
She—You shan't! (They fight.)

SCENE 4.

He—I like you!
She—And I like you! (They embrace.)
He—You are lovely, but wicked!
She—I know I'm wicked!
He—You are an angel—and a fool!
She—I know that, too!
He—You are my queen—and my slave!
She—That is self-evident!
He—I may do as I please, but you mustn't!
She—I will!
He—I am the biggest, and I'll make you behave!
She—You can't! (They fight.)

SCENE 5.

He (feebly)—I like you!
She (wearily)—And I like you! (They shake hands.)
He—Keep behind me! Don't push so!
She—Oh! You hurt! I want to get out!
He—You mean you want to get ahead!
She—I don't! I want to get even!
He—Horrors! You don't belong even! You weren't made even! You can't get even! You are a fool—I mean an angel! Here, go back! You're a slave—I mean a queen! Get behind, I tell you! Heavens and earth, woman! Don't you understand? You were divinely ordained to stay behind; you were naturally evolved to stay behind; you look much better behind; you are far happier behind; you are more—ahem—convenient behind; you are constitutionally incapacitated for anything but staying behind: it is absolutely impossible for you to get out from behind, and therefore I will fight till I die to keep you behind! But if you'll only stay behind and keep quiet we'll be good friends. See?
She—I want to get out!
He—You shan't!
She—I will!
He—I'm the strongest, and I'll keep you behind!
She—We'll see about that! (They fight—awfully).

SLOW CURTAIN.

HE WAS ONE OF THEM.

That is Why He Wanted His Name on the Hotel Register.

[Philadelphia North American.]

Just before 10 o'clock yesterday morning a tall, slender man with sunken cheeks, deep-set glittering eyes, a stubby mustache and a dark suit that had seen better days, bearing an old valise in his hand, entered the Girard House, and grabbing up a pen wrote in a quick, nervous hand on the register, "Abraham Davis, Tyrone, Penn."

"Will you have breakfast, sir?" inquired Mr. Carmack, the head clerk.

"No, sir."

"Dinner?"

"No, sir."

"Supper?"

"No, sir."

"Stay all night?"

"No, sir."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Jess want to put my name on the register. I heered all prominent people write their name on that air book. I'm prominent. Gol durn it, I'm all there. Whoop!"

An officer showed him the way out.

As the tall figure was lost to sight behind the west end folding doors Mr. Carmack stroked his heavy black mustache and with a sigh exclaimed "When will the hotel cranks cease to be?"

Love is Blind.

[Durham Sun.]

A good joke is told on a number of boys at the university. Some young ladies were invited to tea at one of the boarding-houses on the first day of April, and thought they would have some fun. They made some cotton fritters and fried them nice and brown, and they looked quite tempting indeed. The boys ate them with a relish and never found out the joke.

That's the Way He Felt.

[Texas Siftings.]

Gus De Smith—How do you like your new horse, Miss Fanny?

Fair Equestrienne—He does not ride as easy as I expected. He tugs at the bit and acts as if he wanted to run away with me.

Gus De Smith—I don't blame him. If I had his chances I'd do it, too.

Old Masters.

[Humoristische Blaetter.]

Picture dealer—Here I have an excellent Rubens—a splendid Rubens—I can let you have for only 3000 marks!

Customer—Only? That's more than I mean to spend.

Picture dealer (soothingly)—Well, well, I'll throw in a Vandyke; there, now.

Business is Business.

[New York Weekly.]

Gotham girl—The paper says a matrimonial exchange has been started for the benefit of foreign noblemen and American heiresses.

Philadelphia girl (who deals at Wanamaker's)—Isn't that splendid? I hope they'll have a bargain counter.

The Image of Papa.

[Beilage.]

Nurse (showing new baby to proud father)—How like his pa, Herr Baron! Your very image!

Baron—You think so?

Nurse—No hair, no teeth—just the picture of you.

The French Style.

[L'Industriel.]

First claquer—Why do you clap and hiss at the same time?

Second ditto—You see the new actress has paid me to clap, and her rival has paid me to hiss.

The Infant Terrible.

[St. Paul Eye.]

At table—Jones, a guest, has the misfortune to break a wine glass.

Precocious kid—Good Lord, mamma, it's one of the borrowed ones.

Just Like Him.

[Terre Haute Express.]

Briggs—Tompkins is engaged to a widow, I hear.

Braggs—Yes; that's just like him. He is too lazy to do any of the courting.

VOICES OF THE BALL.

Bits of Talk Recorded by a Mental Phonograph.

Just Before It, Just at the Height of It, and Just After the Evening's Pleasure.

Her Idea and His Idea Expressed in the Words of Many People.

[Manley H. Pike, in Smith's Monthly.]

JUST BEFORE IT.

The gentlemen's room—I can't waltz a little bit—so they naturally asked me to lead the german—he's a regular cad, and goes with those like him—great friend of mine, we're always together—she's promised to save me three dances—for she hates me like poison—and, of course, I'll introduce you—being a perfect stranger to the girl—and if I'm cut out this time, it'll be because they put too much water in the punch—Miss Gilders has something like two millions—freckles. I tell you, though, she hides them pretty well—yes, I'm completely gone on her—and I don't mean to show it by keeping away from her all the evening.

The Ladies' Room—She's been at that mirror 15 blessed minutes; does she think she is the only woman here who—wears powder half an inch deep, my dear—and owns a vast estate—trimmed 'round the edges with Chantilly—first cousin to—the glide polka, which is my favorite—you can't imagine how aristocratic and exclusive she is—for she came in the horse cars, truly she did—he always steps on one's toes—I think it makes him very fascinating, don't you?—and flatters charmingly, Julie says—actually told her she was no lady—they say he writes poetry—so he's generally shunned—Mr. Bouncer is waiting for you—intoxicated, as usual, I'm afraid—the orchestra is perfectly splendid; it always—lightens up my ruffles better than anything—hurry, can't you, Kate? (And the room gradually clears.)

JUST AT THE HEIGHT OF IT.

(Everybody all smiles and perspiration, full of happiness and longings for supper.)

Ingenious youth—I've been presented to 14 different girls, and, as I can never remember names or faces, I've distinguished them by describing their dresses—great scheme! Let's see. (Consults card.) "1. Red bodice, black skirt"—all right. "2. Green dress, with lace fakement on it"—correct. "3. White, with pearls"—all right again. "4. White, with pearls" what does this mean? "5. White, with pearls"—oh, hang it, there are six of 'em described in this way, and more than 30 in the room dressed in that style. What in earth am I going to do about it? (Cannot find out, and consequently makes six fair enemies.)

Manœuvring maiden (to undesirable young man)—Oh, Mr. Chumpford, is this your dance? Only see! By some accident your name has been almost erased and Mr. Golightly has written his over it. So sorry! Some other time, perhaps. (And the victory-grinning Golightly whisks her away).

Perplexed person—Here I've put my own name on my order instead of some girl's—what a mess! Ah, I have it! I'll keep watch when the dance comes and take out anybody I see scowling savagely at me—she'll be the right one. (Is triumphantly successful.)

Fractious being (in square)—For heaven's sake not here—the other side! Goodness, no; you ought to have waited! Your right hand—your right—your right—cross over—not yet. I say—now, why don't you go? Step behind me, of course. Oh, dear, be quick. There it is again, another mistake. (Thus constantly.)

Censorious gazer (feet idle, but tongue active)—It may be perfectly right, but they're danced together four times, to my certain knowledge. I think her brother, if she has one, ought to see to it. That's who he is? Oh! Well, it shows how scarce partners are with her, doesn't it? Besides, he dances very awkwardly, I'm sure, and she's sickeningly affected. How can Mrs. Hantmade let her daughter associate with that young man! He looks frightfully dissipated. Officer of Christian Association? Oh! Adds hypocrisy to his other sins, then, does he? Mercy! Did you hear that couple? They called each other "dear," upon my word! Husband and wife? Oh! They're too affectionate, really, to love each other, I'm positive. Noted for their sincere devotion? Oh! Anyway, I'd keep it to myself, if I were they. (So on, with neither cessation nor charity.)

Mr. Whirlton and Partner and Mr. Spinner and Partner (revolving in eccentric, interesting orbits, collide with great force)—

Whirlton Spinner	Ouch!	Pardon, old man!	Our fault! (Aside)	Duffer! Fool!
W.'s Partner S.'s Partner	Uh!	Excuse me, dear!		Gawk! Stupid!

JUST AFTER IT.

The gentlemen's room—Jove, how warm I am! that last waltz was a pipe-opener—did you notice the girl in blue—tremendously rich—father failed last year, that accounts for it—I tried to be as courteous as I could—"get out of the way, will you?" was my remark—she said she liked me as a friend—but didn't care to dance with me—I had an immense time with her—for she treated me like a dog—and said, in a very modest, timid way—give me a cigar, old fellow—and Miss Beaute whispered to me quite affectionately—"you ought to learn to dance before you go to balls;" that's what she said—thanking me over and over again because I—tore her train half off, so that she had to go home—then I took her bouquet—put three large spoonsful of salad dressing on it—and with a plate of strawberry ice in my other hand—I made a declaration of love right on that very spot.

The ladies' room—And he said in the most poetical way—I simply loathe cottonseed oil—so very inattentive as he was; why he only brought me—half a fowl, four glasses of wine and a dozen macaroons—and only think what a lovely compliment he paid me—"she's the plainest woman I ever saw in my life," he said—and I danced every dance except—seven successive numbers, not being able to get a partner—she almost fainted—with her face perfectly crimson—for, since they never looked at each other once—I'm sure they're engaged—and I shall tell him, without regard to his feelings, that—he's a perfect darling—oh, how I've enjoyed myself—not a man came near me the whole evening—good night—good night—good night—good night.

The Autograph Fan.

[New York Press.]

The autograph fan is coming again into existence as a fashionable craze fashion, like history repeating itself.

But the mere writing of one's name on a lady's fan is no longer considered enough. If you are a poet, or writer, an original verse or sentiment must accompany it. If you are a statesman, you are expected to deliver some great thought. If an artist, you will not be let off short of a sketch—done in colors, too.

We hear of English belles who boast of having captured Alma Tadema, Millais and other equally celebrated French artists in this way.

Now, let me imagine a fan with verses or sketches by Secretary Blaine, Gen. Sherman, Chauncey M. Depew, James Russell Lowell, William Dean Howells, George William Curtis, Albert Bierstadt, James M. Hart, Edwin Booth, Edward Gay, Thomas Nast and Bernhard Gillam.

What lady would not be proud to carry it?

More Than He Bargained For.

[Washington Post.]

"Well," said the merchant to the young clerk whom he had sent out collecting, "did you have any luck?"

"Some."

"I suppose you got the amount Mr. Fatherington owes. You said he was a personal friend of yours."

"No, I didn't get the money; the fact is, I don't exactly know what to make of my experience there."

"How was it?"

"I went in and said, 'Mr. Fatherington, I called to speak about a matter—' I didn't get any further, when he put in with, 'That's all right, my boy; she is yours; take her and be happy.'"

Where They Have Muddy Roads.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

There is less exaggeration about another story that used to be told of a very muddy country road.

A man was riding along this road when he saw something waving above the mud. It looked peculiar, and he got out and waded to the spot. It proved to be a riding whip. As he began to pull it out of the mud a voice came from the depths, saying: "What are you taking my whip for?"

"I beg pardon—" began the man above ground.

"Well, let go of my whip; I'm riding to Blankville."

This kind of locomotion underground is very popular in the rural districts.

Selecting Ballet Girls.

[New York Morning Journal.]

Imre Kiralfy, the well-known impresario, has probably had a wider experience in the selection of applicants for the ballet than any other man in the spectacular business, excepting, perhaps, his brother Bolossy.

"By pressing and looking at a woman's hand," said Kiralfy, "I can tell at once whether she is a fit subject for our business. I have had enough experience in this matter all over the country, and have found that a hand is indicative of the contour of a girl's physique. If her fingers are long and tapering her limbs are correspondingly well formed. Should her hand be short and chubby the limbs will be apt to be too stout and badly proportioned."

Imre Kiralfy never fails to look at a girl's neck, for, as he says, if that part of her body is plump the waist and bust are invariably well formed. It is his aim to secure not only pretty-faced women for the Kiralfy productions, but also females who will present especially graceful figures without skirts.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Under the Tree.

[Washington Post.]

"Come sit beneath this old oak tree,
And I of love will speak to thee."
"Thou'lt speak of love? we'll sit," she said,
"Beneath this chestnut tree instead."

April.

[New York Evening Sun.]

Women and April often are compared,
To know the reason does not take much schooling;
The lover who now finds his heart ensnared,
Remembers this is the great month for fooling.

The Irresistible.

[Henry Moore in St. Nicholas.]

Two rosy lips each other press
And two deep dimples deeper make;
Two eyes, with struggling lids, confess
'Tis hard to keep themselves awake;
Two rosy lips more tightly draw—
The little lady *will not* yawn.

Two rosy lips that slowly yield,
And part, and meet, and part anew;
Two eyes, whose drooping lids are sealed
As flowers close when falls the dew;
Alas! her "will not" all is gone—
The little lady needs *must* yawn.

Of Course She Is.

[Detroit Free Press.]

As Peter sat at heaven's gate,
A maiden sought permission,
And begged of him, if not too late,
To give her free admission.

"What claims hath you to enter here?"
He cried with earnest mien;
"Please, sir," she said, 'twixt hope and fear
"I'm only just sixteen."

"Enough;" the hoary guardian said,
And the gate wide open threw;
"That is the age when every maid
Is girl and angel, too."

What She Did Not Say.

[Madeline S. Bridges, in Judge.]

"I wish to tell you," she firmly said,
"Yes, once for all"—here she caught his eyes—
"When faith is ended and hope is dead"—
She looked as if she would like to cry.

"Whatever of love—but that time is past,
That dream is over. You needn't speak,
The bitter truth you must know at last;
Oh! I will be strong, though I have been weak.

"But now that you plainly understand"
Her soft voice faltered, he drew more near—
"I need say no more"—here he caught her hand,
And the word he murmured was simply "Dear!"

And then, as a loving woman should,
She wept on his heart in the old sweet way,
And she said no more, but he understood,
Ah! better far, what she did *not* say.

The Palms.

[Life.]

HE.

We are now where none can see,
Where's the kiss you promised me?

SHE.

I said I'd give a kiss to thee
When *none* could see.

HE.

This palm will hide us from the crowd,
Lift your lips—my head is bowed.

SHE.

Don't you dare! No kiss from me!
Remember, sir, that *I* can see.

HE.

(Placing his hand over her eyes.)
This palm will hide us from *your* eyes.
(Exultingly.)
The prompt and daring win the prize.
(Slight commotion, followed by something that sounds like "tsip.")*

[*Poets have been trying for centuries to express the kiss by a combination of letters. The above is modestly offered for experiment.]

Love—Theory and Practice.

[Morgan MacKnight in Jury.]

I.—THEORY.

How does love grow?
Ah me! and, Heigh ho!
Just a sigh, or a word, or 'tis silence.
How our hearts go
We none of us know;
Just a sigh, or a word, or 'tis silence.
Ah me! and, Heigh ho!
How does love grow?

II.—THEORY.

Why does love flee?
Heigh ho! and, Ah me!
Just a sigh, or a word, or 'tis silence.
How love goes free
'Tis easy to see;
Just a sigh, or a word, or 'tis silence.
Heigh ho! and, Ah me!
Why does love flee!

III.—PRACTICE.

"Ah, dearest heart,
Must we two thus part—
Not a sigh, not a word, just a silence?
"Mine love, thou art."
No sound, not a start,
Not a sigh, not a word, just a silence.
"Must we two thus part?
Ah!—Dearest heart!"

Waltzing Through Life.

[Drake's Magazine.]

We whirled in the waltz, my fair partner and I;
Her eyes and her cheeks were aglow
With the pulse of the music, now soft and now loud,
As it echoed its strains o'er the maddening crowd,
Which surged with its rhythm, to and fro.

Here and there, in and out, past the rest we danced by;
All thought of this world we forgot.
Like two birds, we flew on while that mischievous boy,
Young Cupid, our heart-strings caught up for a toy,
Tying fast, in a true lover's knot.

Then I, bending down, murmured low in her ear
The sweet words on my lips that were rife;
"We have danced with one heart and one soul, love, tonight.
If affection will guard us, and give us her light,
Shall we dance through the valley of life?"

With an arch smile she answered—her meaning was clear,
Though her words came but slowly—"Indeed,
If the secret of dancing were rightfully known—
Most lives would be bettered; that easily shown,
I will follow, but, dear, you must lead."

Ah, well! many years have gone by, since that queer
Little phrase she avowed as her creed,
We have danced over many a precipice-brink,
And, though I'm not *sure*, yet I certainly *think*
That she still follows me, and I lead.

Undue Discretion.

[F. H. Curtis in New York Sun.]

As we bowled along in your swift coupe
Last night, to the ring of the frosty pavement,
How little I thought that at dawn of day
I should gladly acknowledge my heart's enslavement;
Should wake from the glamor of one brief hour,
So live again in that blest contentment;
To value far higher than wealth or power,
The priceless possession your sweet consent meant;

Yes, I little thought in that hurried ride,
Ere the dying strains of "The Beggar Student"
Were lost in the whirr of the wheels outside,
That I for an instant could be so imprudent,
So rash and so foolish as to forget
The barriers that still from you divide me;
That fortune and rank are all yours, and yet;
Well, I lost myself, finding you beside me.

And I must confess that I don't quite know
How it was, but I found my arms about you,
And, darling, I know that I loved you so
That I felt I never could live without you.
Your lips were so temptingly near my own,
And your eyes met mine with a trusting glance,
While the sweetest kiss I had ever known
Was that, in its glorious, subtle fragrance.

I said what I had no right to say,
But the answer you gave made me audacious;
Not mine the courage to sue or sway
Had you been less kind, had you been less gracious.
It was wrong, my love, I'd no right to let
My secret escape, or to say I love you,
And you're free as you were before we met,
Or the birds that circle the air above you.

If you've any doubt of your Yes last night,
I know how unworthy I am, and therefore
Shall not be surprised if the cold daylight
Will show you it is not one you care for.

HER ANSWER.

Your note is received, has been duly read;
I'm sorry that conscience should thus affect you;
If you've any doubt of my meaning, Fred,
I'm at home tonight, and may I expect you?

"BEATRICE."

Continued from the First Page.

keeps; I know that she had to go without a warm cloak this winter, because she got a cough from it—we should have been in the workhouse, and that's where we shall be yet," and he rubbed the back of his withered hand across his eyes.

Geoffrey gasped. Beatrice with scarcely enough means to clothe herself—Beatrice shivering and becoming ill from the want of a cloak while he lived in luxury! It made him sick to think of it. For a moment he could say nothing.

"I have come here—I've come," went on the old man in a broken voice, broken not so much by shame at having to make the request as from fear lest it should be refused, "to ask you if you could lend me a little money. I don't know where to turn. I don't indeed, or I would not do it, Mr. Bingham. I have spent my last pound to get here. If you could lend me £100, I'd give you my note of hand for it, and try to pay it back little by little; we might take £20 a year from Beatrice's salary—"

"Don't please—do not talk of such a thing," ejaculated the horrified Geoffrey. "Where the devil is my check book? Oh, I know, I left it in Bolton street. Here, this will do as well," and he took up a draft made out to his order, and, rapidly signing his name on the back of it, handed it to Mr. Granger. It was in payment of the fees in the great case of Parsons and Douse and some other matters. Mr. Granger took the draft and, holding it close to his eyes, glanced at the amount; it was £200.

"But this is double what I asked for," he said doubtfully. "Am I to return you £100?"

"No, no," answered Geoffrey. "I dare say that you have some debts to pay. Thank heaven, I can get on very well and earn more money than I want. Not enough clothing—it is shocking to think of!" he added, more to himself than to his listener.

The old man rose, his eyes full of tears. "God bless you," he said. "God bless you. I do not know how to thank you—I don't, indeed," and he caught Geoffrey's hand between his trembling palms and pressed it.

"Please do not say any more, Mr. Granger; it really is only a matter of mutual obligation. No, no, I do not want any note of hand. If I were to die it might be used against you. You can pay me whenever it is convenient."

"You are too good, Mr. Bingham," said the old clergyman. "Where could another man be found who would lend me £200 without security?" (where indeed?). "By the way," he added, "I forgot; my mind is in such a whirl. Will you come back with me for a few days to Bryngelly? We shall all be so pleased if you can. Do come, Mr. Bingham, you look as though you want a change, you do indeed."

Geoffrey dropped his hand heavily on the desk. But half an hour before he had made up his mind not to go to Bryngelly. And now—

The vision of Beatrice rose before his eyes—Beatrice who had gone cold all the winter, and never told him one word of their biting poverty. The longing for the sight of Beatrice came into his heart, and like a hurricane swept the defences of his reason to the level ground. Temptation overwhelmed him; he no longer struggled against it. He must see her, if it was only to say goodby.

"Thank you," he said quietly, lifting his bowed head. "Yes, I have nothing particular to do for the next day or two. I think that I will come. When do you go back?"

"Well, I thought of taking the night mail, but I feel so tired. I really don't know. I think I shall go by the 9 o'clock train tomorrow."

"That will suit me very well," said Geoffrey; "and now what are you going to do tonight? You had better come and dine and sleep at my house. No dress clothes? Oh, never mind; there are some people coming, but they won't care; a clergyman is always dressed. Come along and I will get that draft cashed. The bank is shut, but I can manage it."

CHAPTER XX.

BACK AT BRYNGELLY.

Geoffrey and Mr. Granger reached Bolton street about 6 o'clock. The drawing-room was still full of callers. Lady Honoria's young men mustered in great force in those days. They were very inoffensive young men, and Geoffrey had no particular objection to them. Only he found it difficult to remember all their names. When Geoffrey entered the drawing-room there were no less than five of them, to say nothing of two stray ladies, all superbly dressed and metaphorically sitting at Honoria's very pretty feet. Otherwise their contribution to the general store of amusement did not amount to much, for her ladyship did most of the talking.

Geoffrey introduced Mr. Granger, whom Honoria could not at first remember. Nor did she receive the announcement that he was going to dine and stay the night with any particular enthusiasm. The young men melted away at Geoffrey's advent like mists before a rising sun. He greeted them civilly enough, but with him they had nothing in common. To tell the truth, they were a little afraid of him. This man, with his dark, handsome face, sealed with the stamp of intellect, his powerful-looking form (ill-dressed, according to their standard) and his great and growing reputation, was a person with whom they had no sympathy, and who, they felt, had no sympathy with them. We talk as though there is one heaven and one hell for all of us, but here must be some mistake. An impassable gulf yawns between the different classes of mankind. What has such a man as Geoffrey to do with the feeble male and female butterflies of a London drawing-room? There is only one link between them—they live on the same planet.

When the five young men and the two stray ladies had melted away, Geoffrey took Mr. Granger up to his room. Coming down stairs again he found Lady Honoria waiting for him in the study.

"Is that individual really going to dine and sleep here?" she asked.

"Certainly Honoria, and he has brought no dress clothes," he answered.

"Really, Geoffrey, it is too bad of you," said the lady, with some pardonable irritation. "Why do you bring people to dinner in this promiscuous way? It will quite upset the table. Just fancy asking an old Welsh clergyman to dine who has not the slightest pretensions to being a gentleman, when one has the prime minister and a bishop coming—and a clergyman without dress clothes, too. What has he come for?"

"He came to see me on business, and as to the people coming to dinner, if they don't like it they can grumble when they go home. By the way, Honoria, I am going down to Wales for a day or two tomorrow. I want a change."

"Indeed! Going to see the lovely Beatrice, I suppose. You had better be careful, Geoffrey. That girl will get you into a mess, and if she does there are plenty of people who are ready to make an example of you. You have enemies enough, I can tell you. I am not jealous—it is not in my line; but you are too intimate with that girl, and you will be sorry for it one day."

"Nonsense," said Geoffrey angrily, but, nevertheless, he felt that Lady Honoria's words were words of truth. It struck him, moreover, that she must feel this strongly, or she would not have spoken in that tone. Honoria did not often pose as a household philosopher. Still he would not draw back now. His heart was set on seeing Beatrice.

"Am I to understand," went on his wife, "that you still object to my staying with the Garsingtons? I think it is a little hard that if I do not make a fuss about your going to see your village paragon, you should refuse to allow me to visit my own brother."

Geoffrey felt that he was being bargained with. It was degrading, but in the extremity of his folly he yielded.

"Go, if you like," he said shortly, "but if you take Effie, mind that she is properly looked after, that is all," as he abruptly left the room.

Lady Honoria looked after him, slowly nodding her handsome head. "Ah," she said to herself, "I have found out how to manage you now. You have your weak point like other people, Master Geoffrey—and it spells Beatrice. Only you must not go too far. I am not jealous, but I am not going to have a scandal for 50 Beatrices. I will not allow you to lose your reputation and position. Just fancy a man like that pining for a village girl—she is nothing more! And they talk about his being so clever. Well, he always liked ladies' society; that is his failing, and now he has burned his fingers. They all do sooner or later, especially these clever men. The women flatter them, that's it. Of course the girl is trying to get hold of him, and she might do worse, but so surely as my name is Honoria Bingham I will put a spoke in her wheel before she has done. Bah! and they laugh at the power of women when a man like Geoffrey, with all the world to lose, grows love-sick for a pretty face; it is a very pretty face, by the way. I do believe that if I were out of the way he would marry her. But I am in the way, and mean to stay there. Well, it is time to dress for dinner. I only hope that old clown of a clergyman won't do something ridiculous. I shall have to apologize for him."

Dinner time had come; it was 8.15, and the room was filled with highly-bred people, all more or less distinguished. Mr. Granger had duly appeared, arrayed in his threadbare black coat, relieved, however, by a pair of Geoffrey's dress shoes. As might have been expected, the great folk did not seem surprised at his presence or to take any particular notice of his attire, the fact being that such people never are surprised. A Zulu chief in full war dress would only excite a friendly interest in their breasts. On the contrary they recognized vaguely that the old gentleman was something out of the common run, and as such worth cultivating. Indeed, the prime minister, hearing casually that he was a clergyman from Wales, asked to be introduced to him, and at once fell into a conversation about tithes, a subject of which Mr. Granger was thoroughly master.

Presently they went down to dinner, Mr. Granger escorting the wife of the bishop, a fat and somewhat apoplectic lady, blessed with an excellent appetite. On his other side was the prime minister and between the two he got on very well, especially after a few glasses of wine. Indeed, both the apoplectic wife of the bishop and the head of her majesty's government were subsequently heard to declare that Mr. Granger was a very entertaining person. To the former he related with much detail how his daughter had saved their host's life, and to the latter he discoursed upon the subject of tithes, favoring him with his ideas of what legislation was necessary to meet the question. Somewhat to his own surprise he found that his views were received with attention and even with respect. In the main, too, they received the support of the bishop, who likewise felt keenly on the subject of tithes. Never before had Mr. Granger had such a good dinner, nor mingled with company so distinguished. He remembered both till his dying day.

Next morning Geoffrey and Mr. Granger started before Lady Honoria was up. Into the details of their long journey to Wales (in a crowded third-class carriage) we need not enter. Geoffrey had plenty to think of, but his fears had vanished, as fears sometimes do when we draw near to the object of them, and had been replaced by a curious expectancy. He saw now, or thought he saw, that he had been making a mountain out of a molehill. Probably it meant nothing at all. There was no real danger. Beatrice liked him, no doubt; possibly she had even experienced a fit of tenderness towards him. Such things come, and such things go. Time is a wonderful healer of moral distempers, and few young ladies endure the chains of an undesirable attachment for a period of seven whole months. It made him almost blush to think that this might be so, and that the gratuitous extension of his misfortune to Beatrice might be nothing more than the working of his own unconscious vanity—a vanity which, did she know of it, would move her to angry laughter.

He remembered how once, when he was quite a young fellow, he had been somewhat smitten with a certain lady, who certainly, if he might judge from her words and acts, reciprocated the sentiment. And he remembered also how, when he met that lady some months afterwards, she had treated him with cold indifference, indeed, almost with an insolence, that quite bewildered him, making him wonder how the same person could show in such different lights, till at length, fairly mortified and ashamed at his mistake, he had gone away in a rage and seen her face no more. Of course he had set it down to female infidelity. He had served her turn, she had made a fool of him, and that was all she wanted. Now he might enjoy his humiliation. It did not occur to him—to borrow an energetic American term—that it might be simple "cussedness" or that she had not really changed, but was angry with him for some reason which she did not choose to show. It is difficult to weigh the motives of women in the scales of male experience, and many other men besides Geoffrey have been forced to give up the attempt and to console themselves with the reflection that the inexplicable is generally not worth understanding.

Yes probably it would be the same case over again. And yet, and yet—was Beatrice of that class? Had she not too much of a man's straightforwardness of aim to permit her to play such tricks? In the bottom of his soul he thought that she had, but he would not admit it to himself. The fact of the matter was that, half unknowingly, he was trying to drug his conscience. He knew in his longing to see her dear face once more that he had undertaken a dangerous thing. He was about to walk with her over an abyss on a bridge which might bear them, or—might break. So long as he walked there alone it would be well, but would it bear them both? Alas for the frailty of human nature, this was the truth; but he would not and did not acknowledge it. He was not going to make love to Beatrice, he was going to enjoy the pleasure of her society. In friendship there could be no harm.

It is not difficult thus to still the qualms of an uneasy mind, more especially when the thing in question at its worst is rather an offence against local custom than against natural law. In many countries of the world—in nearly all countries, indeed, at different epochs of their history—it would have been no wrong that Geoffrey and Beatrice should love each other, and human nature in strong temptation is very apt to override artificial barriers erected to suit the convenience or promote the prosperity of particular sections of mankind. But, as we have heard, even though all things may be lawful, yet all things are not expedient. To commit or even to condone an act because the principle that stamps it as wrong will admit of argument on its merits is mere sophistry, by the aid of which we might prove ourselves entitled to defy the majority of laws of all calibres. Laws vary to suit the generations, but each generation must obey its own, or confusion will ensue. A deed should be judged by its fruits; it may even be innocent in itself, yet if its fruits are evil the doer in a sense is guilty.

Thus in some countries to mention the name of your mother-in-law entails the most unpleasant consequences on that intimate relation. Nobody can say that to name the lady is a thing wicked in itself; yet the man who, knowing the penalties which will ensue, allows himself, even in a fit of passion against that relative, to violate the custom and mention her by name is doubtless an offender. Thus, too, the result of an entanglement between a woman and a man already married generally means unhappiness and hurt to all concerned, more especially to the woman, whose prospects are perhaps irretrievably injured thereby. It is useless to point to the example of the patriarch, some foreign royal families and many respectable Turks; it is useless to plead that the love is a deep and holy love, for which a man or woman might well live and die, or to show extenuating circumstances in the fact of loneliness, need of smypathy and that the existing marriage is a hollow sham. The rule is clear. A man may do most things except cheat at cards or run away in action; a woman may break half a dozen hearts, or try to break them, and finally put herself up at auction and take no harm at all—but neither of them may in any event do this.

Not that Geoffrey, to do him justice, had any such intentions. Most men are incapable of plots of that nature. If they fall, it is when the voice of conscience is lost in the whirlwind of passion, and counsel is darkened by the tumultuous pleadings of the heart. Their sin is that they will, most of them, allow themselves to be put in positions favorable to the development of these disagreeable influences. It is not safe to light cigarettes in a powder factory. If Geoffrey had done what he ought to have done, he never would have gone back to Bryngelly, and there would have been no story to tell, or no more than there usually is.

At length Mr. Granger and his guest reached Bryngelly; there was nobody to meet them, for nobody knew that they were coming, so they walked up to the vicarage. It was strange to Geoffrey once more to pass by the little church through those well-remembered, wind-torn pines and see that long, low house. It seemed wonderful that all should still be just as it was, that there should be no change at all when he himself had seen so much. There was Beatrice's home; where was Beatrice?

He passed into the house like a man in a dream. In another moment he was in the long parlor where he had spent so many happy hours, and Elizabeth was greeting him. He shook hands with her, and as he did so noticed vaguely that she too was utterly unchanged. Her straw-colored hair was pushed back from the temples in the same way, the mouth wore the same hard smile, her light eyes shone with the same cold look; she even wore the same brown dress. But she appeared to be very pleased to see him, as indeed she was, for the game looked well for Elizabeth. Her father kissed her hurriedly, and bustled from the room to lock up his borrowed cash, leaving them together.

Somehow Geoffrey's conversational powers failed him. Where was Beatrice? She ought to be back from school. It was holiday time indeed. Could she be away?

He made an effort, and remarked absently that things seemed very unchanged at Bryngelly.

"You are looking for Beatrice," said Elizabeth, answering his thought and not his words. "She has gone out walking, but I think that she will be back soon. Excuse me but I must go and see about your room."

Geoffrey hung about a little, then he lit his pipe and strolled down to the beach, with a vague unexpressed idea of meeting Beatrice. He did not meet Beatrice, but he met old Edward, who knew him at once.

"Lord, sir," he said, "it's queer to see you here again, specially when I thinks as how I saw you first, and you a dead 'un to all purposes, with your mouth open, and Miss Beatrice a-hanging on to your hair fit to pull your scalp off. You never was nearer old Davy than you was that night, sir, nor won't be. And now you've been spared to become a Parliament man, I hears, and much good may you do there—it will take you all your time, sir—and I think, sir, that I should like to drink your health."

Geoffrey put his hand in his pocket and gave the old man a sovereign. He could afford to do so now.

"Does Miss Beatrice go out canoeing now?" he asked, while Edward still mumbled his astonished thanks.

"At times, sir—thanking you kindly; it ain't many suvrings as comes my way—though I hate the sight on it, I do. I'd like to stave a hole in the bottom of that there cranky concern; it ain't safe, and that's the fact. There'll be another accent out of it one of these fine days, and no coming to next time. But, Lord bless you, it's her way of pleasuring herself. She's a queer 'un is Miss Beatrice, and she gets queerer and queerer, what with their being so tight screwed up at the vicarage, no tithes and that, and one thing and another. Not but what I'm thinking, sir," he added in a portentous whisper, "as the squire has got summit to do with it. He's a-courting of her, he is; he's as hard after her as a dog fish after a stray herring, and why she can't just say yes and marry him I'm sure I don't know."

"Perhaps she doesn't like him," said Geoffrey, coldly.

May be, sir, may be. Maids all have their fancies in whatsoever walk of life it has pleased God to stick 'em; but it's a wonderful pity, it is. He ain't no great shakes, he ain't, but he's a sound man no girl can want a sounder—lived quiet all his days, you see, sir, and, what's more, he's got the money, and money's tight up at the vicarage, sir. Gals must give up their fancies sometimes, sir. Lord! a brace of brats and she'd forget all about 'em. I'm 70 years old and I've seen their ways, sir, though in a humble calling. You should say a word to her, sir; she'd thank you kindly five years after. You'd do her a good turn, sir, you would, and not a bad 'un as the saying goes, and give it the lie—no, beg your pardon, that is the other way round—she's bound to do you the bad turn, having saved your life, though I don't see how she could do that unless, begging your pardon, she made you fall in love with her, being married, which, though strange, wouldn't be wunnerful, seeing what she is and seeing how I has been in love with her myself since she was 7, old missus and all, who died eight years gone and well rid of the rheumatics."

Beatrice was one of the few subjects that could unlock old Edward's breast, and Geoffrey retired before his confusing but suggestive eloquence. Hurriedly bidding the old man good night he returned to the house, and leaning on the gate watched the twilight dying on the bosom of the west.

Suddenly, a bunch of wild roses in her girdle, Beatrice emerged from the gathering gloom and stood before him face to face.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE THIRD APPEAL.

Face to face they stood, while at the vision of her sweetness his heart grew still. Face to face, and the faint light fell upon her tender loveliness and died in her deep eyes, and the faint breeze fragrant with the breath of pines gently stirred her hair. Oh, it was worth living to see her thus!

"I beg your pardon," she said in a puzzled tone, stepping forward to pass the gate.

"Beatrice!"

She gave a little cry and clutched the railing, else she would have fallen. One moment she stayed so, looking up towards his face that was hid in the deepening shadow—looking with wild eyes of hope and fear and love.

"Is it you," she said at length, "or another dream?"

"It is I, Beatrice," he answered, amazed. She recovered herself with an effort.

"Then why did you frighten me so?" she asked. "It was unkind—oh, I did not mean to say anything cross. What did I say? I forget. I am so glad that you have come!" And she put her hand to her forehead and looked at him again as one might gaze at a ghost from the grave.

"Did you not expect me?" Geoffrey asked.

"Expect you? no. No more than I expected—" and she stopped suddenly.

"It is very odd," he said; "I thought you knew that your father was going to ask me down. I returned from London with him."

"From London," she murmured. "I did not know; Elizabeth did not tell me anything about it. I suppose that she forgot."

"Here I am at any rate, and how are you?"

"Oh, well now, quite well. There, I am all right again. It is very wrong to frighten people in that way, Mr. Bingham," she added in her usual voice. "Let me pass through the gate, and I will shake hands with you—if," she added in a tone of gentle mockery, "one may shake hands with so great a man. But I told you how it would be, did I not, just before we were drowned together, you know? How is Effie?"

"Effie flourishes," he answered. "Do you know, you do not look very grand. Your father told me that you had a cold in the winter," and Geoffrey shivered as he thought of the cause.

"Oh, thank you, I have nothing to complain of. I am strong and well. How long do you stay here?"

"Not long. Perhaps till Tuesday morning, perhaps till Monday."

Beatrice sighed. Happiness is short. She had not brought him here, she would not have lifted a finger to bring him here, but since he had come she wished that he was going to stay longer.

"It is supper time," she said. "Let us go in."

So they went in and ate their supper. It was a happy meal. Mr. Granger was in almost boisterous spirits. It is wonderful what a difference the possession of that 200 pounds made in his demeanor; he seemed another man. It was true that a hundred of it must go in paying debts, but a hundred would be left, which meant at least a year's respite for him. Elizabeth, too, relapsed her habitual grimness; the 200 pounds had its influence on her also, and there were other genial influences at work in her dark, secret heart. Beatrice knew nothing of the money and sat somewhat silent, but she too was happy with the wild unreal happiness that sometimes visits us in dreams.

As for Geoffrey if Lady Honoria could have seen him she would have stared in astonishment. Of late he had been a very silent man, many people, indeed, had found him a dull companion. But under the influence of Beatrice's presence he talked, and talked brilliantly. Perhaps he was unconsciously striving to show at his very best before her, as a man naturally does in the presence of the woman he loves. So brilliantly did he talk that at last they all sat still and listened to him, and they might have been worse employed.

At length supper was done, and Elizabeth retired to her room. Presently, too, Mr. Granger was called out to christen a sick baby, and went grumbling, and they were left alone. They sat in the window-place and looked out at the quiet night.

"Tell me about yourself," said Beatrice.

So he told her. He narrated all the steps by which he had reached his present position and showed her how from it he might rise to the topmost heights of all. She did not look at him and did not answer him, but once when he paused, thinking that he had talked enough about himself, she said, "Go on; tell me some more."

At last he had told her all.

"Yes," she said, "you have the power and the opportunity, and you will one day be among the foremost men of your generation."

"I doubt it," he said with a sigh. "I am not ambitious. I only work for the sake of the work, not for what it will bring. One day I daresay that I shall weary of it all and leave it. But while I do work, I like to be among the first in my degree."

"Oh, no," she answered, "you must not give it up; you must go on and on. Promise me," she continued, looking at him for the first time—"promise me that while you have health and strength you will persevere till you stand alone and quite pre-eminent. Then you can give it up."

"Why should I promise you this, Beatrice?"

"Because I ask it of you. Once I saved your life, Mr. Bingham, and it gives me some little right to direct its course. I wish that the man whom I saved to the world should be among the first men in the world, not in wealth, which is an accident, but in intellect and force. Promise me this and I shall be happy."

"I promise you," he said. "I promise that I will try to rise because you ask it, not because the prospect attracts me;" but as he spoke his heart was wrung. It was bitter to hear her speak thus of a future in which she would have no share, which, as her words implied, would be a thing utterly apart from her, as much a part as though she were dead.

"Yes," he said again, "you gave me my life, and it makes me very unhappy to think that I can give you nothing in return. Oh, Beatrice! I will tell you what I have never told to anyone. I am lonely and wretched. With the exception of yourself, I do not think that there is anybody who really cares for—I mean who really sympathizes with me in the world. I dare say that it is my own fault, and it sounds a humiliating thing to say, and, in a fashion, a selfish thing. I never should have said it to any living soul but you. What is the use of being great when there is nobody to work for? Things might have been different, but the world is a hard place. If you—if you—"

At this moment his hand touched hers; it was accidental, but in the tenderness of his heart he yielded to the temptation and took it. Then there was a moment's pause, and very gently she drew her hand away and thrust it in her bosom.

"You have your wife to share your fortune," she said, "you have Effie to inherit it, and you can leave your name to your country."

Then came a heavy pause.

"And you," he said, breaking it, "what future is there for you?"

She laughed softly. "Women have no future and they ask none. At least I do not now, though once I did. It is enough for them if they can ever so little help the lives of others. That is their happiness, and their reward is—rest."

Just then Mr. Granger came back from his christening, and Beatrice rose and went to bed.

"Looks a little pale, doesn't she, Mr. Bingham?" said her father. "I think she must be troubled in her mind. The fact is—well, there is no reason why I should not tell you; she thinks so much of you, and you might say a word to brighten her up—well, it's about Mr. Davies, I fancy, you know, that she likes him, and is vexed because he does not come forward. Well, you see—of course I may be mistaken, but I have sometimes thought that he may. I have seen him look as if he was thinking of it, though of course it is more than Beatrice has got any right to expect. She's only got herself and her good looks to give him, and he is a rich man. Think of it Mr. Bingham," and the old gentleman turned up his eyes piously, "just think what a thing it would be for her, and indeed for all of us, if it should please God to send a chance like that in her way; she would be rich for life, and such a position! But it is possible; one never knows; he might take a fancy to her. At any rate, Mr. Bingham, I think you could cheer her up a little; there is no need for her to give up hope yet."

Geoffrey burst into a short grim laugh. The idea of Beatrice languishing for Owen Davies; indeed, the irony of the whole position, was too much for his sense of humor.

"Yes," he said, "I daresay that it might be a good match for her, but I do not know how she would get on with Mr. Davies."

"Get on; why, well enough, of course. Women are soft, and can squeeze into most holes, especially if they are well lined. Besides, he may be a bit heavy, but I think she is pining for him, and its a pity that she should waste her life like that. What, are you going to bed? Well, good-night—good-night."

Geoffrey did go to bed, but not to sleep. For a long while he lay awake, thinking. He thought of the last night which he had spent in this little room, of its strange experiences, of all that had happened since, and of the meeting of today. Could he, after that meeting, any longer doubt what were the feelings with which Beatrice regarded him? It was difficult to do so, and yet there still was room for error. Then he thought of what old Edward had said to him, and of what Mr. Granger had said with reference to Beatrice and Owen Davies. The views of both were cruelly and even vulgarly expressed, but they coincided, and, what was more, there was truth in them, and he knew it. The idea of Beatrice marrying Mr. Davies was, to put it mildly, repulsive to him; but had he any claim to stand between her and so desirable a settlement in life? Clearly he had not; his conscience told him so.

Could it be right, moreover, that this kind of tie which existed between them should be knitted more closely? What would it mean? Trouble, and nothing but trouble, more especially to Beatrice, who would fret her days away to no end. He had done wrong in coming here at all, he had done wrong in taking her hand. He would make the only reparation in his power (as though in such a case as that of Beatrice reparation were now possible)! He would efface himself from her life and see her no more. Then she might learn to forget him, or, at the worst, to remember him with but a vague regret. Yes, cost what it might, he would force himself to do it before any actual mischief ensued. The only question was, should he not go further? Should he not tell her that she would do well to marry Mr. Davies?

Pondering over this most painful question, at last he went to sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

A NIGHT OF STORM.

The next afternoon the whole vicarage party walked up to the farm to inspect another litter of young pigs. It struck Geoffrey, remembering former editions, that reproductive powers of Mr. Granger's old sow were something little short of marvellous, and he dreamily worked out a calculation of how long it would take her and her progeny to produce a pig to every square yard of the area of plucky little Wales. It seemed that the thing could be done in six years, which was absurd, so he gave up calculating.

He had no words alone with Beatrice that afternoon. Indeed, a certain coldness seemed to have sprung up between them. With the almost supernatural quickness of a loving woman's intuition, she had divined that something was passing in his mind, inimical to her most vital interests, so she shunned his company, and received his conventional advances with a politeness which was as cold as it was crushing. This did not please Geoffrey; it is one thing to make up your mind heroically to abandon (in her own interests, of course) a lady whom you do not wish to compromise, and quite another to be snubbed by that lady before the moment of final separation. Though he never put the idea into words or even defined it in his mind—for Geoffrey was far too anxious and unhappy to be flippant, at any rate in thought—he would at heart have wished her to remain the same, indeed to wax ever tenderer, till the fatal time of parting arrived, and even to show appreciation of his virtuous conduct.

But to the utter destruction of most such hands as Geoffrey held, loving women never will play according to the book. Their conduct imperils everything, for it is obvious that it takes two to bring an affair of this nature to a dignified conclusion, even when the stakes are highest, and the matter is one of life and death. Beatrice was, after all, very much of a woman, and she did not behave much better than any other woman would have done. She was angry and suspicious, and she showed it, with the result that Geoffrey grew angry also. It was cruel of her, he thought, considering all things. He forgot that she could know nothing of what was in his mind, however much she might guess; also as yet he did not know the boundless depth and might of her passion for him, and all that it meant to her. Had he realized this he would have acted very differently.

They came home and took tea, then Mr. Granger and Elizabeth made ready to go to evening service. To Geoffrey's dismay Beatrice did the same. He had looked forward to a quiet walk with her—really this was not to be borne. Fortunately, or rather unfortunately, she was ready the first, and he got a word with her.

"I did not know that you were going to church," he said. "I thought that we might have had a quiet walk together. Very likely I shall have to go away early to-morrow morning."

"Indeed," answered Beatrice, coldly. "But of course you have your work to attend to. I told Elizabeth that I was coming to church, and I must go; it is too sultry to walk; there is going to be a storm."

At this moment Elizabeth came in.

"Well, Beatrice," said she, "are you coming to church? Father has gone on."

Beatrice pretended not to hear, and reflected a moment. He would go away and she would see him no more. Could she let slip this last hour? Oh, she could not do it!

In that moment of reflection her fate was sealed.

"No," she answered slowly. "I don't think that I am coming; it is too sultry to go to church. I dare say that Mr. Bingham will go with you."

Geoffrey hastily disclaimed any such intention and Elizabeth started off alone.

"Ah!" she said to herself, "I thought that you would not come, my dear."

"Well," said Geoffrey, when she had well gone, "shall we go out?"

"I think it is pleasanter here," answered Beatrice.

"Oh, Beatrice, don't be so unkind," he said, feebly.

"As you like," she replied. "There is a fine sunset—I think that we shall have a storm."

They went out, and turned up the lonely beach. The place was utterly deserted, and they walked a little way apart and almost without speaking. The sunset was magnificent; great flakes of golden cloud were continually driven from a home of splendor in the west towards the cold lined horizon of the land. The sea was still quiet, but it moaned like a thing in pain. The storm was fast gathering.

"What a lovely sunset," said Geoffrey at length.

"It is a fatal sort of loveliness," she answered; "it will be a bad night and a wet morrow. The wind is rising; shall we turn?"

"No, Beatrice, never mind the wind. I want to speak to you, if you will allow me to do so."

"Yes," said Beatrice, "what about, Mr. Bingham?"

To make good resolutions in a matter of this sort is comparatively easy, but the carrying of them out presents some difficulties. Geoffrey, conscience-stricken into priggishness, wished to tell her that she would do well to marry Owen Davies, and found the matter difficult. Meanwhile Beatrice preserved silence.

"The fact is," he said at length, "I most sincerely hope you will forgive me, but I have been thinking a great deal about you and your future welfare."

"That is very kind of you," said Beatrice, with an ominous humility.

This was disconcerting, but Geoffrey was determined, and he went on in a somewhat nippant tone born of the most intense nervousness and hatred of his task. Never had he loved her so well as now in this moment, when he was about to counsel her to marry another man. And yet he persevered in his folly. For, as so often happens, the shrewd insight and knowledge of the world which distinguished Geoffrey as a lawyer when dealing with the affairs of others, quite deserted him in this crisis of his own life and that of the woman who worshipped him.

"Since I have been here," he said, "I have had no less than three appeals made to me on your behalf and by separate people—by your father, who fancies that you are pining for Owen Davies; by Owen Davies, who is certainly pining for you; and by old Edward, intervening as a kind of domestic amicus curiæ."

"Indeed," said Beatrice in a voice of ice.

"All these three urged the same thing—the desirability of your marrying Owen Davies."

Beatrice's face grew quite pale, her lips twitched and her gray eyes flashed angrily.

"Really," she said, "and have you any advice to give on the subject, Mr. Bingham?"

"Yes, Beatrice, I have. I have thought it over, and I think that—forgive me again—that if you can bring yourself to it perhaps you had better marry him. He is not such a bad sort of man, and he is well off."

They had been walking rapidly, and now they were reaching the spot known as the "Amphitheatre," that same spot where Owen Davies had proposed to Beatrice some seven months before.

Beatrice passed around the projecting edge of rock, and walked some way towards the flat slab of stone in the centre before she answered. While she did so a great and bitter anger filled her heart. She saw, or thought she saw, it all. Geoffrey wished to be rid of her. He had discerned an element of danger in their intimacy and was anxious to make that intimacy impossible by pushing her into a distasteful marriage. Suddenly she turned and faced him—turned like a thing at bay. The last red rays of sunset struck upon her lovely face, made more lovely still by its stamp of haughty anger; they lay upon her heaving breast. Full in the eyes she looked him with those wide, angry eyes of hers—never before had he seen her wear so imperial a mien. Her dignity and the power of her presence literally awed him, for at times Beatrice's beauty was of that royal stamp which, when it hides a heart, is a compelling force, conquering and borne to conquer.

"Does it not strike you, Mr. Bingham," she said quietly, "that you are taking a very great liberty? Does it not strike you that no man who is not a relation has any right to speak to a woman as you have spoken to me?—that, in short, you have been guilty of what in most people would be an impertinence? What right have you to dictate to me as to whom I should or should not marry? Surely of all things in the world that is my own affair."

Geoffrey colored to the eyes. As would have been the case with most men of his class, he felt her accusation of having taken a liberty, of having presumed upon an intimacy, more keenly than any which she could have brought against him.

"Forgive me," he said humbly. "I can only assure you that I had no such intention. I only spoke—ill-judgedly, I fear—because—because I felt driven to it."

Beatrice took no notice of his words, but went on in the same cold voice.

"What right have you to speak of my affairs with Mr. Davies, with an old boatman or even with my father? Had I wished you to do so I should have asked you. By what authority do you constitute yourself an intermediary for the purpose of bringing about a marriage which you are so good as to consider would be to my pecuniary interest? Do you know that such a matter is one which the woman concerned, the woman whose happiness and self-respect are at stake, alone can judge of? I have nothing more to say except this. I said just now that you had been guilty of what would in most people be an impertinence. Well, I will add something. In this case, Mr. Bingham, there are circumstances which make it—a cruel insult!"

She stopped speaking, then suddenly, without the slightest warning, burst into a flood of passionate weeping. As she did so the first rush of the storm passed over them, winnowing the air as with a thousand eagles' wings and was lost on the moaning depths beyond.

The light went out of the sky. Now Geoffrey could only see the faint outlines of her weeping face. One moment he hesitated, and one only; then nature prevailed against him, for the next she was in his arms.

Beatrice scarcely resisted him. Her energies seemed to fail her, or perhaps she had spent them in her bitter words. Her head fell upon his shoulder, and there she sobbed her fill. Presently she lifted it and their lips met in a first long kiss. It was finished; this was the end of it, and thus did Geoffrey prosper Owen Davies' suit.

"Oh, you are cruel, cruel!" he whispered in her ear. "You must have known I loved you, Beatrice; that I spoke against myself because I thought it to be my duty. You must have known that, to my sin and sorrow, I have always loved you; that you have never been an hour from my mind; that I have longed to see your face like a sick man for the light. Tell me, did you not know it, Beatrice?"

"How should I know?" she answered very softly; "I could only guess, and if, indeed you love me, how could you wish me to marry another man? I thought that you had learned my weakness and took this way to reproach me. Oh Geoffrey, what have we done? What is there between you and me—except our love?"

"It would have been better if we had been drowned together at the first," he said heavily.

"No, no," she answered; "for then we never should have loved each other. Better first to love and then to die!"

"Do not speak so," he said; "let us sit here and be happy for a little while tonight, and leave trouble till tomorrow."

And, where on a bygone day Beatrice had tarried with another wooer, side by side they sat upon the great stone and talked such talk as lovers use.

Above them moaned the rising gale, though sheltered as they were by cliffs its breath scarcely stirred their hair. In front of them the long waves boomed upon the beach, while far out to sea the crescent moon, draped in angry light, seemed to ride the waters like a boat.

And they were alone with their great bliss, or did they only dream? Nay, they were alone, alone with love and lovers' joys, and all the truth was told, and all their doubts were done. Now there was an end of hopes and fears; now reason fell and Love usurped his throne, and at that royal coming heaven threw wide her gates. Oh sweetest and most dear! Oh, dearest and most sweet! Oh, to have lived to find this happy hour—oh, in this hour to die!

See heaviness is behind us see now we are one. Blow, ye winds, blow out your stormy heart; we know the secret of your strength, you rush to your desire. Fall, deep waters of the sea, fall in thunder at the feet of earth; we hear the music of your pleading. Earth, and seas, and winds, sing your great chant of love! Heaven and space and time, echo back the melody! For life has called to us the answer of his riddle! Heart to heart we sit, and lips to lips, and we are more wise than Solomon, and richer than barbarian kings, for happiness is ours.

To this end were we born, dearest and most sweet, and from all time predestinate! To this end, sweetest and most dear, do we live and die, in death to find completer unity. For here is that secret of the world which wise men search and cannot find, and here, too, is the gate of heaven.

Look into my eyes and let me gaze on yours and listen how these things be. The world is but a mockery, and a shadow is our flesh, for where once they were there shall be naught. Our love is real; love shall endure till all the suns are dead, and yet be young.

Kiss me, thou conqueror, for destiny is overcome, sorrow is gone by, and the flame that we have hallowed upon this earthly altar shall still burn brightly, and yet more brightly, when yonder stars have lost their fire.

But alas! words cannot give a fitting form to such a song as this. Let music try! But music also folds her wings. For in so supreme an hour

A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,

and through that opened door come sights and sounds such as cannot be written.

They tell us it is madness, that this unearthly glory is but the frenzy of a passion, gross in its very essence. Let those think it who will, but to dreamers let them leave their dreams. Why, then, at such a time, do visions come to children of the world like Beatrice or Geoffrey? Why do their doubts vanish, and what is that breath from heaven which they seem to feel upon their brow? The intoxication of earthly love born of the meeting of youth and beauty. So be it! Slave, bring more such wine, and let us drink—to Immortality and to those dear eyes that mirror forth a spirit's face!

Such loves are indeed few. For they must be real and deep, and natures thus shaped are rare, nor do they often cross each other's line of life. Yes, few there are who can be born so high, and none can breathe that ether long. Soon the wings which Love lent them in his hour of revelation will shrink and vanish and the borrower's will fall back to the level of this world, happy if they escape uncrushed. Perchance even in their life-days they may find these spirit wings again, overshadowing the altar of their vows in the hour of earthly marriage, if by some happy fate marriage should be within their reach, or like the holy pinions of the goddess Nout, folded about a coffin, in the hour of early death. But scant are the occasions, and few are they who know them.

Thus soared Beatrice and Geoffrey while the wild night beat around them, making a fit accompaniment to their stormy loves. And thus too they fell.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

KISSING THE ROD.

[James Whitcomb Riley.]

Oh, heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour,
We have known
When our tears fell with the shower,
All alone—
Were not shine and shadow blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With His own.

For, we know, not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

Cheap Pleasure.

[Texas Siftings.]

"Vat ish it you vants, Schacob!" asked Mose Schaumburg of his oldest son.

"Give me haluff of tollar, vodder."

"Vat you vants mit such large sums of monish?"

"I vants to make myseluf some funs. I vants to go dot theater in."

"So you vants to make yourseluf some bleasures? I dells you how you can have some bleasuaes midont spending monish. Vait until next vinter ven it vas cold. Den stick you feet dat ped oud until dose feet vas almost frozen. Den you pulls dose feet dat varm ped in. I dells you, Schacob, you don't vant to make your old vodder weep mit dose frivolous bleasures vot vas so tam expenshive."

Especially When She is Tall.

[Puck.]

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

"Perhaps. But I assure you there is very little fun in being short."

ODDITIES

A Bay City, Mich., man can make salt for eight cents a barrel.

A Butler county, Penn., cow gave birth to five calves last week.

The first mail matter received at Port Osgood since Jan. 7 was delivered on April 2.

Nearly all the handsome dinners given in Philadelphia are photographed by flash light.

Travellers in Russia are now obliged to have their photographs annexed to their passports.

In a match game of base ball between the boys and girls of the Hutchinson (Kan.) high school the girls won.

The olive tree lives to a great age. One lately destroyed at Beaulieu had a record of five centuries and was 36 feet in circumference.

The aggregate weight of the family of Isaac Gloer of Bowman, Ga., consisting of himself, wife and four children, is 1330 pounds.

An Englishman gave as a reason for not trying to rescue a man whom he saw drowning, that he had "never been introduced to the man."

A plea was made to school children to contribute one egg each for a hospital at Harrisburg, Penn., and the result was a collection of 5000 eggs.

The Watkin tower, which will be erected in London and overtop the Eiffel tower by 335 feet, is to have six legs instead of four. It will cost about $1,200,000.

Los Angeles has one sewer 5000 feet long that has not a single connection. In one place it is 25 feet under ground. How it came to be so built is a mystery.

The latest invention of musical Germany is a mechanical conductor, a figure which beats the time with mathematical accuracy at any tempo that may be desired.

The frieze which decorates the dining-room of Mrs. W. C. Whitney represents not only Shakespeare's heroes and heroines in life size, but also the modest sum of $10,000.

On exhibition at the Third National Bank in Scranton is a check bearing the signature of George Washington. It was drawn just three months and one day before his death.

Twelve cartloads of crushed eggs, sandwich papers and other rubbish were taken from the White House grounds after the children's egg-rolling picnic on Easter Monday.

In London they have a window cleaning company which gives the greatest satisfaction. Experienced men, with all the utensils required, clean the windows cheaply and well.

Charles Milton Gray of Chicago is willing to go round the world on horseback if the government will foot up the horse and expenses and give him some sort of official recognition.

A cedar stump stands on W. S. Clay's farm, near Snohomish City, Or., that measures 20 feet in diameter. A photograph was taken of it with 30 men and five horses standing abreast.

The New York Tribune entered Thursday upon the 50th year of its existence. One of the compositors who helped to get out the first number, Washington Dodge, has been at the case ever since.

A remarkable feature of the large coal mine at St. Andre du Poirise, France, which is over 3000 feet in depth, is the comparatively low temperature experienced, which is seldom more than 75° Fahrenheit.

The heliograph is used to flash signals between stations in New Mexico and Arizona that are 75 miles apart. Experiments will soon be made to test the power of the instrument to a distance of 100 miles.

A German photographer in Constantinople recently came near losing his life by taking a negative of the Sultan in violation of the Koran, which prohibits the reproduction of the human figure or countenance.

A medicament more powerful than quinine in counteracting fevers is said to have been discovered in Mexico. It is a plant called the pombolano, the root of which contains a substance analogous to quinine.

A piece of pink coral 30 feet long and nine inches in diameter at one end, with branches projecting about four feet on all sides, was recently obtained on the coast of Japan. Its value in a prepared state would be about $15,000.

In Paris all the electric wires, no matter of what description, are under ground—telephone and telegraph, as well as electric light. This is accomplished under stringent municipal regulations, and accidents are unknown.

A modification of Edison's phonograph is said to have been devised by a painter in Milan. It costs under $20, and the wax cylinders are reproduced in zinc by the galvano-plastic process at a cost of 5 cents each, selling price.

The bolo flower, discovered by Dr. Schadenberg growing upon a volcanic mountain in one of the Philippine islands, is perhaps the largest flower in existence, being about three feet in diameter and 22 pounds in weight.

A French girl stole seven different poems from Whittier's published efforts and had them printed in Paris papers and magazines as her own, and even when an American showed up the steal she boldly claimed that Whittier stole from her.

At a dinner by the "Last Man's Club" in Philadelphia two candles were unlighted, signifying the death of two members. Plates, knives and glasses were laid for the dead, and the sorbet box was a miniature package inscribed "The Last Man's Elixir of Life."

The finest work in silver "since Benvenuto Cellini" is said to be a new centrepiece for the Queen's table, upon which Alfred Gilbert, A. R. A., has been working for two years past, and which is now nearly completed. About 2000 ounces of silver have been used.

An engineer on the Iron Mountain road has perfected an automatic bell ringer on his locomotive, and now, when running in corporation limits, or whenever the bell must be rung, he just jerks a spring and the bell is kept going by steam power till he turns off the steam.

A new museum will soon be started in Paris to be known as the Museum of the French Army, and to comprise ancient uniforms, equipments, arms and everything relating to the history of French regiments. An enormous amount of material has already been secured.

A registered package was recently mailed in Washington, D. C., plainly addressed to Orlando, Orange county, Fla. It went from Washington to San Francisco, thence to Ogden, Utah, after which it went to New Orleans, and from there to Jacksonville, and then to Orlando.

One street corner in Santa Maria, Santa Barbara county, is called Mars Hill by the people. Here gather daily four sages whose aggregate ages are 346 years, and two boys whose united years foot up 117. They discuss theology, metaphysics, ancient and modern literature, to say nothing of politics.

A professor in the University of Klausenburg claims to have compounded a solution which completely neutralizes the poison introduced into the system by the bite of a mad dog. This solution consists of chlorine water, salt brine, sulphurous acid, permanganate of potassium and eucalyptus oil.

From its source to its mouth the Amazon is 3500 miles in length, but the name Amazon is not continuous, and it is called by three different names in that space. From its Lake Itasca source to the gulf of the Mississippi is 2616 miles long, and from its Missouri tributary source to the gulf 4194 miles in length.

Nashville's (Tenn.) curiosity is aroused as to what becomes of the pennies that are sent there. They are not used in trade to any considerable extent, and it is surmised in some quarters that most of them fall into the hands of superstitious people, who toss them over houses or cover them with stones "for luck."

A curious fact is noticed in connection with the formation of barnacles on ships' bottoms. In the majority of cases there is a much heavier growth of grass and barnacles on one side than on the other, and in numerous instances one side will be almost free from marine growths while the other is as foul as possible.

In the event of a European outbreak, Great Britain would be able to send to sea at a month's notice 44 modern battle ships and belted cruisers, to cope, in case of necessity, with France's 23, Russia's 15, Germany's 12 or Italy's 10; so that no possible combination of any two of the great powers would place England at a disadvantage.

A Wisconsin man bought a pickerel that weighed 18 pounds the other day. The pickerel had swallowed a bass that would weigh two or three pounds, and when he dressed the bass he was rewarded by finding two good sized perch in him that he had swallowed, so he actually bought four fish instead of one as he supposed.

The accident to the City of Paris has alarmed a number of persons who had intended sailing for Europe this spring and summer on the flyers. They are writing to the offices and agencies of the crack steamship companies now asking that their passage be changed to slow boats. The ten-day ships are really in excellent demand.

The time required for a journey around the earth by a man walking day and night, without resting, would be 428 days; an express train, 40 days; sound, at a medium temperature, 32½ hours; a cannon ball, 21 hours; light, a little more than one-tenth of a second; and electricity, passing over a copper wire, a little less than one-tenth of a second.

One day last fall, while picking cotton, Ellen Powell, a Georgia negro woman, lost a bag containing $5 in silver. Last week, after a thunder cloud had just passed, she was at work in the same field knocking down cotton stalks. Seeing a beautiful rainbow across the field Mr. Hughes told Ellen to go to the end of it and she would find her money. She took him at his word, and just in front of her, about 100 yards or more, where the end of the rainbow appeared to be, she looked on the ground and found her lost money.

A hen at Conestoga, in Lancaster county, has distinguished herself by laying nine double-yolk eggs.

A man living near Barning, Ga., has in his possession two family relics, one a seven-gallon jug that has been in the family 89 years, the other a blowing horn which has been in the family 68 years.

An artesian well on Charles Smith's farm, near Anaheim, Cal., is constantly throwing out small fish. Smith has built a number of ponds that he will stock with the fish supplied from nature's laboratory.

An Englishman who insulated his bedstead by placing underneath each post a broken-off bottle says he had not been free from rheumatism or gout for 15 years, and that he began to improve immediately after the application of the insulators.

The deepest mine in the world is at St. Andre du Porier, France, and yearly produces 300,000 tons of coal. The mine is worked with two shafts, one 2952 feet deep, and the other 3083. The latter shaft is now being deepened and will soon touch the 4000-foot level.

An extraordinary feat in telephoning was recently accomplished between St. Petersburg and Bologne, a distance of 2465 miles. Conversation was kept up, notwithstanding a rather high induction. The Russian engineers propose to converse by telephone over a distance of 4665 miles.

A stalk of cabbage was raised at Gainesville, Fla., from which a head had been cut and shipped to market, after which two additional heads had formed, one where the original head had been cut and another at the roots of the stalk in the ground. This is the first instance of the kind on record, and is regarded as a curiosity.

Lieut. John P. Finley of the signal service has compiled a statement of the number of tornadoes in this country for the last 17 years. While in 1870 there were only nine, the number has increased annually, the year 1886 having been credited with 280. But since that time there has been a gradual decrease in the number, only 42 having been recorded in 1889.

It is now believed that the mammoth abounded to as great an extent upon the east as on the west coast of Behring sea. In fact mammoths have already been discovered in Alaska, and news comes that a syndicate has been formed for the purpose of procuring their ivory tusks, which are now of great value and which will undoubtedly continue to become more valuable, as the elephant is being exterminated.

Experiments have been recently carried on at Toulon with a view of determining to what extent accuracy of aim could be attained at night with the use of an electric light. A gun was mounted on a revolving platform, which also carried an electric projector. The target was fixed at a distance of between three and four kilometers, and it was found that the same accuracy could be obtained under those conditions as during daylight.

Invitation to Church Service.

[Minneapolis Tribune.]

One of the leading churches of the city has adopted a novel method of increasing its attendance. Each Saturday evening a committee of gentlemen visit the hotels and take off a list of the guests who are domiciled there over Sunday. A neatly printed invitation to attend service at the church is inclosed in an envelope, sealed up and directed to each of these guests. These are left with the clerks with directions to place them in the boxes in the morning. As each man comes down to breakfast Sunday morning, he finds a letter for himself. Opening it, he discovers the invitation. It excites his curiosity, and in many cases the invitation is accepted. The plan has been in operation a short time only, but thus far has been found to work well.

NEW RATES TO AGENTS.

No matter what your occupation is, you can make money in spare moments by getting subscribers to The Weekly Globe. It gives the largest commission ever paid on a dollar weekly. Send for new rates.

A PRIZE OFFER TO YOU

If You Can Write a Story.

PRIZES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE purposes to develop the literary talent of the Boys and Girls and the Ladies of America who are not accustomed to writing stories. The great writers of the future are among the bright, intelligent young people of today.

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE offers *FOUR PRIZES IN GOLD* for the Best Four Stories written by either Boys or Girls under 18 years of age, to be sent to THE GLOBE before May 1, 1890. The First Prize is a $20 Gold Piece, the Second a $10 Gold Piece, the Third a $5 Gold Piece, and the Fourth a $1 Gold Piece.

These stories should be as short as you can make them, from 100 to 1000 words, and give a plot and work it out in an interesting manner. Little sketches for cuts to illustrate the story will be acceptable.

The Prizes will be awarded about June 1st, which will give ample time for an intelligent committee to examine the stories and to decide upon the best ones.

Every One Who Enters the Contest Must be a Subscriber to The Boston Weekly Globe,

Or a member of a family in which it is taken.

The price of THE WEEKLY GLOBE is only $1 a year, or 50 cents for six months. A six months' subscription entitles members of a family to enter the contest, and of course all who have been subscribers of THE WEEKLY GLOBE are entitled to compete.

The stories are to be the property of THE GLOBE aftey they are received, and *all with any merit will be printed in THE GLOBE during the year.* This of itself is a fine opportunity for young authors to see how their stories look in print, and thus obtain a start in the literary world.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE is printed in the establishment of THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, which has the Largest Circulation of any paper in New England, and occupies the Finest Newspaper Building in this section of the country, Nos. 236 to 244 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

PRIZES FOR LADIES.

To develop the latent talent among the ladies of America who are over 18 years of age, whether married or unmarried, THE WEEKLY GLOBE also offers *FOUR PRIZES*, $20, $10, $5 and $1 in Gold for the Best Four Stories that are sent in by May 1st, the Prizes to be awarded June 1st. Any lady who competes must only be a member of a family that takes THE WEEKLY GLOBE. THE WEEKLY GLOBE is a Large Eight-Page Family Newspaper, established in 1872, and the subscription price is only 50 cents for six months.

These stories, which should contain not less than 1500 nor more than 3000 words, also will be considered the property of THE GLOBE, and will be printed in the paper from time to time during the year.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

In writing a story *use only one side of your sheets* of paper. Write plainly, and mail the stories to the "Story Editor of THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE, Nos. 236-244 Washington street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

TOO WELL DRESSED.

How a Boston Bartender's Wife Made a Rich Lady Envious.

It is a good ways between $18 a week and $15,000 a year. So thought a poor bartender of Boston who got the former salary, and so thought his employer, who received the latter income.

But the poor bartender had a smart wife. She was Irish, to be sure, but she was wide awake, and she loved that big, red-faced husband of hers to death. Therefore, she did all she could to make "his ways the ways of pleasantness, and all his paths the paths of peace."

She had been a dressmaker before she was married. She knew how to handle the shears and needle even after she had swapped the abhorred "Miss" for the honorable "Mrs."

She made her own dresses. They were bizarre, pretty, neat, and they fitted her well. One night she went to the Boston Theatre and sat close by the side of the wife of her husband's employer. The woman of $15,000 a year wore better clothes and more jewelry than the wife of her husband's bartender, but they did not fit so well. Money can buy good materials, but taste alone can make a perfect fit.

The wife of the man who gets $15,000 a year was mad to think that the spouse of her husband's "hired man" should dress better and have more "style" than she. It was humiliating. She spoke to her husband about it.

"Why don't you go and get her dressmaker?" was his reply. She went to all the fashionable places in town, but no one had made garments for her rival.

Weeks passed on. Again the two met at the same theatre; and again the bartender's wife was the better dressed and attracted the more attention. By this time the wealthy lady was thoroughly exasperated, and went to her husband and demanded that he discharge the offending employe at once.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I will never stand it to see the wife of your bartender dress better than I do. If you have any pride for your wife or yourself you will make him go at once."

He knew the man who got but $18 a week was a good and faithful assistant. Again and again had he tested him and found him reliable. Besides this he knew that the man brought him a considerable amount of trade that he could not get otherwise. But he loved his wife, and what was he going to do?

He acted like a man and kept his help. Three weeks later a wealthy wholesaler offered the young bartender a place where he could get more money for his work, and was surprised when he refused the job. Since then the two have had an understanding, and the bartender's wife will have a new Easter dress as a present from her husband's employer.

Deah Boys.

[Globe Democrat.]

A strange fad of the young men of the present day is darkening the eyebrows and eyelashes. They imagine this process gives an expression of strength to the face which is otherwise lacking. The stuff used for the purpose comes in a tiny box and is a black powder. In the box is a little kid pencil, similar in form to the stump of a blender used by a crayon or pastelle artist. This tiny kid implement is dipped in the black powder and applied in a dextrous manner, first to trace the eyebrows darker and into the desired shape. After this the eyelashes are touched and then a slight line is drawn under the eyes on the lower lid. At each corner is put the final touch, a little dash of the dark powder, which gives a look presumed to be captivating.

Bellamy's Mistake.

[New York Weekly.]

Winks—I see that the publishers of "Looking Backward" have made $50,000 on that book, while Bellamy, the author, has made but $5000.

Minks—Well, if Bellamy had looked forward instead of backward he would have published it himself.

HOWARD'S LETTER.

The Labor Problem a Hard Nut to Crack.

A Sad Tale from a "Business Woman" in Boston City.

A Woman's Lot is Not a Happy One in the Ranks of Toil.

NEW YORK, April 19.—Professional working men, political demagogues and society women who pose as labor reformers are the chief humbugs of this exacting period in the history of the human race.

My attention has been directed more especially to the labor problem, as it affects women, during the past week, and I confess it is so serious, so grave, that even the ludicrous features attending a so-called working woman's convention, held in this city, have failed to stir the risibilities of my very easily stirred bump of humor.

It it were not so ama ing in its serious aspect, the amusing feature presented by these women clad in silks and satins, diamond-eared and well filled as to purse, would be better than the jolliest and uproariest farce ever presented on the comic stage.

In this great city, where 50,000 girls are working from 6 in the morning until 6 at night, on sums, paid perhaps 45 weeks in the year, ranging from $2 to $6; in this great city where women support careworn children, illy-clad families, on sums so inadequate that manhood blushes at the record, the daughters of rich merchants, the wives of well-to-do lawyers and professional agitators, along this most delicate and most serious line of life, have the hardihood to stand posing before the public as they read

Ridiculous Treatises

on the necessity of provident living, the desirability of higher forms of culture, and the usefulness which well-directed study of literature is bound to put at the service of the workers among the girls and women of the land.

Not a word about poor wages, not a suggestion to hard-hearted, flinty-hearted employers, nothing save an exploiture of their own information, illy digested and badly outworked, for the gratification of their individual vanity, caprice and self-glorification.

I will take you into imperial warehouses, in which fabrics, easily worth many millions, are stored or displayed, and I will find you heavy-eyed, pale-faced, narrow-chested, leg-aching girls, who get from $2.50 to $6, at the outside, per week, for leading the lives of slaves, for performing the duty of drudges.

And it is not alone the young girls, not alone those who, living with their families, can take their little salaries for their own comfort. It is the girl from the country, the girl whose father and mother are dead, the girl who is compelled, by strain of circumstances, to look out for others younger or older than herself, and then, as maturity comes, it is the married woman whose husband is suddenly invalided, from whom the prop and support of daily work is taken, so that the effort may be made by the well-named helpmate.

I have a letter from Boston, which I confess touched me very nearly.

It is signed a "Business Woman," giving every evidence of culture, of refinement and honesty of purpose, with dignity of character, swamped by trouble, confronted by embarrassments, and made well-nigh desperate by need. The writer says she was a retired teacher in the West. Coming East with her husband

They Settled in Boston,

where his health failed and she was forced to return to work. She naturally sought teaching, either in public or private schools, but failed to get it. Then, having obtained a situation as bookkeeper, she worked from 6.30 in the morning until 10 at night, sometimes later, receiving therefor $5 a week. Later on, her employer finding he could do the work himself, dispensed with her services, and, absolutely needing bread and butter, she scrubbed floors for 12½ cents an hour! She nursed, seeking the while more suitable employment. Of a delicate constitution, this bitter experience naturally depressed, annoyed and caused her to suffer. She walked the streets of Boston a fortnight, living on 10 cents a day, looking for work and got none.

The suggestion a "soul for sale" stares that woman today in the face. What do you think of a Federal street merchant offering a woman, well born, well bred, obviously a lady, in the best sense of that much abused term, $3 a week, with a suggestion, when told that that wasn't enough to keep skin and bone together, that perhaps some "friend" could provide the rest!

Now, what shall she do?

Humanitarians, philanthropists, professional women-helpers, what shall this individual woman do? Assuming that she is all I infer her to be, will some one of these advocates of woman's clubs, these wealthy posers, these professional agitators, these self-adulators, these ridiculous members of a

Mutual Admiration Society,

make a suggestion as to this woman's stomach, as to the clothes for her back, the medicine for her husband?

She doesn't ask charity, she doesn't ask you to open anything but your mouths and give her a little helpful advice. She knows more of literature in its extreme sense, I doubt not, than all these fashionable flitters combined. She has travelled much abroad, she would be a competent governess to teach children, she has been a teacher in the schools of the West, and today she and her husband, through no fault of either of them, are absolutely this side only of starvation.

Discomfort is their daily portion, worry and bother and tribulation surround them like a cloud, yet in a hall, the rent of which costs money, with surroundings that cost money, under the guise of helpers to working-women, we find posers soaring into the realms of the infinite as speculators, smiling in each other's eyes, but soiling no hand of theirs by literal contact with literal wage-earners.

I don't want to be told that the Prince of Wales makes his sons learn trades, or has his daughters taught how to cook. That's all very well as matter of discipline, but does it enable our Boston friends to get on to be told that the oldest son of the Prince of Wales can make a coat or a pair of breeches?

Who the deuce cares what he can make?

Suppose I was to go into any one of our big dry-goods stores and say to these wretched creatures, resting absolutely, when they have a moment's leisure, on the palms of their hands pressed heavily upon the counter, that they may relieve the strain upon their spine—suppose, I say, I were to go in and tell them that the daughters of the Prince of Wales could cook

Terra in to a Taste,

could broil a chicken or baste a turkey? Would that relieve their weariness in any sense? Would it indicate the faintest degree of interest on the part of the pulpit in these dregs of humanity?

Dregs of humanity?

Yes, they are at the bottom, are they not? If they were disposed to be dirty, if they cared simply for the exterior, if they had no inner thought born of a conscience, if their sense of self-respect was entirely gone, they could lead a merry life enough for a while.

There are men, aye, and women, too, only too ready to extend the hand filled with glittering temptation, and I tell you it is to the honor and everlasting credit of the shop-girls of New York and Boston that their character stands as well at it does.

There are bad girls everywhere, and it wouldn't be strange if, in an aggregation of scores, and sometimes hundreds, there were individuals who were not cast in the mould which Cæsar's wife is popularly supposed to have been cast, but that very line of exception proves the rule. No employer could stand the test of popular scrutiny six months if the women in his employ were unjust, reckless, careless, and open to solicitation. Therefore, in this great

Army of Wage-Earners,

it is but fair to say that the public at large, as well as careful observers, find an average of absolute moral character which is to the infinite credit of the women and the girls.

But the point aimed at is help.

Surely it is of much more consequence to the pulpit to be able to prove that it elevates the condition of a great class in the community, than that this text should rightfully be read, so as to mean this, rather than that.

Away with your sectarian notions.

Let speculators in their dotage try to pull away the imperial mantle, and by searching find out the Infinite. Why can't we who are here wrestle with the problems that present themselves to us, unless we are wilfully blind?

The chief difficulty is that the supply overruns the demand. For every school teacher's desk in this great city there are 20 applicants, for every sales-girl's place there are a dozen ready to jump in when she is starved out.

"I should think she would sew," says some lackadaisacal daughter of a wealthy father, as she stirs her chocolate and discusses with other absurdities what is best for the wage-earners to do, "I should think she would sew."

The deuce you would.

Where is she going to get the sewing?

Why, one of these women in New York delivered, what she was pleased to call an essay, on the desirability of provident living, and while the actual audience to whom she spoke knew nothing, save by hearsay, of the temptations, the trials, the frightful workings, the hardships and the wretched pay of the poor girls of the day, with what tremendous scoped irony, with what pungent sarcasm, came that essay to ears of the shop-girls, of the sewing-machine workers, of the slop shop stitchers of the metropolis.

Some fellow in a cook book writes, apropos of cooking a hare, first catch your hare, and so these girls might turn with flashing eye and curling lip and well-seamed finger at this bejewelled woman and say, first get the means with which to be provident.

People in the country

Know Nothing of City Life,

and the great mass of well-to-do people in the cities know nothing of the turbulence of city life.

The ordinary man with his income of a thousand a year is obliged to skimp and carve very closely and brush his old clothes very carefully as he seeks to bring up his little family. He wants to be on the plane of respectability, he would like to see his wife and children not only neatly but nicely dressed. His children go to school and his family to church, and he knows very well by experience that children are rude to each other, and laugh at the old-fashioned hat and at the faded bow adn at the rusty shoes, and if he dares to go nto any of the swell churches, not being able to afford a pew anywhere, the pompous sexton looks at him as though he were a child of Belial, and the "miserable sinners," as they bow and bend and sing-song their confessions, gaze at him with a degree of superciliousness which must tickle the very innermost cockle of the devil's organism, but even he knows nothing of the trials and the tribulations of the bookkeeper who seeks to bring up his family on $500 a year.

An advertisement was inserted as a test, in a leading paper in the city of New York, "Wanted, a middle-aged man as bookkeeper in a first-class house. Must bring references as to character and ability, must speak and write French, German and Spanish.

Salary, First Year, $500,"

and there came 84 answers within 24 hours, and, altogether, more than 100.

The day laborer on our streets, as a rule, is Italian by birth.

A few years since they were all of Irish birth. Where the Irish laborers have gone I don't know, but it is the politics of the present rule to employ Italian laborers. Now, what do they or their families care? Two dollars a day, less what they are compelled to pay to the boss and to the political heeler, the go-between, enables them to live in comparative luxury. To be sure it is a dirty luxury, but that they are used to. They don't care. They are not only contented, but happy, and to a certain extent are prosperous, because prosperity is relief.

To draw THE GLOBE's readers into a consideration of that class is no part of my desire, nor, save as illustrations, do I care to utilize either the $500-a-year bookkeeper or the $1000-a-year clerk.

I look at a distinct type of humanity, the women wage-earners, between the ages of 12 and 50. Sap the purity of the women of any land and its doom is simply a matter of time. Thus far these over-worked, under paid, mentally strained, physically wearied women have preserved largely their cheerfulness of disposition and almost entirely their character for virtue and self-respect.

Whether there is a personal devil or not, whether there is an entity which goes roaring about the world seeking whom he may devour or not, it will hardly be denied that necessity is the nurse of temptation. Give a girl, absolutely dependent upon her own exertions, who is conscious that she is overworked, unfairly treated, and so wretchedly paid, that life is a mere pretence, a simple existence, and confront her at an appropriate time with a

Well-Gilded Temptation,

pursue that line intelligently and with a purpose, and it stands to reason, does it not, that sooner or later, aided by traitors within the citadel, such as hunger, thirst, illness, loss of place, the absolute need of clothing suitable, surrender will come. And after surrender, pillage; and after pillage, destitution and death.

But this does not help.

No, I premised that the problem was beyond my solution, save in individual cases. The solution to a man built as I am is to put his hands in his pocket and relieve an individual case. That doesn't go to the root of the matter. Public sentiment might be stirred by a faithful portraiture to such point of protest as would compel employers to be more considerate. Employers, however, are human, and meet heated competitions of trade. Finding a dozen women after the one place, they naturally take the one who will do the work cheapest, provided she does it equally well, or approximately so.

If this woman's convention had literally gone in person to the great bazaars of our city, where by the fifties and hundreds these girls are being pinched to death, and had given their names, and had filed an indignant and an emphatic protest along with a temperate presentation of affairs, some good effect might have been produced, provided the newspapers would publish it.

You will find, however, in the press of the country, as in the speakers of the country, that they are

Very Tender-Footed

when they approach the interests of their advertisers. Yet I can show you in the pages of our great papers columns upon columns indicating the want of situations by men and by women. It wouldn't surprise me in the least if Col. Taylor were to find that the little advertisements in THE BOSTON GLOBE, daily and Sunday, quite equalled in their annual contributions the sums paid by the phenomenal prosperous merchants of New England, and as it is there, so it is here.

We are living in a most extraordinary era. It is a simple physical impossibility to find a house on Manhattan island in which a single family of the poorer type can afford to live. In the first place the rent is excessive, the price of coal, of sugar, of tea, of coffee, of meats is phenomenal. The consequence is, our people hive in tenements, and wherever there is a multitude to be worked upon the devil and his angels are on hand, active, persistent.

I was sitting in the office of our great impressario, Henry E. Abbey, on Wednesday night. While we were talking a man came in. "How many musicians do you want to go to Philadelphia Mr. Abbey?" "Forty. What will they cost?" "Twelve dollars each for the single performance." Now, think of that. Those musicians, averaging good performers, get $12 at a performance each, that is $480 for the band alone. Why? Because they belong to a protective union. That is the whole story.

There is no pretence that they play any better today than they did 20 years ago. As matter of fact, it is the same music, "Lucia," "Linda," "Traviata," the Patti repertoire. Now the shop-girls cannot have a trade union, and if they did it wouldn't amount to anything, because there are so many in the market that the

Manipulation of the Multitude

would be a mental impossibility.

It has been suggested that it would be well for the girls if women were partners in the concerns—women who understand the physical needs of the girls, stools for them to rest on occasionally, ten minutes' relief from duty, women who could ask questions as to the headache, the backache, the thousand and one ills to which femininity is subjected—but observation and experience teach me that the worst of all bosses for a girl or woman is a woman.

They talk about having matrons in our station houses. Well, yes, if you could get the right kind of women and keep them the right kind of women; but doesn't observation and experience also teach you that the cruelest critics, the most merciless lashers, the quickest to jump to censure, fair or unfair, of their own sex, are women?

In theory it is charming, in practice it is something terrific.

The women keepers in our insane asylums, the women keepers in our public institutions, look at them, hard featured, hard hearted, heavy handed. Individual relief means very little. It is an easy matter for a good-natured fellow to draw his check for $10 or $100 to give to some man or woman who had produced an impression upon his benevolence, but that does no good. The old woman who had to bail out the sea with a broom had better sense than the man who would seek by individual effort the bettering of a class. A. T. Stewart built a woman's hotel, and he consulted with women as to its management, and the consequence was that

No Self-Respecting Woman

who could afford to live there financially, would afford to live there personally. It seems to me that this is the time to start a discussion not among theorists, not among women who seek their own glorification, not among women who delight in scandal, but among thoughtful well meaning, experienced men and women who really appreciate the situation and heartily desire to benefit the community at large, in helping this deserving, rapidly growing and purely compensated class, and besides that, it all leads up to that everlasting sentiment the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer, and class discriminations are more incisive and more easily recognized than ever.

It would really look as though part of the community was to live in castledom, and the other parts are to exist in degradation and serfdom.

Still, hard words butter no parsnips, and declamations are of no practical benefit unless the community, including the manufacturers and the great employers, will take hold of hands in a common resolve to spend more freely among the wage earners of the time.

If, for instance, a man orders a $60 suit of clothes and would be willing to pay $65, the tailor guaranteeing that the workmen should be benefited thereby; if the community be assured by a great retail dry goods firm, for instance, where

A Couple of Hundred Girls

were employed, that the girls' wages should be increased in proportion; if the community, I say, would be willing to pay higher rates for their purchases, there would at least a start be made. This necessitates, of course, square dealing. The merchants of this country must be as a rule square men, honest men, reputable men, who keep their word as well as pay their notes, and I don't know why that is not a door, which opened, might lead to a plane of understanding between the employer, the employed and the community, which, without overtaxing any individual member of society, would be of practical benefit to hundreds and thousands of people now whose sex demands protection, whose labor is entitled to a fair recognition, and who, by their industry and their character, are certainly entitled to the respect of all men who believe in decency, in honor, in probity, in chastity and in morals.

And then the ballot—

But of that later on. HOWARD.

PHANTOM ENGINE.

"Yes, that's considerable of a story, if it's true; but you can calculate with a wonderful degree of accuracy that anything a printer says is considerably warped. Now I think I can see you and go you a few better in the story line, and what I am going to tell you is absolutely true."

It was a picturesque group of old timers the Hawkeye reporter had stumbled on in the course of a news gathering ramble down in the "Q" yards. They were seated about an old stove in the round house, and had been swapping various railroad experiences.

The conversation had drifted around to snow blockades in the West. The reporter had just finished an elaborate account of his experiences in a blockade on the Rockies which called forth the above remarks from one of the old engineers whom we will call Higbie, out of respect to his feelings.

The reporter hastily sharpened a fresh lead pencil and selected a fresh spot on his cuff. Higbie knocked the ashes from his cigar and continued:

"It happened this way. I was doing night duty for Bob Carew at Little Jimville, 50 miles west of Limestone, on the Northwestern. It was during the winter of 1878-79, and of all the dreary places Jimville was the dreariest in winter time. It had been raining and snowing and sleeting all that week, and the ground was covered with a sheet of ice. Night operating is nothing to passionately long for. I prefer hod carrying. I sat in the desolate box of a depot, the cold winter wind howled around the corners with a drearisomeness and rattled and slammed the shutters in a way that would give some people a fit of the blue shivers. But I had got used to that, so didn't mind it much. I had stirred up the fire, for it was bitterly cold outside, with the frost an inch thick on the windows, and sat watching the flames flash and roar up the chimney. I must have fallen asleep, for soon I began to hear the most infernal racket, like death dancing a double shuffle on the roof, and I started up with a jerk that nearly dislocated my backbone to find the train despatcher calling me. I answered and received the following order:

"'Hold No. 3 till extra passes you.'

"Just then I heard the whistle of the passenger. It was 10.30 when I side-tracked here. At 10.45 I received a despatch from Bunker Hill saying that the extra had just pulled out. It would probably take her 30 minutes to make the run from Bunker Hill. I waited—11.30, no extra; 12, no extra. What could it mean? I telegraphed to Bunker Hill and received the following:

"'Extra left here at 10.42 O. K.'

"The train could be heard from nowhere else along the line. I awoke the section hands and sent them over the track to Bunker Hill to see if they could find anything of the extra. At 2.30 I received a despatch from them at Bunker Hill:

"'Track clear. No trace of extra.'

"Before I could express my astonishment I was joined by the conductor of No. 3, who was swearing fluently.

"'What does it mean, Higbie?' he asked.

"I was nonplussed, but finally told him to pull cautiously down to Bunker Hill, and if he saw nothing to go on as usual and make up as much time as possible. At 3.40 I received the following from the conductor at Bunker Hill:

"'Just arrived. Could find nothing of extra.'

"I ordered a track walker to search closely between Jimville and Bunker Hill. He found nothing except what looked like traces of the train having jumped the track. But nothing further.

"Days passed into weeks, until the weary months dragged their slow lengths along, leaving the tantalizing mystery wrapped in still more impenetrable gloom, until one day an old farmer drifted into the depot and asked if I had been losing any trains lately. 'For,' the old man chuckled, 'I saw one runnin' 'round loose last winter. It ran up to my farm yard and the engineer axed me if he might fill his biler tank at my well. I said he might and got him a bucket. After he had filled up he axed me the road to the nearest town, borried a chaw o' tobacky and lit out. I never seed him sence,' and the honest farmer shuffled away.

"Well, that was three years ago. I have not seen the lost extra, but I have heard from it several times. It was seen by a belated hunter one stormy night, when it rushed by him like the wind, its headlight gleaming like the evil eye of some demon. Others have heard its unearthly shriek mingling with the howling storm. Sometimes it startled the lonely farmer in the dead of night, when the engineer will ask permission to take water, and inquire the direction to the nearest town. It is seldom seen by railroad men, who call it the Flying Dutchman of the plains, and consider it an evil omen when seen by one of them. It is said that poor Billy Yates saw the spectre train coming down the track just before he struck the broken rail that hurled him and two others into eternity."

Higbie threw the stub of his cigar into the stove and ceased talking. There was a dreary silence for a few moments, and then a tall, gaunt figure arose out of the shadow in the corner, and remarked in a sepulchral voice:

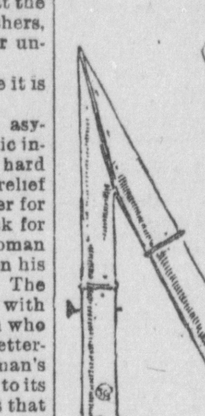
"I believe that's a prevarication."—[Burlington Hawkeye.

SPRING MOVING.

Its Numerous Joys and Sorrows.

Whittling a Piano So as to Make It Fit a Door.

Directions for Moving the Cat and Other Bric-a-Brac.



NOW look for ye mover. He moveth his dwelling or rather ye contents of ye same when ye corn and beans are in ye soil and ye Thomas cat aireth his melodeon on ye roof-flat.—[Author unknown; big reward for his scalp.]

Soon May 1 will be here, and with it the upliftment of carpets, the packing of crockery, the careful handling of the parlor set, and the annual razzle-dazzle with the delicate furniture mover.

Moving is spring medicine to some folks. It cures ennui, torpid liver, insomnia of the conscience, financial dyspepsia and landlord earache; stimulates the appetite, puts color in the face, removes moral carbuncle and gives you tone in the neighborhood.

When the mind is made up to move, first notice how much coal there is in the cellar. If a quantity short of a ton is left, do not disturb it. Leave it for the next tenant. This will make him speak well of you.

Now remove the pictures from the walls, especially the mottoes. Never leave a motto for the next occupant. He may be addicted to profanity, and may not wish to be reminded that there is a God who will reward the good and punish the wicked.

Be sure to place the pictures aside so that the furniture mover will not see them. He may be a student of art and might lose time in useless admiration of them. Besides, if he does not see them when you strike a bargain you may get the best of it. Works of art command big prices. Expressmen know this and charge accordingly.

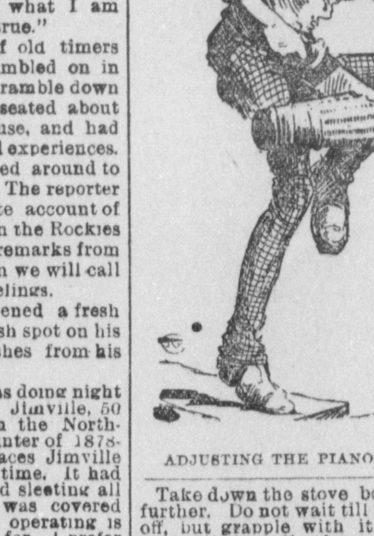
Never leave picture hooks behind. They may be hidden in a cuspidor so that the truckman cannot see them and charge extra. Moreover, if you do not move them, the next occupant might, in a fit of temporary insanity, hang himself from one of them.

If you have lent a piano or a feather duster to one of the neighbors, now is a good time to get it back. For if you don't, the borrower might send the piano to your new home and thus you would lose one of the most delightful features of the spring transplanting.

If you use kerosene, next proceed to pack your lamp chimneys in such a way that the teamster will handle them carefully. A good way is to label them "coal." If you use gas, remove the globes from the chandelier. There may not be any globes in the house you are moving to and the tenant who follows you may have globes that he has removed in the same way. Be sure that the landlord does not see your flirtation with the chandeliers.

If you have a dog to move, make sure that he is washed and ironed. This will entitle him to respect in the new neighborhood and will speak volumes in your favor with other canines. If you put him in a trunk, see that he is provided with a base ball mask so that he will not tear up things.

Moths should never be removed. For the wife of your successor may have a sealskin saturated with camphor and cayenne pepper. If you do not leave the moths she will not know whether such remedies are efficacious or not.



ADJUSTING THE PIANO TO THE DOOR.

Take down the stove before you go any further. Do not wait till the fire has cooled off, but grapple with it at once. Stoves may polish well when cool, but are not moved with facility unless red-hot. You won't need to have any cooking done in the meantime, for the neighbors will see that you are supplied with all the delicacies of the season.

Do not assist the teamster any more than is necessary. He mightn't like it if you carried the stove out for him. Of course it's your own stove, and you may carry it out if you choose, but be sure that the teamster does not take it as a slight.

If in a great hurry, it would be a good idea to remove the hot coals from the stove. If a kitchen stove, drop the glowing embers in the sink; if a parlor stove place them on a mantel. The next tenant will take it that you have left him some rare bric-a-brac.

Boys take a deep interest in moving. Without advertising for help, all the youth in the neighborhood will come en masse to help you. When not torturing the cat, they will drum on the piano and thus cheer you and the lonely teamster.

Books are moved without much difficulty. Having turned down a leaf where you left off reading, place the volumes in a damp wash boiler. In this way you will not find them dry reading when you come to unpack them. If convenient, put your currency between the leaves. You may forget to take it out when you get to your new home, but its value will never depreciate and it may come in handy some rainy day for the first man to whom you lend a book.

Cutlery should be carried on the person. You may have a little disagreement with the teamster before the day is out, and it is well to be armed. Again, you may be obliged to cut off a slice of a mattress so that it can be carried through the door. And in case you have a square piano to move you may find it necessary to use the axe in whittling it down to the proper size.

In whittling a piano, so as to make it small enough to pass through an ordinary opening, do not chop too near the key board. Always keep an octave on the safe side. In this way the instrument will suffer no depreciation in tone, and you will win as much reputation as though you had split an eighth note with your musical meat-axe. Moreover, do not forget to remove the legs of the piano before you entrust it to the teamster. This may be done by first turning the instrument on its side and then applying a coarse fine saw.

Shades and curtains should be taken down as soon as possible. This will give the neighbors across the way a chance to see that you are not abusing your wife, and if you do not get moved before night you can sink into your shakedown without the aid of artificial light and watch the twinkling stars in the shirt bosom of the sky.

Kitchen utensils should be put on the wagon in such a way that they will not be visible to the naked eye. Portieres and rugs may be thrown over them for this purpose. A good thing to conceal a stove, especially if the latter is mildewed, is silk drapery. Clothing may be stuffed into the oven so as to keep it dry and lessen the number of loads.

Statuary, clocks, vases, jardinieres, etc., having been carefully dusted, may be carried in the hand. Everybody will then see that they must be very valuable, inasmuch as you do not entrust them to the tender mercies of the teamster. If you have more statuary than will fit in your new dwelling, amuse yourself by throwing those you do not wish to move at the teamsters when they are descending the staircase with the piano. Teamsters enjoy these little interchanges of hospitality, and accordingly do their work more rapidly. For a teamster who is struck with a work of art differs from your ordinary connoisseur. He feels it, and will express himself in very artistic swearing.

Do not trouble the men to come upstairs for cuspidors. Just throw the latter out of window to the teamsters. Passers-by like the excitement of dodging missiles, and besides, the teamsters may wish to expectorate once in a while.

If inconvenient to carry mattresses out the usual way, they may be lowered from the window. They may get torn; but that will enable the neighbors to see that you sleep on horsehair, not on maple leaves.

Carpets are the last things to remove. Some people, I am aware, take them up the first thing. That's a great mistake. For with the furniture still in the house it is next to impossible to get a good grip with your teeth on the carpet. Some tacks will not budge an inch then, and it is necessary to have a good swing, so that when the tack does yield your head will not bump against a marble-top table.

Don't be particular about taking away carpet tacks. The next occupant, if he does not find the room studded with them, will suspect that you did not have any carpets, and again, nothing amuses a new tenant like pulling out carpet tacks his predecessor has left.

Whenever there is a lull in the moving do not be idle. Assume your sweetest smile and talk about the amenities of married life and the awful bore of moving. Be sure



FORCING THE MATTRESS THROUGH THE DOOR.

to say that you will never move again. This will make the teamster feel that you are not moving because you have failed to pay your rent, and also show that you will not forget to settle with him.

While waiting for the teamsters to come after another load you and your family might play "puss in the corner." The neighbors will infer from this that you are a good provider, and one who will spare no expense to make his home happy.

It is generally advisable for the head of a family to accompany the last load. The most convenient way to do this is to ride on top of it. In this way people will know that you are the owner of the "real elegant furniture" that is being moved. You will also have an opportunity to view the scenery along the route from a commanding position, and will be out of the range of any profanity that may be flying around. Teamsters like to have you ride this way, and will make use of you to steady baskets of crockery or stove funnels. Moreover, they know where to look for you when they want their pay.

Something ought to be said about the proper hour of moving. A good rule is, never move at night unless you wish people to say that you have found it cheaper to move than pay rent. And under the cover of the murky night you will not have a chance to show the quality of your goods and chattels.

Never move when it is raining, unless you wish people to say that you have been ejected. It would be far better to wait and owe another month's rent. Select a day with a clear and cloudless sky and gorgeous sun, and show the neighbors that you are not afraid your carpets will fade during transportation.

Never try to move the cat. Rather leave him a pound of beefsteak and a quart of milk and let him remain until the new tenants move in. When he finally finds his way to your new abode, half-starved and with his coat smooched with coal dust, you will know that you are more humane than other people, and will have made the cat your friend for life.

But if you feel that you must move the cat, do not trust him to ride on a load of furniture. Carry him yourself in the right hand and by the tail. He will never know the difference. He may kick a little, but it will be easy to persuade him that you are acting for his best interests.

In getting furniture out of a house take care to tear wall paper whenever you can. The teamster will assist you materially in this, and both of you will confer a boon on the next tenant, who will have a chance to make a big kick for the landlord to supply paper of the latest pattern.

Many people make a great mistake in cleaning up their late abode after they have moved. If they knew the comments made by new tenants they would never do so. Bread crumbs, broken crackers, bits of cheese and bottles half filled with cod liver oil or tomato catsup, if left behind, will cause new tenants to speak in high terms of the recent occupants. Besides if these things were not left behind the rats and mice might starve during the temporary vacancy.

It's a pleasant thing when you move into a house to feel that somebody has recently left it. A shelf coated with molasses, a closet reeking with fish bones and potato skins will assure you that the house has not been empty many years, and is not haunted.

It's also a pleasant thing to feel that beneath the very roof under which you stand some previous tenant reared his household gods and prayed or swore as fervently as you when he gathered up the debris left by his predecessor.

How sweet to know that childish voices made these rooms ring, and that childish forms placed their buttered hands on the wall paper!

How joyful to learn that at the window casement where you pause to view the outer world, some other man once sat and cut his plug tobacco, leaving the indisputable evidence on the sill!

Perhaps in the very chamber which you are to occupy for the first time a fair woman once retired to rest after she had removed her false teeth and merchandise locks!

If you have grave doubts about it the discovery of a faded blonde switch will set your mind at rest on the subject.

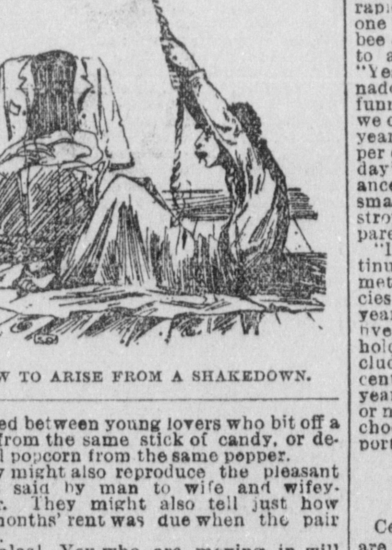
Who knows but there is a romance hidden in these rooms; a romance that even your first attempt to make the chimney draw cannot smoke out!

And may be carbolic odors will arise and greet you with reminders of the sad day when some luckless tenant cut a big toe off while trying to make kindling for a frugal meal.

There are pearls secreted in the humblest homes, and like as not the former tenant had a wife who thought she could sing, but who really couldn't for sour grapes.

On the floors which you now tread some fond parent has walked during the silent waterburys of the night, with heir or heiress in his arms. Some day you, too, may follow his example, unless your family is already grown up.

If the walls of your new home could only speak! If they could only reflect with phonographic exactness the tender dialogues of their former guardians! No doubt they would reproduce the sweet words ex-



HOW TO ARISE FROM A SHAKEDOWN.

changed between young lovers who bit off a chew from the same stick of candy, or devoured popcorn from the same popper.

They might also reproduce the pleasant things said by man to wife and wifey-worser. They might also tell just how may months' rent was due when the pair lit out.

But alas! You who are moving in will not have much time for contemplation. Doubtless, like a good husband, you will expect your wife to have meals as promptly as though you had been settled for a week.

Strange to say, wives never get hungry when moving. At least, it so appears. They will rummage through a chest six feet deep for a picture of their father's grandmother, which they suspect has got lost during transportation, and never realize that a man is starving. And when they do find it, they will feed on it so with gazing that a man will wish he were a cannibal.

The wife of a friend of mine has a collection of family pictures which have gone through nine movings, and are as homely today as when they were taken. He has tried in vain to coax his wife to leave them behind to spite the next family that might move in, and has moreover tried to bribe teamsters to lose them. But although a teamster may regard the father of a family with supreme contempt he has a holy horror of offending the wife.

I have seen women make teamsters pull up carpets and unscrew curtain fixtures, and even help wash dishes; whereas if a man begged a teamster to give him a lift on an oil chromo the prayer was never answered.

It usually takes two weeks to get settled down after moving. During the first week the hired help is likely to leave you, and you have an opportunity of sleeping on the floor.

Sleeping on the floor will cure insomnia and sometimes snoring. A man in Felchville, Wis., snored so when he first took to sleeping on the floor that he actually snored the pine knots out of the pine boards. But he persisted, and at length a permanent cure was effected, not, however, until he had flattened out the humps on the floor and contracted big callouses on his back.

To avoid the latter difficulty, it would be well to plane off and sandpaper the floor each night before retiring. This will also prevent the contraction of slivers and will make your shakedown a couch of roses.

Probably the greatest disadvantage, or the only one, is that you will miss the bedstead when you come to breathe your evening prayer. Many men who sleep on the floor even go so far as to forget their evening prayer altogether, simply because the bedstead is absent. To all those suffering in this way I would suggest that a chair be placed near by. It will serve as a reminder and will not do any harm. If a chair is not at hand a 4x6 table will suffice.

A rope attached to the chandelier will be found of great assistance in pulling yourself off the floor in the morning. A tiny pull, a gentle jerk, and lo! you will be on your feet.

A rope similarly rigged will enable your wife to arise in the same manner. Thus a spirit of good-natured rivalry may spring up between you, and you both may while away the morning hour engaged in this exhilarating sport. It's a good way to get acquainted and learn each other's feelings.

During part of the second week you will hunt for articles of clothing and after swearing at the teamster for losing them, discover that they have been baked to a cinder in the oven of the kitchen stove. Further examination of the kitchen stove will reveal several other articles that have been stowed away and have prevented the fire from burning properly. You may now also look for something to eat besides baker's bread and milk.

Your new neighbors need not call to see you before a month, but even if things are not in order, your wife can say: "We're not fairly settled yet." In fact, she may keep saying that until you get ready to move again. This excuse covers a multitude of blemishes on the domestic economy. But it doesn't put any coal in your cellar.

By the time your carpets are all down nobody will come to see you unless you go out into the highways and forcibly drag them in. Visitors always show up when things are topsy-turvy, so that they can tell their friends just how many scratches there are on your best bedstead.

I have moved, and I know whereof I speak. And I may move again when my eyes get tired of seeing the same wall paper every day. If the landlord could only arrange to change the paper every month I might live on beneath my present roof. As it is I guess I shall stay a while longer, since recently I have got in a barrel of flour which is so light that it might blow away if I attempted to move it.

In conclusion, let me say that mortgaged property never should be moved. A man in Riverside, Wis., once attempted to move some furniture which had such a top-heavy mortgage that it fell on him and killed him.

E. F. BURNS.

THE PRICE OF HER BEAUTY.

Rigorous Treatment That Makes the Duchess of Marlborough Fair—Valuable Hints to the Ladies.

Neither the good clothes nor the coat-of-arms worn by the Duchess of Marlborough have interested the ladies of New York as much as the slender proportions of her figure, says the New York World. At her first public appearance in the Metropolitan Opera House, the night Mme. Patti made her debut, an exclamation of astonishment ran around the horseshoe.

"How slight!"

"A perfect thoroughbred!"

"What has she done?"

"Where is her flesh?" is a sample of the wondering inquiry that passed from critic to critic.

The duchess is slight and a perfect thoroughbred in bearing and outline; her flesh has vanished, and the things she has done, or rather the things she has refrained from doing, entitle her to be classed among the heroines of society.

When she married the Duke of Marlborough she was more than plump. She filled out every crease and wrinkle that escaped her bodice-maker; her breath was short, her step considerably heavier than the rustle of angels' wings, and the slightest exertion distressed her.

She consulted an uptown adipose doctor, who, after a careful diagnosis, pronounced her case chronic. Then she was plain Mrs. Hamersley, but a very pretty woman predisposed to take up considerable room in the world.

"Lady Jane," the doctor informed her, "was shadowy by comparison to her possibilities."

This revelation horrified the pretty widow, who at once offered superior financial inducement and pledged herself to carry out minutely whatever prescription he warranted to relieve her. A bargain was closed and the treatment began at once and has been religiously adhered to ever since.

Here are some of the restrictions:

Not a morsel of bread, cake, rolls or pastry.

No tea, coffee, chocolate or sweet wine.

No potatoes, peas, rice, carrots, turnips, macaroni, cheese, butter, cream, custard, jellies or sweets.

Not a drop of ice-water.

No warm baths.

No flannel, and only enough clothing to keep from taking cold.

No bedroom heat.

Not a drop of any liquid food at meals.

In place of bread she had fruit, a section of apple or orange; some fresh grapes, berries, cherries or stewed fruit being used where ordinarily one craves a bit of bread or a swallow of water. Her diet was limited to two meals a day, breakfast at 10 and dinner at 7, with the following bill of fare to select from: Rare, lean meat, game and poultry, soft-boiled eggs, sea foods, toast, lettuce, spinach, celery, cresses, fruits.

She had half a gallon of hot water to drink every day, with lemon juice in it to take away the flat taste. Cold water was denied her, and ales, frappes, champagne and claret strictly forbidden. She was even forced to forego the luxury of bathing in water, in place of which she had sponge and vapor baths. Every few days she took a fast, allowing the system to consume the adipose tissue. While no limit was put upon the pleasure of driving or riding, she was asked to select the roughest, rockiest roads, and to walk from five to ten miles a day in the open air.

This practice of self-denial the Duchess of Marlborough has persisted in for the last two years, and today she is perhaps the handsomest woman in New York society. She weighs about 140 pounds, her eyes are bright, her complexion is as clear and smooth as a schoolgirl's, and she has the carriage of a cadet and the health of a child of nature.

Considering the fact that Blenheim castle is constantly filled with company and that the duke is a gourmet and something of a gormand, this beautiful American deserves much credit for her forbearance, even if it is the price of her beauty.

Tornado Insurance in Louisville.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

Since the terrible visitation of March 27, many citizens have been insuring their homes against cyclones. They come in at a rapid rate, and take out risks running from one to five years. A. D. Langham of Barbee & Castleman said yesterday in response to a Courier-Journal reporter's inquiry: "Yes, we are doing a good tornado-risk business. Why, before the funnel-shaped cloud swept over this section we did not write more than one policy per year, and now if we don't issue eight or 10 per day we feel that we haven't done a good day's work. The rates for tornado insurance are quite cheap, as the risk is very small, and the chances of a house being destroyed by a cyclone are very small, compared to the danger of fire."

"Immediately after the tornado," continued Mr. Langham, "the insurance men met and adopted a uniform rate. The policies are issued at 40 cents per $100 for one year, 75 cents for three years and $1 for five years for dwellings, including household furniture; and for business houses, including the stock, 50 cents for one year, 90 cents for three years and $1.25 for five years. The contents of the building may or may not be insured, as the owner may choose, but are charged for in the same proportion as the houses."

Difficult Figuring.

[N. Y. Weekly.]

Census taker—How many male members are there in this family?

Kentucky housewife—Wall, there was six this mornin'; but pap and th' boys went out arter breakfas' fer a scrap with th' Muggineses, and I don't know how many there is now.

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JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE Will contribute Stories. [A bright, fresh story from her pen—"LITTLE TOM MOONEY"—in an early number.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER Will conduct a Department on Home Topics.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY Will entertain the readers with charming Dialect Poems.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON, Secretary of KING'S DAUGHTERS, will talk of that Society.

MISSES JULIET CORSON, CATHERINE OWEN, MARIA PARLOA Will furnish appetizing Bills of Fare.

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TO TELL HER AGE.

Rules for Ascertaining a Woman's Summers and Winters.

To tell a woman's age is one of the easiest things imaginable, despite the fact that many brilliant ladies knock off a few stories of their years without detection.

If art had not come to their rescue and replaced to a certain extent the charms of youth, any fellow could tell within a year or two, but art has come to the rescue, wrinkles have been flat-ironed or fissures puttied, eyes belladonned and cheeks tinted.

Of course you cannot take a rake and scrape off these fixings. Neither can you always get close enough to peep beneath the cosmetic crust. What is a fellow to do then?

Well, granted that a woman who has just crossed the storm line, got under the shade of artistic embellishments and keeps admirers at a maidenly distance, there is only one sure way to analyze the chemistry of time's decomposition.

Observe well her hair!

Her bangs? No; her back hair?

Now don't say it is false. False or real you can count her years by the threads time weaves. Every year adds a hair or two and, no doubt, if a woman lived long enough she would become a female Esau.

At 25 a woman's back hair begins to fall over her collar as a pumpkin vine over a picket fence. Note well the direction of the hair. Hair slants, and at 30 it takes an angle of 50; at 35, 60 and so on.

Of course you can't get near enough to apply a mathematic tape measure. But your practised eye will be enough.

Next note the quality. Hair at 25 is moire; at 30 it is satine; at 35 it is passe satinette; at 40 it is rope fit to hang any man that gets noosed in its meshes.

Anybody can tell false or store hair, no matter who the previous owner was. It has a don't-belong-there look, and all the pomades in the universe cannot give it a permanent tenure of office.

So you may reasonably conclude if a woman has false back hair her age is beyond the interesting point. Never believe her to be under 48, unless Bill Jones or some equally reliable person can prove it.

A Wrinkle in Reckoning Dates.

[Providence Telegram.]

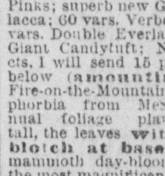
A gentleman was showing a curious thing in the State House this noon—showing how to tell the day of the week of any date. He gave the following formula, which can be tried by any one: Take the last two figures of the year, and a quarter of this, disregarding the fraction; add the date of the month, and to this add the figure in the following list, one figure standing for each month, 3-6-6-2-4-0-2-5-1-3-6-1. Divide the sum by 7, and the remainder will give the number of the day in the week, and when there is no remainder, the day will be Saturday.

As an example, take today, March 10, 1890. Take 90, add 22, add 19, add 6. This gives 137, which divided by 7 leaves a remainder of 4, which is the number of the day, or Wednesday.



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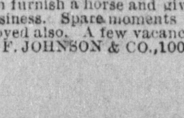


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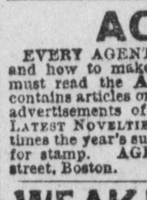
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